"SHALL I REMAIN IN THE MINISTRY?"
A CHURCHMAN'S DILEMMA. BY FRED W. EASTMAN

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THEY WALKED INTO CHURCH ON EITHER SIDE OF UNCLE EUGENE

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SHALL I REMAIN IN THE CHURCH?

A Minister's Dilemma

BY FRED EASTMAN

I AM on a hilltop overlooking Oyster Bay. The last of the autumn leaves are swirling about and a late Indian-summer haze hangs over the landscape. Thirty-eight years old and facing the hardest battle of my life thus far, I have come here to get perspective, hoping that something of the peace of this wide expanse of hills and water may find its way into my spirit.

I am writing down my thoughts for much the same reason as that given by the man who was caught talking to himself: he said that he wanted to hear what he had to say. Perhaps, too, others facing a similar struggle may find some help in observing mine.

It is a favorite spot for thinking. Yonder across the bay is Sagamore Hill, Roosevelt's old home. About me on this hill is an old family cemetery and towering above me is the tall granite monument to Captain John Underhill, a bronze eagle perched upon the apex. The wings of the eagle are spread ready to fly, but he is held back by the weight of stone fixed to his feet. Behind me in the valley lies my first parish in a quiet little village.

The battle centers in this question: Shall I continue as a minister of the Church? There is no use in trying to state it academically or impersonally. It is real and personal. I will set it down in all candor and simplicity.

Thirteen years ago I entered the Christian ministry, having been duly graduated from college and theological seminary and ordained by a Protestant denomination. The Church to me then was the organization of God, the supreme channel for blessing mankind. It was dedicated to the task of bringing justice and righteousness and brotherhood to prevail among men. It was the sublime organ of the Spirit which would keep echoing in human hearts the angel chorus of peace on earth, good will among men. It was the visible arm of the Creator and Governor of the spiritual universe, and it was extended to help His weak and erring children. It was the instrument which God had commissioned to bring light out of darkness

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and order out of the chaos of our human affairs. With all of the energy and enthusiasm of youth I plunged into its ministry.

My ears were ringing then with the challenging appeals of prophets like Doctor Charles E. Jefferson and President Kenyon L. Butterfield. They were urging the need of the Church for young men who wanted their lives to count in heroic Christian service—young men who "loved adventure and difficulty, who could work alone with God and suffer no sense of loneliness." We were needed to carry a message, not from McKinley to Garcia but from God to man through the Church. Would we volunteer? We did.

To-day, after thirteen years of rather strenuous labor, I am looking at the Church again. And my mind is filled with questions. Is it after all the organization of God or just a very human institution, aiming, like other institutions, at growing bigger? Is it His supreme channel for blessing mankind, or just the favorite channel of publicity for the multitudinous organizations which are seeking to influence public opinion, and also, incidentally, to raise money? Is it seriously concerned with peace on earth, or just peace among the Nordics? Is it the visible arm of God extended to His weak and erring children, or is it the dead arm of the past thrust into the present? Is it divinely commissioned to bring light out of darkness, or is it the collective effort of the complacent and the self-satisfied to resist the light and sanctify the chaos?

Ringing in my ears to-day are not the voices of prophets but the din of a myriad denominational secretaries and financial agents. Once the cry was, "For God's sake, save the world!" Now it seems to be, "For God's sake, raise the budget!" I have heard little in the churches these last years about saving souls, but much about campaigns for more and ever more numbers. There is an idea abroad that if we can just accumulate more noses in the Church and raise more cash, all will be well. What we may do to the human beings who live behind the noses seems to be a matter of secondary importance. Once Christ called men, individual men, and sent them out to labor and die for his cause and with power to accomplish the impossible. To-day the Church which claims his name organizes committees, and the committees pass resolutions and go home. We do not feel that we can accomplish anything without having a majority. Some folks, as Gerald Stanley Lee has said, can never understand how Jesus of Nazareth accomplished so much without being on a committee.

What has brought me to this pass? Certainly not ill health or indigestion, for I was never in finer fettle. A certain succession of spiritual experiences lies back of my pilgrimage to this hilltop. I will record only as much of the outward circumstances as is necessary to make the spiritual reactions understandable.

Upon leaving the seminary and receiving ordination I spent fifteen months making social surveys in various sections of the Middle West. The purpose of the surveys was to determine why the rural churches were declining and something of the relation between country life and the country church. I saw communities, dozens of them, starving socially and spiritually. I saw young people leaving the farms as fast as they could get away. I saw families breaking up and moving to town or other sections of the country. I saw tenant farmers taking their places, robbing the soil, and then giving place to even poorer tenant farmers. I saw schools deteriorating and whole neighborhoods disintegrating.

And I saw the Church, not as it should be, but as it actually was. Thousands of little church buildings were scattered throughout those rural districts. They had been planted there and were still being planted by short-sighted denominational agencies who had only one formula for ministering to human needs—and that formula was to put a little one-celled denominational church into the

neighborhood and hire a one-cylindered minister to keep it chugging along a few inches ahead of the other little churches. The vast majority of the typical churches I studied were served by absentee, part-time ministers who lived in towns where they did not preach and preached in the country where they did not live. Out of every ten of those churches one was dead, two were dying, two were sinking, one was in a state of coma, three were growing slightly, and one was just being born. It was not unusual to find a community of a thousand souls in which seven or eight little starved churches were trying desperately to gain a foothold. I remember especially a village in Kentucky, with its eleven hundred population and eleven churches. I sought out the exhorter of the hard-shelled Baptist group which had been responsible for building the eleventh church building. When I asked him why it was that his congregation could not worship with one of the other ten, he gave the only convincing answer I have ever heard for denominationalism. It was something like this: "We Primitive Baptists don't believe nothin'. We don't know nothin' to believe. We thank the Lord we ain't all pumped up with the pride of larnin' and we pray the Lord to make us more ignorant than what we be." In another section I asked a farmer what the multitudinous churches in his community were doing. He replied, "Oh, just holdin' meetin's and takin' collections." Further study confirmed his judgment. The chief aim in life for many of those churches seemed to be to keep from dying out. Usually the collections did not meet the meager bills or pay the microscopic salary of the preacher who came once a month; so annual strawberry festivals and oyster suppers were held. What those little churches owed to the lowly oyster and the humble strawberry has never been computed.

Out of those months of study my chief impression was that the Church's energies and efforts were being wasted and her spiritual powers debilitated by competitive denominationalism. There were at that time nearly two hundred different denominations of the Protestant Church in America and I saw a goodly number of them in operation—from the blue-stocking Presbyterians and high-church Episcopalians to the sect which called itself Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit-Predestinarian Baptists.

That experience did not alter my faith in the Church. Rather it made me all the more eager to be in a church of my own, a church that would write over its door the motto: "I came not to be ministered unto but to minister." An opening came—here in the valley back of this hill. It was a tiny church with only twenty-two members upon the roll and seven of them no longer discoverable. The population of the community was about one thousand. There were three other churches, but two of them were practically dead and the total membership of all four was less than one hundred. Newcomers—business men of New York—were moving into the neighborhood, buying up some of the old farms and turning them into estates. These newcomers were eager-minded and neighborly folk. They were used to doing things in a big way. A few of them had expressed a willingness to co-operate with their rural neighbors in building up the community, including a church or two. They had formed a Neighborhood Association and were already tackling such matters as roads, library, and public-school improvement. The opportunity to work with such a nucleus and to put into practice the theory of a ministering church as the spiritual leavener of community life was just the call I wanted.

Five happy years followed. The church and the Neighborhood Association grew and waxed strong. One of the other churches united with us and the village attained something of a reputation as a population that had learned to work together. We organized. How we organized! We organized the babies into a Cradle Roll. We organized the

boys and girls into Scouts and clubs of a dozen different varieties. We organized the young people into dramatic associations, bands, and choruses. We organized the adults into committees for the regulation and betterment of every conceivable form of activity—from exterminating tent-caterpillars and mosquitoes to town planning and education in eugenics. We built buildings and planned parks. We conducted fairs and baby parades. We established a community workshop. We engaged a musician to develop our latent musical talent, if any. We overdid the organization business, of course, but we had a glorious time together and part of the fun was in pulling along with us or riding roughshod over an occasional cantankerous deacon who couldn't understand what all the shooting was for.

As I look back now over those five years my deepest impression is one of the essential goodness of my people. I do not mean righteousness, but kindliness and responsiveness to the faith that was put in them. The more they worked together the more their differences dissolved and their prejudices melted away. While this is the deepest impression, there is another which also abides. One of my most poignant memories is the remark of a wise woman at the close of a church service which had been devoted largely to an appeal for more community activity. "It is all very well," she said, "and it may be good sociology, but I came to church for spiritual food and you didn't give it to me."

She was right. I had become so immersed in community service that I had forgotten the needs of the individual soul. Yet there is this much to be said in defense of such a program. Some individual souls can be reached only after the barriers of prejudices and grouches have been broken down by some kind of community assault.

There, for example, was the barrier of misunderstanding between our village people and our wealthy summer residents. It was the Boys' Band which blew down that barrier. The band came into existence by a kind of spontaneous combustion in an old barn that we had taken over as a recreation hall. When they began they couldn't tell a musical note from a fly-speck. A few weeks later, through the native genius of one of the village boys who trained them, they could play "Home, Sweet Home" and "My Country, 'tis of Thee." Inspired by these accomplishments they began to serenade about the village and were so well received that they then invaded the estates of the wealthy. A warm summer's night would see fifteen or twenty boys, followed by fifty or sixty smaller ones, crunching up the gravel walk and arranging themselves in a circle in front of some mansion. Then harmony would break loose. The owner and his wife would come to the door and greet the young visitors, usually inviting them in. The band and the camp followers never refused such an invitation. Crowding into the drawing-room they would render their repertoire with a gusto that shook the pictures upon the walls. A speech would then be called for and the host would do his best to respond, although beads of perspiration might be seen standing upon his forehead. If at the conclusion of the speech refreshments were not served, the band's repertoire would be repeated. Funny as they were, those serenades did more to bring the rich and the poor together in something akin to understanding than any sermon which could have been preached. That band was as effective as Joshua's trumpet in blowing down the walls of class prejudice.

Another evidence of the spiritual value of community co-operation is vivid in memory as I think back over those years. I had been trying to persuade a number of old-timers in the village that the church was taking on a new lease of life and needed their personal attendance and support. Everywhere I met the same answer, "I ain't good enough." Somehow in spite of their record of weakness and ineffectiveness, the churches

still stood, in the minds of these old-timers, as institutions which demanded righteousness of their members. Perhaps one reason for their small membership was the fear of being called hypocrites. In order to get these diffident ones into the church for at least one trial, I sent a postcard broadcast through the community. The card read:

SINNERS' SERVICE

The morning service at this church next Sunday will be for sinners only. Will the saints and righteous people please stay away?

The church was packed. When I laid before them an appeal to forget their sins and work together to build a community building to furnish the village with clean recreations, every sinner in the crowd pledged his co-operation. And it was done reverently.

And yet when all is said and done, my critic was right. I was wasting most of my substance in riotous organizings. I was helping to make the earthquake, wind, and fire—forgetting that the voice of God is not to be found in these but in the gentle stillness of the human spirit. He only knows how many people came to my church hungry for spiritual bread and received a stone. I am not repudiating my five years of ministry in this village, but I am wishing wistfully that it had been a wiser and a deeper service.

Then came the War. Most of our multitudinous organizations were converted into war auxiliaries. I found a place in Red Cross work and gave up the parish. After the War I was rather eager to secure some position in one of the national organizations of the Church, where I could develop on a larger scale the social and non-denominational work which I had so much enjoyed in the parish. The opportunity came, I thought, when a secretaryship was offered me in one of the great home-mission boards.

It was a board with a long and honorable history. It was manned by Christian ministers whose ability and consecration were beyond question. Their slogan as a board was "To make America Christian for the friendly service of the world." They raised and spent millions of dollars each year. Their missionaries were scattered from the Arctic Circle to the West Indies and from New England to the Mexican border. Their program included evangelism, education, and social service. They were establishing and maintaining churches, schools, and hospitals. Surely the chance of working with such an organization was a rare one. I plunged into the work with a joyful heart and with all the enthusiasm and energy of which I was capable.

It was my task to prepare the literature, the stereopticon lectures, and the rest of the propaganda whereby the public in general, and my denomination in particular, was to be educated concerning the work of the board. The vision of being able to shape the actual field work in accordance with my parish experience soon vanished, for every effort had to be concentrated on creating propaganda for promoting and financing the work as it was. I accepted that fact and did not question its justice. If I could not teach from my own experience, I could learn the experience of the missionaries and tell the Church what they were doing. The more I traveled among the missionaries, the more I came to believe that they were about the finest and most self-sacrificing body of men and women I had met. Their work lay chiefly among the great underprivileged populations of America—the Alaskans and the Indians, the Immigrants and the Southern Mountaineers, the Porto Ricans and the Spanish-speaking people of the Southwest, and various smaller groups. These vast populations constitute nearly one-third of the population of America, and everyone who has traveled among them knows that they have not had American standards of living or education or protection. Their children do not have a fair chance at life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

The social and spiritual needs of the majority of them are desperate.

Roosevelt knew this. He, more than any other President, endeavored to secure for them a square deal. Once after an extensive tour of the Indian reservations he came back with this tribute to the missionaries upon his pen:

> I spent twice the time out here I intended to, because I became interested, and traveled all over the reservations to see what was being done especially by the missionaries. For it needed no time at all to see that the great factors in uplifting the Indian were the men who were teaching him to become a Christian Citizen.

Had he made a similar visit among the great immigrant colonies around our industrial centers, or to Porto Rico, or to the Mexican border, or to Alaska, he would probably have returned with a similar tribute to the missionaries there. For they, more than any other one group, are endeavoring to instill into the youth of these populations the fine ideals of Christianity which were our heritage from the founders of this nation. America, to the home missionaries I met, is not a place or a population; it is a certain set of ideals about God and liberty and justice. It is this set of ideals which they are living and teaching in the difficult places of our land.

So intent was I upon writing up these missionaries and educating the churches to a larger and more sympathetic support of them, that fully three years went by before I realized the expenditure of mission money was in no way compatible with the appeal upon which it was raised. That realization came with something of a shock and the spiritual experience which has resulted from it has brought me to this hilltop to wrestle with my question.

In brief, the situation is this: a goodly proportion of the money raised upon the appeals of the needs of these home missionaries among the Alaskans and Indians, the Immigrants and the Southern Mountaineers, and among the pioneer country churches and city churches is being spent in the form of home-mission aid to the multiplicity of small competing rural and village churches in the older and more settled sections of the United States. The proportion varies in different denominations but all the major denominations are guilty of the practice. Not less than twenty thousand little rural churches are being kept alive by annual grants of home-mission money. The total amount of home-mission aid going to these twenty thousand or more rural churches is about $4,240,000 every year. Of this amount more than $3,000,000, or seventy-one per cent, goes to churches which are directly in competition with other English-speaking Protestant churches. In this reckoning the accepted standard of one Protestant church to every thousand population is counted as normal and justified. Thus the home missionaries on the real frontiers are bearing the burden not only of their own work but are being used to bring in the sheaves for the competing rural churches as well.

Let there be no misunderstanding here. This practice is not a calculated crime on the part of the mission boards. It is deep-rooted in denominationalism itself. The boards are the victims of the denominational system. The worst that can be said against them is that they have been willing victims. The system in my particular denomination was such that the home-mission money passed from the contributors to local treasuries, which had full authority to spend as much of it as they felt they needed for their local work. This category of local work included the aid to the small competing churches of their own denomination. When these local treasuries had made such appropriations, the balance was sent to State treasuries. When the State treasuries finished with it the residue, if any (and sometimes there was none), was sent to the national board to maintain the home missionaries on the frontiers. What wonder that the

national board rolled up debts and was continually obliged to curtail its work! The system made mockery of the slogan "To make America Christian." It perpetuated denominationalism and all its attendant evils which every intelligent Christian deplores.

For the next two years I labored in season and out endeavoring to reform this system. I made myself a nuisance with practically all the denominational leaders. Some sincerely disagreed. A few were sympathetic. But those who held the power would have none of the reform. It was not "expedient."

Elmer Davis wrote an article for HARPER'S MAGAZINE some months ago in which he pointed out that political parties, in order to obtain majorities, avoid all controversial issues, however important for human welfare. They straddle every important question and appeal to the voters on both sides. It is the same in the churches. Ecclesiastical politicians know how to straddle. Whether they learned the trick from lay politicians or vice versa is a question for historical research. The fact itself is patent to every observer of church organizations and conventions. Every ecclesiastical politician whom I met could give a convincing talk on the evils of competitive denominationalism. He could cite instances from his own observation of the un-Christian effects of such economic and spiritual waste in small towns, but when it came to taking action which would pull the bottle of home-mission aid away from these suckling churches—that was another matter. Such action would involve unpleasant controversy. Any denominational leader who tried it would lose prestige with the local and State leaders whose power in the churches depended not a little on the amount of financial aid they could distribute to the weaker churches. Just as the national political bosses must keep in the good graces of the local bosses, so the ecclesiastical leaders must protect the prestige of their State and district subordinates.

Not all denominations have the complicated and dangerous financial system of home-mission expenditure I have described. Some have a definite percentage arrangement whereby fifty per cent, more or less, of home-mission money is retained in the local district treasuries and the balance is forwarded to the national treasury. And in my own denomination a reorganization has given the outer semblance of a more responsible promotional and financial system. But the real evil remains: competing denominational churches in small towns are being aided by home-mission money, and the money was not contributed for that purpose. And this evil is common among all of the major denominations.

Convinced finally that the reform could not be effected from the inside, and unwilling to stay on a job where I could not attain peace of mind, I resigned. So here I am, a minister without job or income, sitting in a graveyard ruminating sadly upon whether or not I ought to try to stay in the ministry of the so-called Christian Church. If some church will have me as its pastor, do I really want to tackle its problems again?

Chief among the arguments against it—as I see them from this hilltop—are its institutionalism, its lack of vital power, and its killing effect upon the creative spirit. The church to-day is a big machine. As an institution its function seems to be that of every other membership organization: to get more and ever more members—to expand, to grow big, to be a majority. As the head of an institution, the task of the minister—whether in a local pastorate or in a secretaryship—is to make his institution grow, to get joiners, to raise budgets, to keep his columns full, his card indexes up to date, and his committees in line. A minister may be a prophet of the Most High, he may be as spiritual as any saint, but if he can't raise the budget and control the majority he will soon find himself on the outside looking in. My own danger is not so much that

I shall be unable to perform the institutional functions of the minister as that I shall use up my energies in them and have little left for the more spiritual functions. I shall grow so enthusiastic over a building project, or over making a record for numbers and visible results, that I shall neglect the individual spiritual contacts. William James recognized the same sort of temptation in his day and registered his conviction in words that rise from some recess in my memory and haunt me like ghosts:

> As for me, my bed is made: I am against bigness and greatness in all their forms, and with the invisible molecular forces that work from individual to individual, stealing in through the crannies of the world like so many soft rootlets, or like the capillary oozing of water, and yet rending the hardest monuments of man's pride, if you give them time. The bigger the unit you deal with, the hollower, the more brutal, the more mendacious is the life displayed. So I am against all big organizations as such, national ones first and foremost; against all big successes and big results; and in favor of the eternal forces of truth which always work in the individual and immediately unsuccessful way, under-dogs always, till history comes after they are long dead and puts them on the top.

There is evidence aplenty of the Church's lack of spiritual power. It has fallen victim to its own numbers. In the early days of the Christian era it was recognized that the normal Christian experience was one of new life, increased power, revived courage, and a sense of fellowship with God that made men fearless. The New Testament tells us that when the enemies of Peter and John saw the *boldness* of those two disciples "they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." "Ye shall receive power," he had told his followers, and they had received it. The early Christians didn't worry about being a majority. They mastered majorities. "I can do all things through Christ," wrote Paul. The whole history of the Early Church is a history of heroism, of joyous martyrdom and triumphant crucifixions; it is the story of the incredible power of a few little men, on fire with great ideas and dominated by a burning inner passion, marching along, overturning kingdoms and lifting empires off their hinges. In contrast with that picture the Church to-day, with all its wealth and numbers, seems impotent. There are strong men in it, brilliant men, and here and there a great preacher. There are hosts of pious people in its membership. But what has become of the power? It has been sacrificed to numbers—and to budgets. Somehow the idea has grown up in the Church that if we can just get enough votes and sufficient cash we can save the world. But the evidence thus far at hand seems to indicate that the world is not going to be saved by cash or by votes. There must be a revival of that spiritual power which swept those early Christians out of their old habits of life, their sins, and their weaknesses, and lifted them to a plane of strength which made one or two of them the equal of a multitude.

The third argument against continuing in the ministry of the Church is the killing effect which the institutionalism of the Church has upon the creative spirit. Most young ministers whom I have known began their ministry with a genuine creative urge back of their professional training. Some of them wrote, others painted, and a few were composers. They knew what it was to dream dreams of creative achievement with their natural talent. I have been asking them lately what has become of that creative urge. With one accord they have shaken their heads and declared that they have had to sacrifice it to attendance upon committee meetings and general repair work on the Church machine. "I have ceased to be a creator," said one of them, "I have become a mechanic." The creative urge of the minister to-day, like the eagle poised upon this monument, is held down by the stony weight of institutionalism.

On the other hand there are arguments for staying in the ministry. I have supposedly been trained for it in college, seminary, and university, and have spent thirteen years in it. The spiritual task which first challenged me is still calling. It is the task of bringing human beings into fellowship with God and of bringing His spirit to move through them upon the chaos of this world, to the end that order may come out of disorder, growth out of stagnation, and beauty out of ugliness. The world is not going to find salvation from its social and economic ills until it is redeemed spiritually. No system of human society—democracy, monarchy, or despotism—can provide the fundamental necessity for peaceful living: mutual good will. Good will is a spiritual thing. Men's spirits must be made right. Thus far there has been no more potent force for making their spirits right than religion. The conviction that there is a God Who made this universe and Who controls it, that He has a purpose for it, that men may enter into fellowship with Him and His purpose, that the human soul is precious in His sight, that the spiritual forces of the universe are more powerful than material forces and will in the end triumph—this conviction is the spiritual ferment which changes selfishness into service and hatred into good will. If the men in the ministry, consecrated to the task, cannot find the way to spread this ferment, who can? For me to abandon the task would be desertion, weak and cowardly.

What would Roosevelt have done in a similar situation? One thing is certain: he would have been two-fisted about it. When he found politics rotten he rebelled, but he didn't get out of politics. A few years ago I conducted a short-story contest among rural ministers. I asked each of them, first, to consider Roosevelt—his energy, his honesty, and his doughty championing of unpopular causes; and second, to imagine him in their parishes. They were then to write a story picturing Roosevelt as a country minister, digging into their problems. Forty-nine stories were submitted in that contest. Every one of them portrayed Roosevelt in a fist fight before he had gone far into the work of a country pastor. Most of the fights were of the knock-down-and-drag-out variety.

But after all, the real question is not what Roosevelt would have done but what Christ would do. Doubtless it may be answered that he would have been too wise to have been caught in such a dilemma. That is true. Moreover, there are other factors in the situation. He was not married, he had no children to support. He had a power beyond the measure of man's mind. This much, however, we do know: he did not leave the synagogue—the synagogue left him. He drove the money-changers from the temple but he did not desert the temple. They had their revenge on him at last, but his final plea to his Father was, "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Contemplation of that sublime figure sheds a light upon the way. If I follow in His steps I shall stay in the Church unless the Church will not have me. I shall scourge the money-changers and the institutionalists and the denominationalists as I have opportunity and a scourge, but I shall cling to the spiritual purpose which constrained me to enter the ministry. That much seems clear. Is there a place in the Church for me? A place for one who wants to be an individual rather than a cog in a machine, who has learned to care more for spiritual values than for denominational prestige, more for the individual soul than for the institution? If no such place beckons, what then? Well, the Church at best is but one channel for realizing a purpose that is at once spiritual and creative. If no place in the Church is open to me I will find some other channel. I can ask the light to lead me on. One step enough. And if I go down from this hilltop ready for that first step, my pilgrimage and struggle here have not been in vain.

THE MIRROR OF DEATH

The First of a New Series of Father Brown Detective Stories

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

JAMES BAGSHAW and Wilfred Underhill were old friends and were fond of rambling through the streets at night, talking interminably as they turned corner after corner in the silent and seemingly lifeless labyrinth of the large suburb in which they lived. The former—a big, dark, good-humored man with a strip of black mustache—was a professional police detective; the latter—a sharp-faced, sensitive-looking gentleman with light hair—was an amateur interested in detection. It will come as a shock to the readers of the best scientific romance to learn that it was the policeman who was talking and the amateur who was listening, even with a certain respect.

"Ours is the only trade," said Bagshaw, "in which the professional is always supposed to be wrong. After all, people don't write stories in which hairdressers can't cut hair and have to be helped by a customer; or in which a cabman can't drive a cab until his fare explains to him the philosophy of cab driving. For all that, I'd never deny that we often tend to get into a rut; or in other words, have the disadvantages of going by a rule. Where the romancers are wrong is that they don't allow us even the advantages of going by a rule."

"Surely," said Underhill, "Sherlock Holmes would say that he went by a logical rule."

"He may be right," answered the other "but I mean a collective rule. It's like the staff-work of an army—we pool our information."

"And you don't think detective stories allow for that?" asked his friend.

"Well, let's take any imaginary case of Sherlock Holmes and Lestrade the official detective. Sherlock Holmes, let us say, can guess that a total stranger crossing the street is a foreigner, merely because he seems to look for the traffic to go to the right instead of the left. I'm quite ready to admit Holmes might guess that. I'm quite sure Lestrade wouldn't guess anything of the kind. But what they leave out is the fact that the policeman who couldn't guess might very probably know. Lestrade might know the man was a foreigner merely because his department has to keep an eye on all foreigners. Some would say on all natives too. As a policeman I'm glad the police know so much: for every man wants to do his own job well. But as a citizen I sometimes wonder whether they don't know too much."

"You don't seriously mean to say," cried Underhill incredulously, "that you know anything about strange people in a strange street. That if a man walked out of that house over there you would know anything about him."

"I should if he was the householder," answered Bagshaw. "That house is rented by a literary man of Anglo-Roumanian extraction who generally lives in Paris, but is over here in connection with some poetical play of his. His name's Osric Orm; one of the new poets and pretty steep to read, I believe."

"But I mean all the people down the road," said his companion. "I was

thinking how strange and new and nameless everything looks with these high blank walls and these houses lost in large gardens. You can't know all of them."

"I know a few," answered Bagshaw. "This garden wall we're walking under is at the end of the grounds of Sir Humphrey Gwynne, better known as Mr. Justice Gwynne—the old judge who made such a row about spying during the War. The house next door to it belongs to a wealthy cigar merchant. He comes from Spanish America and looks very swarthy and Spanish himself, but he bears the very English name of Buller. The house beyond that—did you hear that noise?"

"I heard something," said Underhill, "but I really don't know what it was."

"I know what it was," replied the detective; "it was a rather heavy revolver fired twice, followed by a cry for help. And it came straight out of the back-garden of Mr. Justice Gwynne—that paradise of peace and legality."

He looked up and down the street sharply and then added:

"And the only gate of the back-garden is half a mile round on the other side. I wish this wall were a little lower or I were a little lighter; but it's got to be tried."

"It is lower a little farther on," said Underhill, "and there seems to be a tree that looks helpful."

They moved hastily along and found a place where the wall seemed to stoop abruptly, almost as if it had half sunk into the earth; and a garden tree, flamboyant with the gayest garden blossom, straggled out of the dark inclosure and was gilded by the gleam of a solitary street-lamp. Bagshaw caught the crooked branch and threw one leg over the low wall; and the next moment they stood knee-deep amid the snapping plants of a garden border.

The garden of Mr. Justice Gwynne by night was rather a singular spectacle. It was large and lay on the empty edge of the suburb, in the shadow of a tall dark house that was the last in its line of houses. The house was literally dark, being shuttered and unlighted, at least on the side overlooking the garden. But the garden itself, which lay in its shadow and should have been a tract of absolute darkness, showed a random glitter like that of fading fireworks, as if a giant rocket had fallen in fire among the trees. As they advanced they were able to

"AND NOW, WHO ARE YOU?" ASKED BAGSHAW

locate it as the light of several colored lamps entangled in the trees like the jewel fruits of Aladdin, and especially as the light from a small round lake or pond, which gleamed with pale colors as if a lamp were kindled under it.

"Is he having a party?" asked Underhill; "the garden seems to be illuminated."

"No," answered Bagshaw, "it's a hobby of his and I believe he prefers to do it when he's alone. He likes playing with a little plant of electricity which he works from that bungalow or hut over there where he does his work and keeps his papers. Buller, who knows him very well, says the colored lamps are rather more often a sign he's not to be disturbed."

"Sort of red danger signals," suggested the other.

"Good Lord! I'm afraid they are danger signals," and he began suddenly to run.

A moment after, Underhill saw what he had seen: the opalescent ring of light, like the halo of the moon, round the sloping sides of the pond was broken by two black stripes or streaks which soon proved themselves to be the long black legs of a figure fallen head downwards into the hollow with the head in the pond.

"Come on," cried the detective sharply, "that looks to me like—"

His voice was lost as he ran on across the wide lawn, faintly luminous in the artificial light, making a bee-line across the big garden for the pool and the fallen figure. Underhill was trotting steadily in that straight track when something happened which startled him for the moment. Bagshaw, who was traveling as steadily as a bullet towards the black figure by the luminous pool, suddenly turned at a sharp angle and began to run even more rapidly towards the shadow of the house. Underhill could not imagine what he meant by the altered direction. The next moment, when the detective had vanished into the shadow of the house, there came out of that obscurity the sound of a scuffle and a curse; and Bagshaw returned, lugging with him a little struggling man with red hair. The captive had evidently been escaping under the shelter of the building when the quicker ears of the detective had heard him rustling like a bird among the bushes.

"Underhill," said the detective, "I wish you'd run on and see what's up by the pool. And now, who are you?" he asked, coming to a halt. "What's your name?"

"Michael Flood," said the stranger in a snappy fashion. He was an unnaturally lean little man, with a hooked nose too large for his face, which was colorless like parchment in contrast with the ginger tint of his hair. "I've got nothing to do with this. I found him lying dead and I was scared; but I only came to interview him for a paper."

"When you interview celebrities for the press," said Bagshaw, "do you generally climb over the garden wall?"

And he pointed grimly to a trail of footprints coming and going along the path towards the flower bed.

The man calling himself Flood wore an expression equally grim.

"An interviewer might very well get over the wall," he said, "for I couldn't make anybody hear at the front door. The servant had gone out."

"How do you know he'd gone out," asked the detective suspiciously.

"Because," said Flood with an almost unnatural calm, "I'm not the only person who gets over garden walls. It seems just possible that you did it yourself. But anyhow the servant did—for I've just this moment seen him drop over the wall away on the other side of the garden, just by the garden door."

"Then why didn't he use the garden door?" demanded the cross-examiner.

"How should I know?" retorted Flood. "Because it was shut, I suppose. But you'd better ask him, not me; he's coming towards the house at this minute."

There was indeed another shadowy figure beginning to be visible through the fire-shot gloaming—a squat, square-

Drawn by Frederic Dorr Steele

UNDERHILL STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT THE MACABRE FIGURE

headed figure wearing a red waistcoat as the most conspicuous part of a rather shabby livery. He appeared to be making with unobtrusive haste towards a side door in the house, until Bagshaw hallooed to him to halt. He drew nearer to them very reluctantly, revealing a heavy yellow face with a touch of something Asiatic which was consonant with his flat blue-black hair.

Bagshaw turned abruptly to the man called Flood. "Is there anybody in this place," he said, "who can testify to your identity?"

"Not many even in this country," growled Flood. "I've only just come from Ireland; the only man I know round here is the priest at St. Dominic's Church—Father Brown."

"Neither of you must leave this place," said Bagshaw; and then added to the servant, "but you can go into the house and ring up St. Dominic's Presbytery and ask Father Brown if he would mind coming round here at once. No tricks, mind."

While the energetic detective was securing the potential fugitives his companion, at his direction, had hastened on to the actual scene of the tragedy. It was a strange enough scene; and indeed if the tragedy had not been tragic it would have been highly fantastic. The dead man (for the briefest examination proved him to be dead) lay with his head in the pond, where the glow of the artificial illumination encircled the head with something of the appearance of an unholy halo. The face was gaunt and rather sinister, the brow bald, and the scanty curls dark gray, like iron rings; and despite the damage done by the bullet wound in the temple, Underhill had no difficulty in recognizing the features he had seen in the many portraits of Sir Humphrey Gwynne. The dead man was in evening dress, and his long black legs—so thin as to be almost spidery—were sprawling at different angles up the steep bank from which he had fallen. As by some whim of diabolical arabesque, blood was eddying out very slowly into the luminous water in snaky rings—the transparent crimson of sunset clouds.

Underhill did not know how long he stood staring down at this macaber figure, when he looked up and saw a group of four figures standing above him on the bank. He was prepared for Bagshaw and his Irish captive and he had no difficulty in guessing the status of the servant in the red waistcoat. But the fourth figure had a sort of grotesque solemnity that seemed strangely congruous to that incongruity. It was a stumpy figure with a round face and a hat like a black halo. He realized that it was in fact a priest; but there was something about it which reminded him of some quaint old black woodcut at the end of a Dance of Death.

Then he heard Bagshaw saying to the priest:

"I'm glad you can identify this man, but you must realize that he's to some extent under suspicion. Of course he may be innocent, but he did enter the garden in an irregular fashion."

"Well, I think he's innocent myself," said the little priest in a colorless voice, "but of course I may be wrong."

"Why do you think he is innocent?"

"Because he entered the garden in an irregular fashion," answered the cleric. "You see, I entered it in a regular fashion myself. But I seem to be almost the only person who did. All the best people seem to get over garden walls nowadays."

"What do you mean by a regular fashion?" asked the detective.

"Well," said Father Brown, looking at him with limpid gravity, "I came in by the front door. I often come into houses that way."

"Excuse me," said Bagshaw, "but does it matter very much how you came in, unless you propose to confess to the murder?"

"Yes, I think it does," said the priest mildly. "The truth is that when I came in at the front door I saw something I don't think any of the rest of you have

seen. It seems to me it might have something to do with it."

"What did you see?"

"I saw a sort of general smash-up," said Father Brown in his mild voice—"a big looking-glass broken and a small palm tree knocked over and the pot smashed all over the floor. Somehow it looked to me as if something had happened."

"You are right," said Bagshaw after a pause. "If you saw that it certainly looks as if it had something to do with it."

"And if it had anything to do with it," said the priest very gently, "it looks as if there was one person who had nothing to do with it. And that is Mr. Michael Flood, who entered the garden over the wall in an irregular fashion and then tried to leave it in the same irregular fashion. It is his irregularity that makes me believe in his innocence."

"Let us go into the house," said Bagshaw abruptly.

"I THINK HE'S INNOCENT," SAID FATHER BROWN

As they passed in at the side door, the servant leading the way, Bagshaw fell back a pace or two and spoke to his friend.

"Something odd about that servant," he said; "says his name is Green, though he doesn't look it; and there seems no doubt he's really Gwynne's servant, apparently the only regular servant he had. But the queer thing is that he flatly denied that his master was in the garden at all, dead or alive. Said the old judge had gone out to a grand legal dinner and couldn't be home for hours; and gave that as his excuse for slipping out."

"Did he," asked Underhill, "give any excuse for his curious way of slipping in?"

"No, none that I can make sense of," answered the detective. "I can't make him out. He seems to be scared of something."

Entering by the side door they found themselves at the inner end of the entrance hall, which ran along the side of the house and ended with the front door, surmounted by a dreary fanlight of the old-fashioned pattern. A faint gray light was beginning to outline its radiation upon the darkness like some dismal and discolored sunrise; but what light there was in the hall came from a single shaded lamp, also of an antiquated sort, that stood on a bracket in a corner. By the light of this Bagshaw could distinguish the debris of which Brown had spoken. A tall palm with long sweeping leaves had fallen full length and its dark-red pot was shattered into shards; they lay littered on the carpet along with pale and gleaming fragments of a broken mirror, of which the almost empty frame hung behind them on the wall at the end of the vestibule. At right angles to this entrance, and directly opposite the side door as they entered, was another and similar passage leading in to the rest of the house. At the other end of it could be seen the telephone which the servant had used to summon the priest, and a half-open door—showing even through the crack the serried ranks of great leather-bound books—marked the entrance to the judge's study.

Bagshaw stood looking down at the fallen pot and the mingled fragments at his feet.

"You're quite right," he said to the priest, "there's been a struggle here. And it must have been a struggle between Gwynne and his murderer."

"It seemed to me," said Father Brown, modestly, "that something had happened here."

"Yes, it's pretty clear what happened," assented the detective. "The murderer entered by the front door and found Gwynne; probably Gwynne let him in. There was a death-grapple; possibly a chance shot that hit the glass, though they might have broken it with a stray kick or anything. Gwynne managed to free himself and fled into the garden, where he was pursued and shot finally by the pond. I fancy that's the whole story of the crime itself; but of course I must look round the other rooms."

The other rooms, however, revealed very little, though Bagshaw pointed significantly to the loaded automatic pistol that he found in a drawer of the library desk.

"Looks as if he was expecting this," he said, "yet it seems queer he didn't take it with him when he went out into the hall."

Eventually they returned to the hall, making their way towards the front door—Father Brown letting his eye rove around in a rather absent-minded fashion. The two corridors, monotonously papered in the same gray and faded patterns, seemed to emphasize the dusty and dingy floridity of the few Early Victorian ornaments: the green rust that devoured the bronze of the lamp, the dull gold that glimmered in the frame of the mirror.

"They say it's bad luck to break a looking-glass," he said. "This looks like the very house of ill-luck. There's something about the very furniture—"

"That's rather odd," said Bagshaw sharply. "I thought the front door would be shut, but it's left on the latch."

There was no reply; and they passed out of the front door into the front-garden, a narrower and more formal plot of flowers having at one end a curiously clipped hedge with a hole in it like a green cave, under the shadow of which some broken steps peeped out.

Father Brown strolled up to the hole and ducked his head under it; a few moments after he had disappeared they were astonished to hear his quiet voice in conversation above their heads, as if he were talking to somebody at the top of a tree. The detective followed and found that the curious covered stairway led to what looked like a broken bridge overhanging the darker and emptier spaces of the garden. It just curled round the corner of the house, bringing in sight the field of colored lights beyond and beneath. Probably it was the relic of some abandoned architectural fancy of building a sort of terrace on arches across the lawn. Bagshaw thought it a curious *cul de sac* in which to find anybody in the small hours between night and morning; but he was not looking at the details of it just then. He was looking at the man who was found.

As the man stood with his back turned —a small man in light-gray clothes— the one outstanding feature about him was a wonderful head of hair, as yellow and radiant as the head of a huge dandelion. It was literally outstanding, like a halo; and something in that association made the face, when it was slowly and sulkily turned on them, rather a shock of contrast. That halo should have inclosed an oval face of the mildly angelic sort; but the face was crabbed and elderly, with a powerful jowl and a short nose that somehow suggested the broken nose of a pugilist.

"This is Mr. Orm, the celebrated poet, I understand," said Father Brown, as calmly as if he were introducing two people in a drawing-room.

"Whoever he is," said Bagshaw, "I must trouble him to come with me and answer a few questions."

Mr. Osric Orm the poet was not a model of self-expression when it came to the answering of questions. There in that corner of the old garden, as the gray twilight before dawn began to creep over the heavy hedges and the broken bridge (and afterwards in a succession of circumstances and stages of legal inquiry that grew more and more ominous) he refused to say anything except that he had intended to

call on Sir Humphrey Gwynne but had not done so because he could not get anyone to answer the bell. When it was pointed out that the door was practically open, he snorted. When it was hinted that the hour was somewhat late, he snarled. The little that he said was obscure, either because he really knew hardly any English or because he knew better than to know any. His opinions seemed to be of a nihilistic and destructive sort, as was indeed the tendency of his poetry for those who could follow it, and it seemed possible that his business with the judge, and perhaps his quarrel with the judge, had been something in the anarchist line. Gwynne was known to have had something of a mania about bolshevist spies, as he had about German spies. Anyhow, one coincidence only a few moments after Orm's capture confirmed Bagshaw in the impression that the case must be taken seriously. As they went out of the front gate into the street they happened to encounter yet another neighbor—Buller the cigar merchant from next door, conspicuous by his brown shrewd face and the unique orchid in his buttonhole; for he had a name in that branch of horticulture. Rather to the surprise of the rest he hailed his neighbor the poet in a matter-of-fact manner, almost as if he had expected to see him.

"Hullo, here we are again," he said; "had a long talk with old Gwynne, I suppose."

"Sir Humphrey Gwynne is dead," said Bagshaw. "I am investigating the case and I must ask you to explain."

Buller stood as still as the lamp-post beside him, possibly stiffened with surprise. The red end of his cigar brightened and darkened rhythmically but his brown face was in shadow; when he spoke it was with quite a new voice:

"I only mean," he said, "that when I passed two hours ago Mr. Orm was going in at this gate to see Sir Humphrey."

"He says he hasn't seen him yet," observed Bagshaw, "or even been into the house."

"It's a long time to stand on the doorstep," observed Buller.

"Yes," said Father Brown, "it's rather a long time to stand in the street."

"I've been home since then," said the cigar merchant. "Been writing letters and came out again to post them."

"You'll have to tell all that later," said Bagshaw. "Good-night—or good-morning."

The trial of Osric Orm for the murder of Humphrey Gwynne, which filled the newspapers for so many weeks, really turned entirely on the same crux as that little talk under the lamp-post when the gray-green dawn was breaking about the dark streets and gardens. Everything came back to the enigma of those two empty hours between the time when Buller saw Orm going in at the garden gate and the time when Father Brown found him apparently still lingering in the garden. He had certainly had time to commit six murders, and might almost have committed them for want of something to do; for he could give no coherent account of what he was doing. It was argued by the prosecution that he had also the opportunity, as the front door was unlatched and the side door into the larger garden left standing open. The court followed with considerable interest Bagshaw's clear reconstruction of the struggle in the passage, of which the traces were so evident; indeed the police had since found the shot that had shattered the glass. Finally, the hole in the hedge to which he had been tracked had very much the appearance of a hiding-place. On the other hand, Sir Matthew Blake, the very able counsel for the defense, turned this last argument the other way, asking why any man should entrap himself in a place without possible exit when it would obviously be much more sensible to slip out into the street. Sir Matthew Blake also made effective use of the mystery that still rested upon the motive for the murder. Indeed, upon this point the

passages between Sir Matthew Blake and Sir Arthur Travers, the equally brilliant advocate of the prosecution, turned rather to the advantage of the prisoner. Sir Arthur could only throw out suggestions about bolshevist conspiracy which sounded a little thin; but when it came to investigating the facts of Orm's mysterious behavior that night, he was considerably more effective.

The prisoner went into the witness-box chiefly because his astute counsel calculated that it would create a bad impression if he did not. But he was almost as uncommunicative to his own counsel as to the prosecuting counsel. Sir Arthur Travers made all possible capital out of his stubborn silence but did not succeed in breaking it. Sir Arthur was a long gaunt man with a long cadaverous face, in striking contrast to the sturdy figure and bright birdlike eye of Sir Matthew Blake. But if Sir Matthew suggested a very cocksure sort of cock-sparrow, Sir Arthur might more truly have been compared to a crane or stork; as he leaned forward, prodding the poet with questions, his long nose might have been a long beak.

"Do you mean to tell the jury," he asked, in tones of grating incredulity, "that you never went in to see the deceased gentleman at all?"

"No," replied Orm shortly.

"You wanted to see him, I suppose. You must have been very anxious to see him. Didn't you wait two whole hours before his front door?"

"Yes," replied the other.

"And yet you never even noticed the door was open?"

"No," said Orm.

"What in the world were you doing for two hours in somebody else's front-garden?" insisted the barrister. "You were doing something, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Is it a secret?" asked Sir Arthur, with adamantine jocularity.

"It's a secret from you," answered the poet.

It was upon this suggestion of a secret that Sir Arthur seized in developing his line of accusation. With a boldness which some thought unscrupulous he turned the very mystery of the motive, which was the strongest part of his opponent's case, into an argument for his own. He gave it as the first fragmentary hint of some far-flung and elaborate conspiracy in which a patriot had perished like one caught in the coils of an octopus.

"Yes," he cried in a vibrating voice, "my learned friend is perfectly right. We do not know the exact reason why this honorable public servant was murdered. We shall not know the reason why the next public servant is murdered. If my learned friend himself falls a victim to his eminence and the hatred which the hellish powers of destruction feel for the guardians of law, he will be murdered and he will not know the reason. Half the decent people in this court will be butchered in their beds and we shall not know the reason. And we shall never know the reason and never arrest the massacre, until it has depopulated our country, so long as the defense is permitted to stop all proceedings with this stale tag about 'motive' when every other fact in the case, every glaring incongruity, every gaping silence tells us that we stand in the presence of Cain."

"I never knew Sir Arthur so excited," said Bagshaw to his group of companions afterwards. "Some people are saying he went beyond the usual limit and that the prosecutor in a murder case oughtn't to be so vindictive. But I must say there was something downright creepy about that little goblin with the yellow hair which seemed to play up to the impression. I was vaguely recalling all the time something that De Quincey says about Mr. Williams, that ghastly criminal who slaughtered two whole families almost in silence. I think he says that Williams had hair of a vivid unnatural yellow; and that he thought it had been dyed by a trick learned in India, where they dye horses green or blue. Then there was his queer stony

silence, like a troglodyte's; I'll never deny that it all worked me up until I felt there was a sort of monster in the dock. If that was only Sir Arthur's eloquence, then he certainly took a heavy responsibility in putting so much passion into it."

"He was a friend of poor Gwynne's, as a matter of fact," said Underhill more gently. "A man I knew saw them hobnobbing together after a great legal dinner lately. I daresay that's why he feels so strongly in this case. I suppose it's doubtful whether a man ought to act in such a case on mere personal feeling."

"He wouldn't," said Bagshaw. "I'll bet Sir Arthur Travers wouldn't act only on feeling, however strongly he felt. "He's got a very stiff sense of his own professional position. He's one of those men who are ambitious even when they've satisfied their ambition. I know nobody who'd take more trouble to keep his position in the world. No; you've got hold of the wrong moral to his rather thundering sermon. If he lets himself go like that it's because he thinks he can get a conviction anyhow, and wants to put himself at the head of some political movement against the conspiracy he talks about. He must have some very good reason for wanting to convict Orm and some very good reason for thinking he can do it. That means that the facts will support him. His confidence doesn't look well for the prisoner."

He became conscious of an insignificant figure in the group and cheerfully changed the subject.

"Well, Father Brown," he said with a smile, "what do you think of our judicial procedure?"

"Well," replied the priest rather absently, "I think the thing that struck me most was how different men look in their wigs. You talk about the prosecuting barrister being so tremendous. But I

MR. OSRIC ORM, THE POET, STOOD MEDITATING ABOVE THE GARDEN

happened to see him take his wig off for a minute and he really looks like a different man. He's quite bald, for one thing."

"I'm afraid that won't prevent his being tremendous," answered Bagshaw; "you don't propose to found the defense on the fact that the prosecuting counsel is bald, do you?"

"Not exactly," said Father Brown good-humoredly. "To tell the truth, I was thinking how little some kinds of people know about other kinds of people. Suppose I went among some remote people who had never even heard of England. Suppose I told them that there is a man in my country who won't ask a question of life and death until he has put an erection made of horsehair on the top of his head, with little tails behind and gray corkscrew curls at the side, like an Early Victorian old woman. They would think he must be rather eccentric; but he isn't at all eccentric—he's only conventional. They would think so because they don't know anything about English barristers; because they don't know what a barrister is. Well, that barrister doesn't know what a poet is. He doesn't understand that a poet's eccentricities wouldn't seem eccentric to other poets. He thinks it odd that Orm should walk about in a beautiful garden for two hours with nothing to do. God bless my soul! A poet would think nothing of walking about in the same backyard for ten hours if he had a poem to do. Orm's own counsel was quite as stupid. It never occurred to him to ask Orm the obvious question."

"What question do you mean?" asked the other.

"Why, what poem he was making up, of course," said Father Brown rather impatiently; "what line he was stuck at, what epithet he was looking for, what climax he was trying to work up to. If there were any educated people in court who know what literature is they would have known well enough whether he had had anything genuine to do. You'd have asked a manufacturer about the conditions of his factory; but nobody seems to consider the conditions under which poetry is manufactured. It's done by doing nothing."

"That's all very well," replied the detective, "but why did he hide? Why did he climb up that crooked little stairway and stop there; it led nowhere."

"Why, because it led nowhere, of course," cried Father Brown explosively. "Anybody who clapped eyes on that blind alley ending in mid-air might have known an artist would want to go there, just as a child would."

He stood blinking for a moment and then said, apologetically, "I beg your pardon; but it seems odd that none of them understands these things. And then there was another thing. Don't you know that everything has for an artist one aspect or angle which is exactly *right*? A tree, a cow, and a cloud—in a certain relation only—mean something; as three letters, in one order only, mean a word. Well, the view of that illuminated garden from that unfinished bridge was the right view of it. It was as unique as the fourth dimension. It was a sort of fairy foreshortening; it was like looking *down* at heaven and seeing all the stars growing on trees and that luminous pond like a moon fallen flat on the fields in some happy nursery tale. He could have looked at it forever. If you told him the path led nowhere he would tell you it had led him to the country at the end of the world. But do you expect him to tell you that in the witness-box? What would you say to him if he did? You talk about a man having a jury of his peers! Why don't you have a jury of poets?"

"You talk as if you were a poet yourself," said Bagshaw.

"Thank your stars I'm not," said Father Brown. "Thank your lucky stars a priest has to be more charitable than a poet. Lord have mercy on us, if you knew what a crushing, what a cruel contempt he feels for the lot of you, you'd feel as if you were under Niagara."

"You may know more about the ar-

SIR ARTHUR TRAVERS MADE CAPITAL OUT OF OSRIC ORM'S STUBBORN SILENCE

tistic temperament than I do," said Bagshaw after a pause, "but after all the answer is simple. You can only show that he might have done what he did without committing the crime. But it's equally true that he might have committed the crime. And who else could have committed it?"

"Have you thought about the servant Green?" asked Father Brown, reflectively. "He told a rather queer story."

"Ah," cried Bagshaw quickly, "you think Green did it after all?"

"I'm quite sure he didn't," replied the other. "I only asked if you'd thought about his queer story. He only went out for some trifle, a drink or an assignation or what not. But he went out by the garden door and came back over the garden wall. In other words, he left the door open but he came back to find it shut. Why? Because somebody else had already passed out that way."

"The murderer," muttered the detective doubtfully. "Do you know who he was?"

"I know what he looked like," answered Father Brown quietly. "That's the only thing I do know. I can almost see him as he came in at the front door, in the gleam of the hall lamp; his figure, his clothes, even his face."

"What's all this?"

"He looked like Sir Humphrey Gwynne," said the priest.

"What the devil do you mean?" demanded Bagshaw. "Gwynne was lying dead with his head in the pond."

"Oh, yes," said Father Brown.

After a moment he went on. "Let's go back to that theory of yours, which was a very good one though I don't quite

agree with it. You suppose the murderer came in at the front door, met the judge in the front hall, struggled with him and broke the mirror; that the judge then retreated into the garden where he was finally shot. Somehow it doesn't sound natural to me. Granted he retreated down the hall, there are two exits at the end—one into the garden and one into the house. Surely he would be more likely to retreat into the house. His gun was there; his telephone was there; his servant, so far as he knew, was there. Even the nearest neighbors were in that direction. Why should he stop to open the garden door and go out alone on the deserted side of the house?"

"But we know he did go out of the house," replied his companion, puzzled. "We know he went out of the house because he was found in the garden."

"He never went out of the house because he never was in the house," said Father Brown. "Not that evening, I mean. He was sitting in that bungalow. I read *that* lesson in the dark, at the beginning, in red and golden stars across the garden. They were worked from the hut: they wouldn't have been burning at all if he hadn't been in the hut. He was trying to run across to the house and the telephone when the murderer shot him beside the pond."

"But what about the pot and the palm and the broken mirror?" cried Bagshaw. "Why, it was you who found them! It was you yourself who said there must have been a struggle in the hall."

The priest blinked rather painfully. "Did I?" he muttered, "surely I didn't say that. I—I never thought that. What I think I said was that something had happened in the hall. And something did happen; but it wasn't a struggle."

"Then what broke the mirror?" asked Bagshaw shortly.

"A bullet broke the mirror," answered Brown gravely. "A bullet fired by the criminal. The big fragments of falling glass were quite enough to knock over the pot and the palm."

"Well, what else could he have been firing at except Gwynne?" asked the detective.

"It's rather a fine metaphysical point," answered his clerical companion, almost dreamily. "In one sense of course he was firing at Gwynne. But Gwynne wasn't there to be fired at—the criminal was alone in the hall."

He was silent for a moment and then went on quietly. "Imagine the looking-glass at the end of the passage before it was broken, and the tall palm arching over it. In the half light, reflecting these monochrome walls, it would look like the end of the passage. A man reflected in it would look like a man coming from inside the house. It would look like the master of the house—if only the reflection were a little like him."

"Stop a minute," cried Bagshaw, "I believe I begin—"

"You begin to see," said Father Brown. "You begin to see why all the suspects in this case must be innocent. None of them could possibly have mistaken his own reflection for old Gwynne. Orm would have known at once that his bush of yellow hair was not a bald head. Flood would have seen his own red head and Green his own red waistcoat. Besides, they're all short and shabby; none of them could have thought his own image was a tall thin old gentleman in evening dress. We want another, equally tall and thin, to match him. That's what I meant by saying that I knew what the murderer looked like."

"And what do you argue from that?" asked Bagshaw, looking at him steadily.

The priest uttered a sort of sharp crisp laugh, oddly different from his ordinary mild manner of speech.

"I am going to argue," he said, "the very thing that you said was so ludicrous and impossible."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm going to base the defense," said Father Brown, "on the fact that the prosecuting counsel has a bald head."

"Oh, my God!" said the detective quietly and got to his feet, staring.

Father Brown had resumed his monologue in an unruffled manner.

"You've been following the movements of a good many people in this business; you policemen were prodigiously interested in the movements of the poet and the servant and the Irishman. The man whose movements seem to have been rather forgotten is the dead man himself. His servant was quite honestly astonished at finding his master had returned. His master had gone to a great dinner of all the leaders of the legal profession, but had left it abruptly and come home. He was not ill, for he summoned no assistance; he had almost certainly quarreled with some leader of the legal profession. It's among the leaders of that profession that we should have looked first for his enemy. He returned and shut himself up in the bungalow, where he kept all his private documents about treasonable practices. But the leader of the legal profession, who knew there was something against him in those documents, was thoughtful enough to follow his accuser home: he also being in evening dress, but with a pistol in his pocket. That is all; and nobody could ever have guessed it except for the mirror."

He seemed to be gazing into vacancy for a moment and then added:

"A queer thing is a mirror; a picture-frame that holds hundreds of different pictures—all vivid and all vanished for ever. Yet there was something specially strange about the glass which hung at the end of that gray corridor under the green palm. It is as if it were a magic glass and had a different fate from others; as if its picture could somehow survive it, hanging in the air of that twilight house like a spectre—or at least like an abstract diagram, the skeleton of an argument. We could at least conjure out of the void the thing which Sir Arthur Travers saw. By the way, there was one very true thing that you said about him."

"I'm glad to hear it," said Bagshaw, with grim good-nature. "And what was it?"

"You said," observed the priest, "that Sir Arthur must have some good reason for wanting to get Orm hanged."

A week later the priest met the police detective once more and learned that the authorities had already been moving on new lines of inquiry when they were interrupted by a sensational event.

"Sir Arthur Travers—" began Father Brown.

"Sir Arthur Travers is dead," said Bagshaw briefly.

"Ah," said the other, with a little catch in his voice, "you mean that he—"

"Yes," said Bagshaw, "he shot at the same man again, but not in a mirror."

I NEVER KNEW!

BY DOROTHEA LAWRANCE MANN

I NEVER knew that love could come like this, a thing
Sudden and sure and strong,
Like the straight swoop of a home-winging bird
Who drops from the glad upper air
To where
The lone one waits,
Then with soft-folded wing,
Forgetful of the whole wide world, will sing!

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

A Discussion of Our Unprincipled Party System

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

IN the heroic days when men and women were fighting for the right to vote it occurred to few of them, I imagine, that within a decade after universal suffrage was won, less than half the eligible voters of the United States would take the trouble to vote. Ten years ago we were still marching in suffrage parades. A few months ago we were gravely sending Boy Scouts abroad to round up so-called slacker votes, we were listening to judges who wanted laws to fine people for not voting, and some of us were wearing buttons telling others for the love of heaven to vote—to vote somehow, for anybody, but please to vote. We had a drive for votes. And the net result, although it showed a very slight gain over 1920 in the percentage of the eligible who voted, was insignificant compared with the effort made.

All this happened in spite of the announcement by the three candidates that the Republic was collapsing in three different ways. The danger was tremendous and we were beset on all sides—by bolshevism, if you listened to the Republicans; by Wall Street, if you listened to the Progressives; by grafters, if you listened to the Democrats. It was no use. More than half the voters would not rally to the Republic, and the percentage of the vote cast continued to decline as it has declined ever since the close of Reconstruction. In the Hayes-Tilden contest of 1876, out of every hundred eligibles eighty-six voted. Fifty years later, in the Wilson-Hughes contest of 1916, out of every hundred eligibles sixty-five were voting. In the Harding-Cox election only fifty-two out of a hundred voted. And last year there was no appreciable improvement.

If this vote is analyzed by States it soon becomes evident that there are whole sections of the country where the voters have, at least in national politics, come to the conclusion that their vote does not matter. I use the figures compiled by Mr. Simon Michelet for the election of 1920. That year there were more eligible voters who did not vote than did vote in the following States: Maine and Vermont in New England; Pennsylvania in the Middle Atlantic group; California on the Pacific; Arizona in the Mountain States; Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida in the South. That makes fifteen States. If you add the States in which there were eight eligibles who did not vote to every ten who did, you must add ten more. That includes States like Massachusetts, Michigan, Wisconsin, Washington, Oregon, Wyoming, and Colorado. If you start at the other end and list the States which in the electoral sense are most alive, having two voters or more to one non-voter, there are only eight States. They are New Hampshire, Indiana, Missouri, North Dakota, Utah, Kentucky, Delaware, and West Virginia.

The lists tell their story to any practical politician. The dead States are the sure States. The live States are the fighting States. Where every vote counts, a high percentage of votes is cast. Where the vote does not change

the result, a low percentage is cast. In Mississippi, to every hundred who voted, 736 sovereign voters did not go to the polls. In large areas of the United States the people have virtually disfranchised themselves in national politics because they have gone over preponderantly to one party or the other. They do, however, exert an indirect influence on the contests which decide the question of party leadership. A case could be made out, I think, to show that the active political life of the United States is not in the contest between the two great parties but in the contests within those parties. The McAdoo-Smith conflict had real meaning, the Coolidge-LaFollette conflict had real meaning; but the Coolidge-Davis conflict had very little meaning.

Why should that be? Why should the forces at grips in American life show themselves in the pre-convention contest and then disappear in the election campaign? Fundamentally, because at least eighty per cent of the voters are regular. They will follow any faction which captures control of the convention and calls itself the Republican or the Democratic party. Therefore, no matter how violently the other twenty per cent feel, their leaders have no place they can lead them to after a defeat in the convention. The people who are voting on principle are too small a band to constitute a political army. They may be important in determining who shall run the machine which holds the eighty per cent of regulars. But they are negligible as an independent body separated from the regulars. Therefore, after the convention storm and until election day is past, there is outward harmony. The defeated faction knows that its only hope of ultimate victory is to keep itself emotionally in touch with the regulars who vote the ticket and don't ask why.

That brings us to this point: Half the eligible voters do not vote. Eighty per cent of those who vote are regular. The existence of the preponderant regular mass transfers the active political life from the election to the primaries where, for a brief period, the minority of independents are allowed to disport themselves and to exercise an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. When they have had their chance to capture the leadership of a party they subside under the mass of the regular vote.

That the two-party system does not under these conditions produce a direct conflict of principle is understandable. The victorious faction has not only to conciliate the defeated faction in its own party but it must bid for the movable vote in the other party. Therefore, the progress of an election campaign tends to show a steady closing up of issues that would divide men, a steady approach to the same apparently popular cries, a constantly increasing neutralization of the conflict. I have often thought during a national election that if it ran another six months the candidates would be using each other's speeches.

Now there are people who dream of belonging to a party which shall conform to Burke's definition that it be "a body of men united, for promoting by their joint endeavors the national interest, upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed." Neither party in America even approximately conforms to this definition. In defiance of Burke, in defiance of all the requirements of logical order, the American parties continue to be compounds of opposing factions and contradictory principles. About six months before every campaign, therefore, Mr. Munsey for the eastern conservatives, and my friends on *The New Republic* for the eastern liberals, announce that the time has come to realign the voters—to make a party for the conservatives alone and a party for the liberals alone.

And always there is no realignment. Mr. Coolidge as the representative of conservatism obtains the nomination and promptly turns his back on Edmund Burke in a hurried effort to nominate Senator Borah for Vice President. Mr. Davis obtains the Democratic nomina-

tion and promptly approves Charles W. Bryan. Mr. LaFollette sallies forth as a "progressive," leaving Mr. McAdoo in the Democratic Party and Messrs. Borah and Brookhart in the Republican. Something stronger than principle, some interest greater than intellectual neatness is at work to prevent consistent principled partisanship. The birds of a feather won't flock together.

There must be some reason why political life defies political logic in this fashion, some reason why Burke's definition of a party does not describe the American party system. Let us look again at his definition: "a body of men united . . . on a particular principle." How large a body of men must it be? Clearly it must be a body large enough to approach a majority of the active voters. They are to be united, says Burke, on a particular principle. But is there any particular principle on which half the voters can unite and which the other half will also reject? To make a party, according to Burke's theory, the principle must not only unite its partisans but must be denied by the other party. In short, in order to align the American people into two great camps there would have to be some paramount issue on which they divided more or less evenly. And before one of these two could contain all the conservatives and the other all the liberals, there would have to be a paramount issue on which all the conservatives were agreed as against all the liberals.

There is no such issue in America. Is it the tariff? Obviously not. There are as many free traders in Wall Street as in the American Federation of Labor, and Mr. LaFollette is a better protectionist than many a conservative Republican. Is it nationalization of railroads? The project would be fought as bitterly by many liberals as by the conservatives. Is it the League of Nations? Page Mr. Borah, a liberal, and Mr. Newton D. Baker, another liberal. Is it prohibition? Consider dry Mr. McAdoo, wet Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler, dry Governor Pinchot, wet Governor Smith. Is it centralization? Then look upon the Democratic Party in the South, strongly for the Volstead Act and strongly against the Child Labor Amendment; and look upon the Democratic Party of the East, fiercely against the Volstead Act and largely for the Child Labor Amendment. Consider Senator Wadsworth of New York, a leader in decentralization and Senator Walsh of Montana, a fairly consistent progressive centralizer. And then imagine, if you can, how the two parties are going to apply Mr. Burke's prescription.

When conservatism and liberalism are such a mass of contradictions, what reason is there for expecting them each to unite? It seems to me clear that the real alignments in America are local; that the national alignments are mere coalitions which create, not parties of principle, but governing majorities. Rather hasty observers have rather hastily argued that, because of rapid transit and standardized production on national lines, men's minds conform to national patterns. Let them explain, if they can, why the same temperamental conservatism or liberalism produces such utterly contradictory political programs in different sections of the country.

The best proof that local needs and local experience differ and are decisive lies in the fact that neither great party is able to adopt any consistent national principle. Our parties are federal in character because the political life of America is regional. Our parties represent a working union among diverse interests, and not a consolidation of their interests. Indeed, I think, the theory can be argued and established that the very absence of consistent national principle in either party, which is so disturbing to Mr. Munsey and *The New Republic*, is fundamental to the domestic peace of the United States.

For you have to start with many local political factions. There is an urban

faction of employees in the Democratic Party of the East. There is an urban faction of employers and manufacturers in the Republican Party of the East. There is a rural faction in the East which is Republican. There is a rural faction in the South which is Democratic. There is a rural faction in the Northwest which is Republican. These interests are often in sharp opposition. Now, according to Burke, each faction ought to be a party contending in Congress for its principles. But that would give us many parties, none capable of establishing a government on the basis of a majority. It would give us also in Congress a three, four, five-cornered battle on principle, in which no principle could prevail in all its purity without outraging all of the other factions.

The American party system in its actual working is a most extraordinary device for creating a national majority out of regional factions. The party conventions are really the scenes of the great regional battles and compromises which have to take place somewhere if Federalism is to survive. The formal machinery of the American government —the Presidency, the Congress, the Courts—are much too rigid to effect the necessary federal adjustments. They would deadlock and crack under the strain of intransigent partisanship. They are protected against it by the party system, in which, precisely because party loyalty does not coincide with principle, partisanship acts as a cohesive and moderating influence. Instead of a politician becoming more and more logical under the pressure of his following, he becomes more conciliatory because he has to keep in touch with a diverse following.

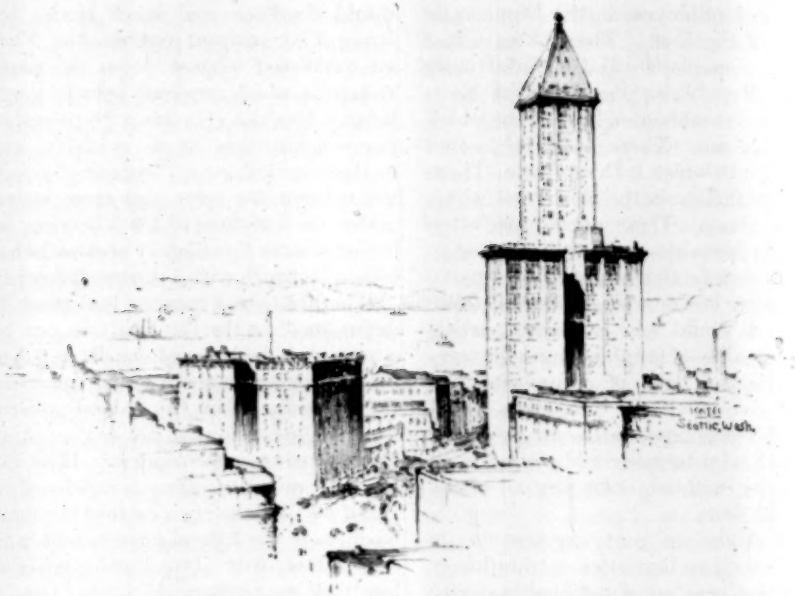
Whether this is good or bad must be determined, in the last analysis, not by a prejudice in favor of consistency but by the answer we make to this question: Do we really desire the federal government to govern so as to divide the nation into two camps of crusaders? If we do, then the present system is indefensible. But if we take the position that the main business of the federal government is to establish security abroad and to cherish local self-government at home, then a great deal can be said for the party system. It is not a system adapted to the execution of great controversial policies. Major policies can be carried out only with bipartisan co-operation. But it is a system under which the frictions of federalism are reduced to manageable proportions. And that may not be a small service to popular government.

COMPENSATION

BY GEORGE STERLING

WHEN life is fully ripened are not we
What we remember, as our hearts enfold
The beauty closed within like hoarded gold—
Far music of a love that could not be,
Old sorrows that are sweet in reverie?
Deep, deep within, the wonder is retold,
As whorly shells or ancient pinewoods hold
The memory of the voices of the sea.

Day dies, and night has still her faithful stars,
Seen better than with youth's impatient sight.
Brighter for darkness comes each loyal beam,
And through this life's uncomprehended bars
The flooding beauty of unearthly light
And drift of golden shadows in our dream.



SEATTLE IS THE METROPOLIS OF THE NORTHWEST

OUR NORTHWESTERN STATES

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

A CERTAIN real-estate agent of Seattle has placed some very engaging signs on the outskirts of the city. They read thus:

> It's a Great Life.
> It's a Beautiful Country.
> What's Your Hurry?

At the city limits a Janus-hoarding appears: as you pass the municipal boundaries, coming in, you read "Welcome to Seattle," or "Seattle Welcomes You"; as you pass them, leaving the city, you are asked in gigantic capitals, "Why Leave the Charmed Land?" In the Middle West the traveler by train is often startled by an arch of electric bulbs over the Main Street which declares "This is a City of Homes." In the Far West they make a different plea, advertising not themselves but their natural advantages. One small town in Oregon—a town you never heard of, at which no express train stops—has copied the arch but not the sentiment. It states, in a touching ellipsis, "It's the Climate."

Town rivalry was always one of the most entertaining features of Far Western development. It was not the states that were calling each other names and pushing each other out of the way, for in earlier days states were mere geographical and political entities. It was the rare cities that were self-conscious, ambitious, passionate. No man stopped to think, fifteen or twenty years ago, that he was a resident of Washington: his whole mind was occupied with being a citizen of Seattle or of Tacoma.

Whichever he happened to be, he lay awake nights worrying about the other place. The Northwest of 1924 is very different from the Northwest of the Lewis and Clark Exposition year, when I first saw it. On Tacoma Day at the 1905 Exposition the good Tacomans covered the grounds, like confetti-laden wedding guests, with little handbills that said, "Watch Tacoma Grow." Seattle was greatly troubled until an anxious session of citizens created a new race of handbills reading "Seattle Grows Without Watching." They even quarreled about their respective totem poles. An honest resident of Tacoma—a minister of the Gospel—confessed to me in 1905 that the Tacoma totem pole was a modern copy; but he went on to say, "Anyhow, we came by it honestly. The Seattle business men went to Alaska and *stole* theirs." The two towns were each other's dearest foes, and thought up vituperative epithets whenever the mad rush of boom conditions gave them time. Both felt they could ignore Portland, which was supposed to be a charming and cultivated old lady, too delicate and formal to cope with a bustling and traditionless present. So quickly is history made in our marvelous West.

In time, luck settles all such rivalries. One place or the other forges far ahead. For many years Seattle has been able from her safe vantage-point to acknowledge Tacoma in peace. The time when settlers from the East gambled on one or the other is long past. Seattle is the metropolis. Tacoma could not possibly catch up now. The only rival Seattle fears at all is in another state—that genteel, ineffectual, outdated Portland, which (like the lady in *Black Oxen*) has become miraculously rejuvenated, and now, as a contemporary, has very pointed things to say about the navigability of the Columbia River and the disastrous fogs of Puget Sound. The modern rivalry, however, is somewhat differently carried on: vituperation has gone out of fashion. Seattle has grown older as Portland has grown younger; both are verging on middle age, and Tom Sawyer manners are not the thing. Chambers of Commerce proceed by indirection and innuendo. If yours is the best harbor on the north Pacific coast, it stands to reason that any other harbor can be only second-best. But we mention no names.

The slow processes of history, with whole races for protagonists, tend to make man seem a very little thing. Minor episodes are lost in the immense main stream; and nowadays the canvas on which publicists paint is so complicated that one is discouraged in the attempt to grasp mere facts. If you cannot discuss France in the Ruhr without discussing the French African Empire, or the future of Great Britain without discussing Pan-Islamism, or any strictly European question without putting your mind on Moscow, Angora, and the terrible Balkans—what wonder that the eyes of some of us cling to our own country and to contemplation of our native conditions? The great advantage of our own West to any citizen whose interests are not confined to mere gossip, is that in the West the scale is more comprehensible. In twenty years a whole new stage of civilization is reached: you can put your finger on the differences; you can see America at work. The whole process has been speeded up; and the population is not yet distressingly vast or bewilderingly various. The composition is simpler without being small. Who now remembers when Ohio, Illinois, Indiana were vague western goals of the settler? Which one of us was even brought up to believe in a Great American Desert that stretched from the Missouri to the Rockies? What metropolis have you or I watched from its scanty beginnings? Rome was not built in a day; but the American cities of the Far West have been, very nearly. "The largest city of its age in the world," Seattle calls itself, in a current Eastern magazine (advertising not some patented food but bonds). Moreover, these towns were

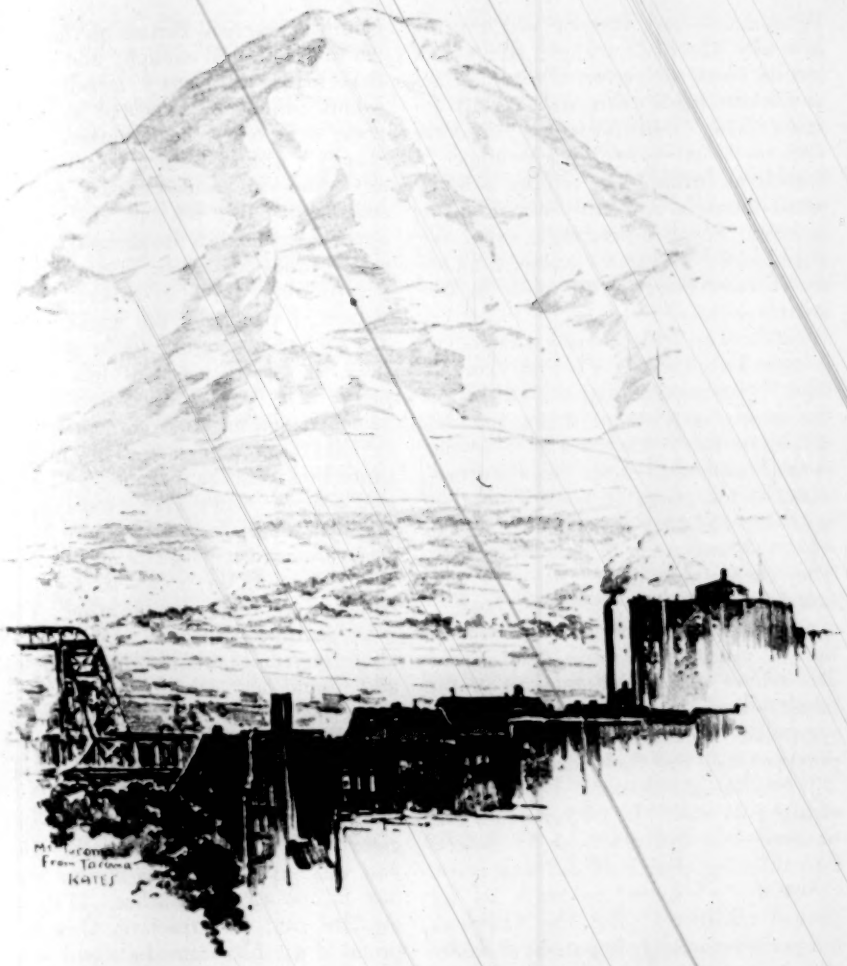
built by Americans, by people who for the most part had been bred in a settled America: an America which had already for nearly a hundred years been a nation, and had had its chance to develop an American type. They did not have to invent or to learn "Americanism" in their raw, new country. Their fathers and grandfathers had done that for them. But they were free to create the conditions in which they considered it could best thrive. The Far West is a beautiful laboratory for the citizen who is truly interested in American tendencies and characteristics.

When I first saw Seattle, it was a terrifying town, seeming very brash and brazen to the traveler. The talk of citizens had not simmered down into complacence; it was loud and aggressive. You had the positive sense of seeing the city grow before your eyes. It was the honest conviction of the Easterner that when he walked three blocks to a certain destination, the town proceeded to expand so quickly that he had four blocks to walk home. Few hills had been washed down then; you reached the Washington Hotel, which sat on a sort of mesa of its own, by a little private funicular. The wooden shack and the ambitious business block were cheek by jowl; and the Siwash Indians squatted on the curbstone of First Avenue in unchallenged supremacy of filth. I never saw Seattle in the days when the whole world was outfitting there for the Klondike. I am told by people who lived there in those wilder times that corpses were numerous and unidentified along the shores of Puget Sound.

Even a few years later Seattle was a depressing place to the quiet Easterner. They asked you to take so much for granted: that their rough wooden edifices were going to change, overnight, into lovely fabrics of brick and stone; that they were going to corner not only all the business west of Chicago but all the civilization of the whole country; that they were going to be as big as New York in a few minutes, and that they were already a great deal better. The rawness was going to vanish in another week; and everyone was going to be rich by the week after. They even said that Seattle was the best place from which to see Mount Rainier. And meanwhile they slanged everything on the planet that was not Seattle. Seattle was at that time a principal abode of the objectionable human thing known as the "live wire." Everybody was a live wire, and a sojourn in the city was a series of distressing shocks. Even then Tacoma, in spite of the verbal quarrel, was accepting its doom. They admitted, in private conversation, that it was "a city of homes"; and when citizens select that label it means that they have practically renounced commercial supremacies. Tacoma's last kick in the struggle was the protest that Mount Rainier was, properly, Mount Tacoma. Yet Rainier it still seems to be, for most people.

Life and luck since that day have wrought upon Seattle and greatly changed her countenance—thinkably, too, her heart. They are not going to be rich next week; their municipal enterprises are going to be elaborated when they have money enough; they actually apologize for some of the things they have not done. They admit hard times; and they "talk poor." They have settled down to facing facts and to realizing that time and chance happeneth to us all. Not one jot of local patriotism have they lost, thank heaven; but they confess that the scale of things in New York and Chicago is quite beyond them, for the present. Yes, they will wash down that hill when they get round to it; just now they haven't the money to spare. They are a little tired of booms, for they have lived through more than one post-boom period. They have tasted disillusion, and know what it is to have a subnormal temperature.

In other words, their experience is beginning to square with the experience common to the race. If you cannot see Mount Rainier they do not say it is because your eyes are queer: they admit



TACOMA PROTESTS THAT MOUNT RAINIER IS PROPERLY MOUNT TACOMA

that the mountain is not visible. Alaska is still immensely important to them economically, as Seattle is the logical and recognized *entrepôt* for Alaskan trade; but Alaska is Alaska nowadays—not Eldorado or Aladdin's lamp. Fish and furs come out of Alaska; but nuggets are less common. Seattle lost a sizable portion of its population just after the War, when the war boom collapsed, and they are busy trying to get back to pre-war conditions. Population in the West shifts so quickly that the last census is of no use to-day; but I believe Portland at the moment claims to overtop Seattle in numbers. "No war boom, no post-war depression" seems to be the simple rule in these matters.

Lumber, shipping, fish, fruits, and vegetables seem to constitute the basic economic activities of these Northwestern communities that have clear access to the Pacific Ocean. There is an "inland empire" over beyond the Cascades, with Spokane for unofficial capital; there are valleys dotted over

Washington and Oregon which raise, severally, the perfect apple, the perfect lettuce head, the perfect cherry. Mines and wheat fields distinguish certain regions. The Northwest scorns California (I fancy, with reason) as a producer of non-citrus fruits. The lumber is indisputably theirs; and there cannot be any more millions of herring gathered at any one place on the earth's surface than are packed and piled for shipment on the Seattle docks.

Yet there are still too many useless ships lying in Lake Union. They are "coming back" with good cheer and courage, but the aroma of post-war depression still clouds the air. They boast—everyone in the West boasts except San Francisco, which is too proud to boast—but they boast of what they already have, not of what they are going to have next week. They mention no goods that they cannot deliver. They can deliver beauty; they can deliver climate; they can deliver a magnificent water front; they can deliver certain commodities of the mineral and vegetable (especially the vegetable) worlds. On these provable premises they rest their case.

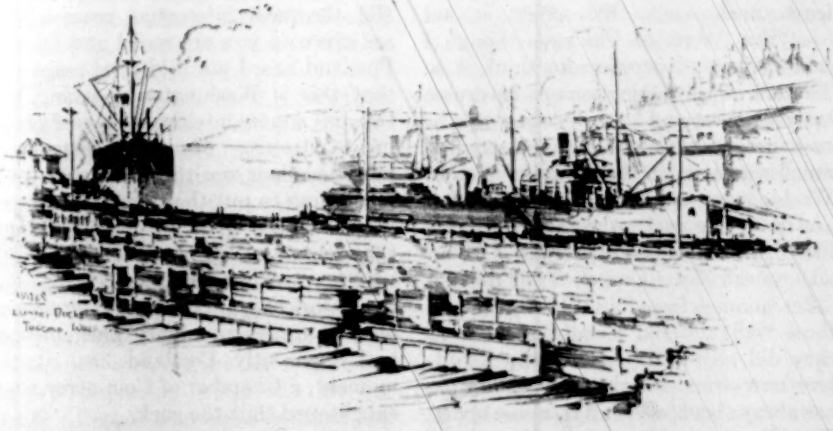
If Seattle has changed, Portland has changed as well. In former years one was more or less deafened by Seattle into thinking that Portland was mute, except for whispered reference to her genteel traditions. But the American temper is notoriously impatient of desuetude: it is hardly even sentimental about it. We know, in the East, what happens when decay is allowed to set in. The foreigners inherit; Quality Street becomes a slum; and in most cases no one worries. Good citizens are busy creating new "subdivisions" elsewhere. Except for something actually historic, taken over by a patriotic association, the law of survival is pretty brutally accepted. If a family, or a class, or a community dies out or becomes impotent, it is not up to anyone else to arrest its downfall. Our gift is still for construction, not yet for selection and preservation. We have something to learn from the practical British on that score. All this is natural enough; and a nation that made its history largely in log cabins cannot be expected to respect those temporary headquarters of authority. Linked with a beloved name, any edifice can arouse our easy, generous sentiment. But without the personal appeal, sentiment is not aroused. "Progress" takes its place. Antiquarians may murmur in their corners, but the stream of American life engulfs them. The West, which has fewer heirlooms than the East, has had less natural piety. The West was created by men who had neither time nor opportunity to build for permanence. They built for protection from the inclemency of storm and savages. They were always moving on to accomplish a little more of the tremendous task before them, which was the reclaiming of a whole continent from one ocean verge to the other. They were sentimental about the future, if about anything; about what their sons and grandsons would do. Pioneers, every one. It was for the "effete East" to cherish its Georgian doorways and to live, while it could, in the kind of house it no longer knew how to build.

But after the pioneer comes the next generation; and the next generation, you will have noticed, is always snobbish in one way or another. If its immediate past is attractive, then it is proud of it; if its immediate past is not attractive, it tends to forget it. It is an odd fact of human psychology that we center our pride on either past or future: on the thing which has been or the thing which shall be—unconscious acknowledgment, no doubt, of the fact that things as they are usually are pretty bad. Roughly speaking, if your heritage is pleasant you glorify it. If no one could call it pleasant, you look to the future for beauty.

Half a generation ago, Portland had reached the point of having dignity and a measure of civilization behind it. It was in danger, one felt, of being snobbish about the past, in good Atlantic-sea-

board fashion. No one who knows Portland will forget the old houses in the center of the city, each occupying, with its lawn and trees, a whole city block. Ugly houses of the wrong period, suggestive of bad woodwork and tin bathtubs—but suggestive, too, of well-filled libraries and pleasant speech and the essential decencies of life. They are still there, though immediately doomed, for the big buildings are crowding them close. The next time, alas! one will not see them. Portland was the East set down in the West: a town that, as soon as the strain was over (and Portland is of course much older than its rivals in the state of Washington) had reproduced its origins with fidelity and respect. Portland people, as I remember them in my own youth, were like Eastern people and not ashamed of it. In fact, they preferred it that way. No hotel that I have ever met with in the West is so civilized as the old Hotel Portland used to be, years ago; and in the newest Coast caravanserais to-day one can still sigh for it. Yes, Portland was "different," half a generation ago: not cosmopolitan like San Francisco; not delirious with ambition like the Washington towns; yet too Western, it would now appear, to acquiesce in decay. It, too—though one did not suspect it then—had an eye to the future; and though it did despise rawness, it did not despise success. It sat embowered in roses and took thought for its destiny, while one was pitying it for being a sort of spiritual Salem—without the shoes.

So Portland to-day is steadily growing—they insist that they overtop Seattle in numbers—and is building a huge bridge over the Columbia River which will enable it to tap a rich section of southern Washington. It is still the only town in the country that plants great rosebushes between the sidewalk and the street—hedges of Caroline Testout between the pedestrian and the motor car; but its talk is less of roses than of the miraculous things that happen to barnacles when a ship comes up the Columbia from the Pacific to the Willamette River in the heart of Portland. When Seattle remarks that Lake Union also cleans off barnacles, Portland merely states that there are no fogs in the Columbia River between the Pacific and the Willamette. The Portland *Oregonian* does not always write an editorial about a collision in Puget Sound; sometimes it merely puts it in decoratively, without comment, as stop-press news. To the *Oregonian* there is



LUMBER AND SHIPPING CONSTITUTE THE BASIC ECONOMIC ACTIVITIES

no reply in kind; for it is the only first-class newspaper on the Pacific coast.

What one is made to realize each time afresh—each time increasingly—as one crosses the Great Divide and rests for a while in the loveliest portions of our great country, is that city rivalries must always perish but that sectionalism must always—in spite of Capitol Hill—intensify. Gradually the community will stretch out, spiritually speaking, to its extremest possible bounds. Only Rotarians can pretend that a city is a moral organism. The single town is, in modern times, too circumscribed, too inadequate, to be a symbol or a synonym for a clan. If the differences between city and city surely shrink along with their hatreds, no less surely do sections assert a personality of their own. The citizen who knows every capital of Europe but has never been west of the Missouri River (so long the historic frontier) has missed a large number of important and interesting facts about the difficult business of being an American. One is tempted to say that if he knows only the submerged East, he is a long way off knowing how to vote intelligently. If he is still abiding by the old categories of East and West, North and South, he is socially behind the times. The Missouri River is no frontier at all, nowadays, and Mason and Dixon's Line is, to say the least, antiquated. The West is not everything west of Chicago—though I know educated people who think it is. There are still distinctions to be drawn between West and East, but he would be rash indeed who should affect to find much similarity in the points of view of Washington and New Mexico. They are more like each other than either is like Iowa or Kansas; but that is about all one can say. Oregon Trail did not differ so much from Santa Fé Trail—and those trails differed socially as much as they did physically—as Northwest differs now from Southwest. California has always been, and still is, a case apart. The Northwest knows itself and its boundaries; it is conscious of itself as an entity. Roughly speaking, it stretches eastward to the Dakotas; southward, it stops short of California, Nevada, Utah, and Wyoming. It admits Idaho and Montana, as you see; but the Dakotas are not included, in spite of their northerliness and their westerliness. They are too far east of the Rocky Mountains. Once well east of the Rocky Mountains, you do not "belong." Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana are the Northwest: Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, and Nevada are "Far West," but they are not Northwest. California is, as we said, California—and alone.

The reasons why Portland is "getting the drop" on Seattle at the moment are interesting, as one learns them from loyal Washingtonians. The post-war depression which has for various reasons hit Seattle harder than Portland, is always mentioned first. As far as the future of shipping goes, the balance would certainly seem to be in Seattle's favor. In spite of the things they have done to the Columbia River bar, so long a nuisance and a menace to navigation, Portland is a hundred miles from the open ocean and has not the magnificent harbor facilities of her northern neighbor. Portland, to be sure, has a railway approach at water-grade level; it can tap and be tapped by a big and important territory without crossing the Cascades. But the most interesting reasons that are given to you are social and human. Portland has, I am told (and remember that this is Washington speaking, not Oregon) a more intelligent class of prominent citizens. Many of them have inherited their wealth on the spot; they are willing to put their keen and homogeneous minds on the future of Portland; they can and do work harmoniously together, with a common ideal. The team-work of sympathetic and intelligent men is always a mighty phenomenon; and apparently Portland has, at the moment, a Chamber of Commerce more enlightened than the ruck.

Besides this, Seattle is a radical hot-

bed; one of the worst I. W. W. nests in the country, as we all know. Perhaps Portland has profited, humanly speaking, by not being so emphatically a seaport and an *entrepôt* as it would like to think itself. At all events, though it has had labor difficulties, its troubles have not been dyed so bright a scarlet as those of Seattle. Even the detrimentals of Portland are, comparatively speaking, touched by conservatism. They do not run to Sunday schools for the children, conducted in the interests of explicit blasphemy—hymn books and all. The Washington I. W. W.'s go in for an actual though non-ritualistic equivalent of the Black Mass—or did, a few years ago. Oregon's fight seems to be, at present, rather against ignorance than against malevolence: Ku Klux rather than I. W. W. The men from the Southern mountains who fill the Oregon lumber camps are uneducated, narrow, and peculiarly susceptible to Ku Klux propaganda; but no one can say that they are not original, if myopic, Americans. The Ku Klux itself is American enough, heaven knows; though America in one of its least admirable manifestations, one of its aspects that faces most emphatically away from the central American ideal. No one, certainly, can say that it is the Russian Jew or the Fenian Irishman or even the muddle-headed reformer who has foisted the Ku Klux upon us. All things change politically, with surprising speed; and history overtakes even the readiest writer. People who write political articles for serious reviews are always discovering that they made their bargain with the Sibyl a little too late. Let me only say about Oregon and the Ku Klux that Ku Klux influence did put over, more than a year ago, a law forbidding the existence anywhere in the State of a private—which of course meant a parochial—school. But no one seemed to think, in mid-1923, that a referendum would sustain any such anti-Catholic, any such fundamentally anti-American move. The lumber camps would not, people declared, be allowed to legislate for Oregon according to their inherited prejudices.

THERE ARE VALLEYS WHICH RAISE THE PERFECT APPLE

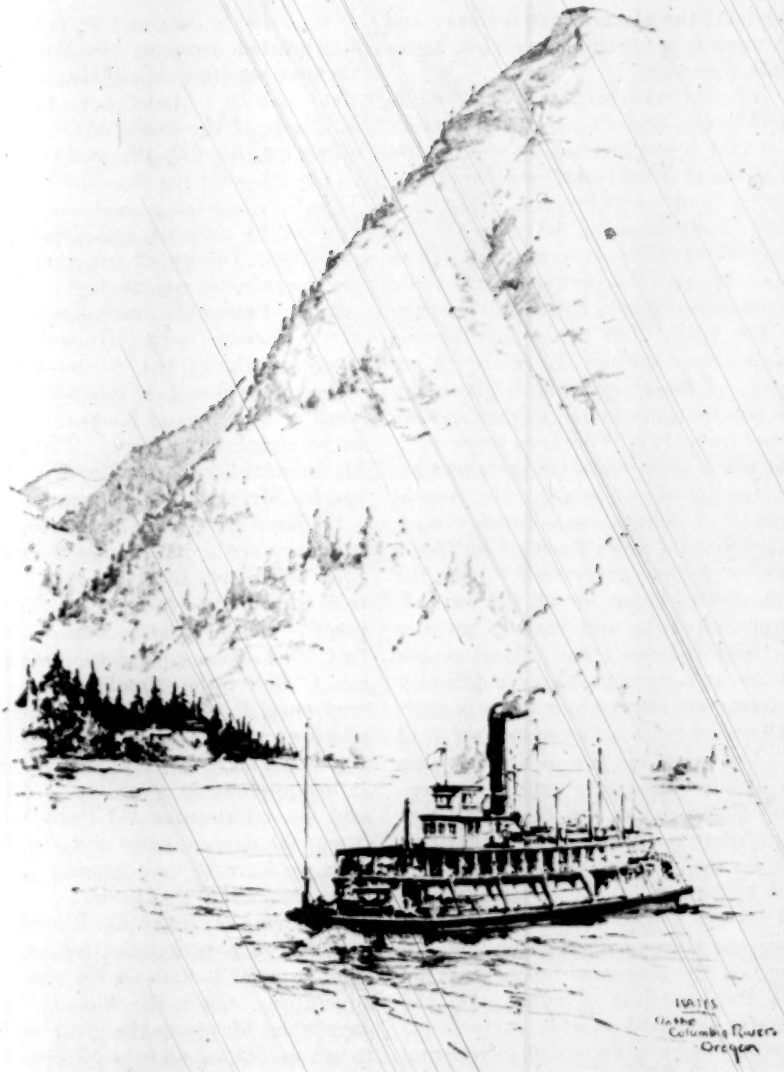
One gathers a great deal of misinformation as one travels about any country of which one speaks the language. Perhaps the answer to Oregon legislation

about schools is the Ku Klux maggot in the heart of the lumberjack. But I was constantly haunted by the confidences made to me by a very nice young waitress at my Reno hostelry. She had come to Nevada after a year of waiting at the tables of Portland hotels. "You can't help hearing a lot that people don't think you're hearing," she said; "and I used to hear the men talk when they were lunching together. They may say it's Ku Klux, but it isn't all Ku Klux. It's the Protestant ministers. They've got a lot of power, and they're just determined to put the Catholics out of business. My, but they're a narrow-minded set of men! I couldn't tell you the things I've heard them say." That particular young woman may well have been a Catholic herself, and prejudiced; certainly she was misinformed about there being enforced, at present in Oregon, any state law against the use of finger bowls. But have we not been told, recently, appalling things about the success of the Ku Klux in non-Southern Indiana? Is it not apparently stretching up into the communities of the Old Northwest? Have not a lot of Protestant ministers declared themselves of late in peculiarly objectionable ways? And does anyone pretend that the Western State (Oklahoma, I think) which, I am told, has prescribed the length of bed sheets *in its constitution*, did so under the influence of the Ku Klux Klan?

We are greatly given to vagaries; almost any minority can put over its own panacea; and for a courageous people we are very easily stampeded. If the West is more given to vagaries of a political and social sort than the East, that is after all natural. Youth has illusions, and is mentally adventurous; and it is not over-troubled with experience. The whole Far Western adventure was the headiest thing in our history; never was there such a chance, in a land of space and luck and gold, to make the world anew. What wonder that, facing those limitless horizons, men have thought themselves like gods, creating new laws for new conditions; both privileged and empowered to mould their cities and their states to their hearts' desire? Laughable, from the point of view of older statesmen, some of their counsels of perfection have been indeed; and they have been misled into laying legislative stress on non-essentials—like the length of bed sheets and the form in which tobacco shall be used by citizens. They are still feeling their oats, still thinking that a new guess is likely to be wisdom. But generally speaking, in the Far West the instinct for liberty has been fairly untrammelled. Personally I refuse to worry too much about the Ku Klux west of the Rocky Mountains, even though race prejudice exists there. I too have faith in that eventual referendum.

Commerce, economic conditions, financial fortune, natural resources: these are a great part of any human tale. It is a platitude that every war is fought for reasons fundamentally economic, and that nations arm themselves for "markets," not for ideas. But the romantic citizen cannot, if he would, confine himself to statistics, or hold converse only with Chambers of Commerce. For the average person it is, in the end, the human and social aspect of a new and strange community that counts most. The struggle for existence may shape and condition our lives; but what sort of existence are people struggling *for*? That is the ultimate question. You listen, fascinated, to tales of stupendous, unharnessed water power up where the Northwest draws near to the Canadian line; and it is probably true that no man knows even yet what the soil of the Olympic peninsula may hold—that there is room still between the Rockies and the Pacific for discoveries and miracles.

Often and often you hear the magical phrases on men's lips: "No one knows . . . untouched country . . . untapped, unexplored even." We have forgotten in the East what it means to have a mystery, an opportunity, a dream only a stone's throw away. Daniel Boone and his companions are very far behind



THE COLUMBIA RIVER PROVIDES SCENERY AND SALMON

us. Land is priced for advantages of situation only, at so much a front foot—not because you may find gold or oil on Broadway. The sense of infinite possibilities still haunts the Western mind. I believe that is one reason why they are happier than we are: happier as individuals, as men, as women, as children. Romance is hard to come by for the average citizen on the Atlantic seaboard; and there can be no question that to the normal male there is more fun in discovering a fortune than in cutting coupons. Mystery and opportunity are one reason for the greater happiness that no Easterner can fail ruefully to register. Another, no doubt, is suggested by the little Oregon town: "It's the Climate."

Anyhow, the phenomenon is there; and we made it our business to divine, if possible, the origin.

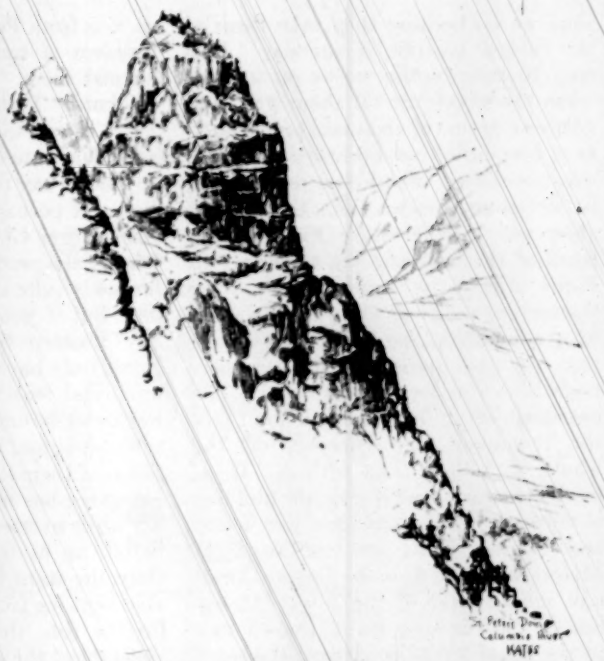
Self-analysis is no part of criticism, in spite of the modern introspective taint. Yet that is the method by which one's criticism of social conditions and atmospheres must needs proceed. Sooner or later—I cannot name the exact place or time—it was borne in on me during these latest Western wanderings that I would much rather live in the Far West than in the East. Life there would come much nearer suiting the totality of my being. I found my friends—both my old friends transplanted thither and my newer friends who were bred there—getting much more out of life than my like-minded friends at home. Mr. Arnold Bennett, I believe, once wrote a book called *How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day*. I have never read it, but the title used to haunt me all the way between Salt Lake and Seattle, between Portland and San Diego. Most people I know at home seem to have difficulty in living on twenty-four hours a day; they do not get a balanced ration out of it. The essentials (let us not carry on the dietetic metaphor) seem to be more easily found, in any day, by my Western acquaintance. What is it that they get; how do they get it; and what do they have to forego?

They get a good climate, in the first place—an atmosphere in which they can carry on the necessary business of life with the minimum of effort. On the Atlantic seaboard a large part of our nervous energy is expended in resisting climatic conditions. A terrific strain, out there, is removed at the outset. A very important, perhaps the most important factor, this is. They have also natural beauty on a vast and varied scale. We have, of course, no landscape to compare with theirs; and what we make tedious journeys at large expense to achieve for a summer season, is bettered by what the average Far Westerner can see out of his own kitchen window.

It is also a curious fact that supply has created demand: the Westerner—no more sensitive or æsthetic, originally, than you or I—must have beauty of landscape. He feeds on scenery; it enters into his daily life, and he is willing to pay more for the house lot that has a view. Accessibility and convenience, you end by noticing, command a lesser price than beauty of situation. I am not speaking of resorts, hotels, or large estates: I mean the average man's home in the average town. He seems (relatively speaking) not to care a hang where he lives or how far it is from his work or what sort of house it is, so long as he commands a view. The view is his entertainment—his Broadway show and his Metropolitan Museum.

Civilized Westerners (apart from Californians) are a modest lot as regards their differences from the East. They tend to deprecate their lack of "advantages"—picture galleries, famous orchestras, good opera, new plays, great libraries. "But on the other hand," I countered once, "you have natural beauty, which we haven't in the same sense; and you care a lot more about it than we do. It means more in your life." "Yes," said my interlocutor, "I think that is true. We *do* care more about it. But then we have to; we haven't got the other things that you have."

The living organism has a genius not only for adventuring but for adapting itself to what it finds at the end of its adventure. Since the dim Devonian days when life made the great decision to be amphibious, we have gone on wanting something different, and proceeding, when we got something different, to develop a taste and an aptitude for it. By whatever evolution or mutation, the Far West has developed a race that cares passionately for the beauty with which it is lavishly provided. To be sure, no season cuts them off from it; they can enjoy Nature the whole year round; but—and this is the moral side of it—they are not bored by it merely because it is so accessible.



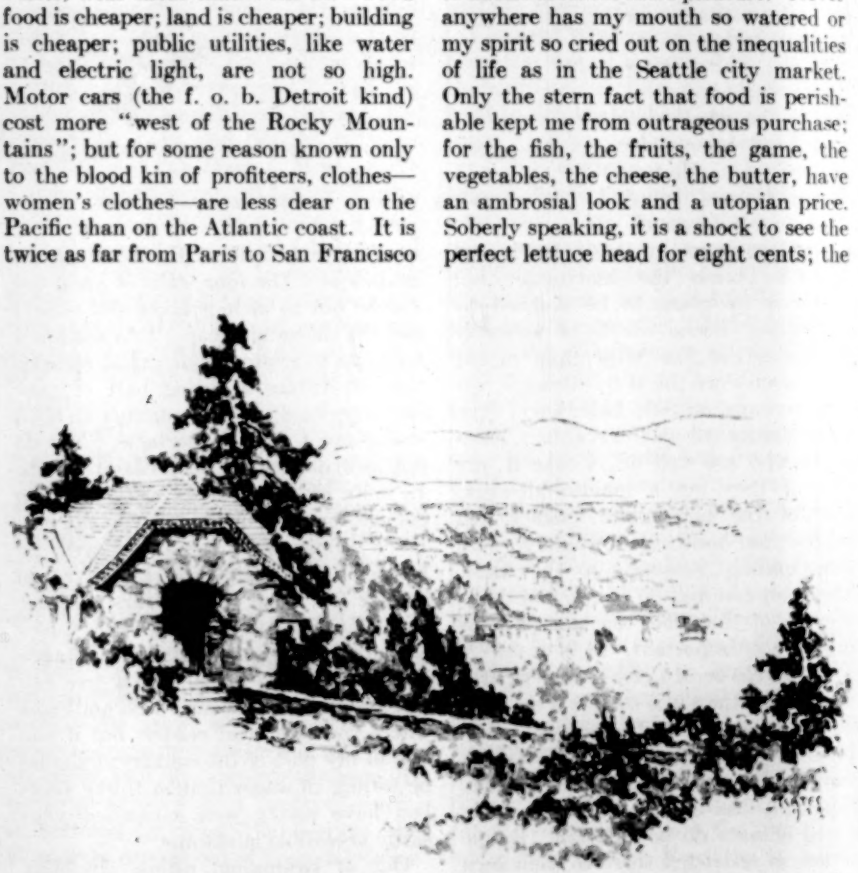
SCENERY IS ON A BROBDINGNAGIAN SCALE

Looking out of your window at a snow-topped mountain is what one would call, perhaps, a simple pleasure. What one comes to feel is that the Westerner takes everything more simply than we—both his sorrows and his joys. He seems to the outlander to have decided very cannily what is most worth while in life, and to put his attention on getting that—not worrying too much about the rest. Both, that is, as a citizen and as an individual. The striking thing is that his choices are on the whole not crude, but extremely civilized ones. He has no intention of being "Nature's nobleman" and letting it go at that. He is not going to buck the inevitable; but neither is he going to be downed by difficulties. Social life is of necessity simpler in the Far West than in the East—even since the War—because (except, perhaps, in Salt Lake City) it is much harder to get servants. Even people who are well off, I take it, are lucky if they get a maid-of-all-work. Most of the houses are smaller and simpler than houses that would go with corresponding incomes in the East. When you can and do live out of doors so much of the time, the size of your house is less important. It is easier—a great deal easier—to give a dinner party at your club than it is to give it at home without a regular staff of servants; and your country club is open for business from January to December, inclusive. Everybody has a car; and distances in a good climate do not matter. People are not so restricted there to their own hearthsides; they are always willing to meet their friends at the heart of the landscape. The four walls of home are shoved out to include lakes and valleys and the shores of ocean. I do not know how else to express that genial recognition of Nature as being part of your own interior decoration, neither an alien *milieu* nor a formal spectacle. Nor do you go in danger of Coney Island crowds. In spite of the tourists there is room enough for everybody, and you can corner a beauty spot for a day with no trouble. One man who had lived in Seattle for some thirty years told me that he could still find new valleys, new mountain-lakes, within striking distance of his own house—if he had a free day to wander out in his car. I do not know where you live, dear reader; but if you live in my part of the country, I should be willing to wager that in thirty years you have pretty well exhausted your easily accessible landscape.

Out of swimming, riding, climbing, camping they get more fun, I believe,

than we do because they take them as the natural pastime of any day. It is easy to take to the woods on impulse when the woods are all about you; and neither extreme of elaborate preparation or of over-primitive conditions is in such case necessary. Food does not need to be served on Dresden china to be palatable; yet I believe the Far Western scorn of the folk who pig their way in Fords across the country, and wash themselves and their dishes once a week in a community camp, is even deeper than ours—perhaps because the spectacle is so constantly with them. The essentials of civilized life—I don't say the trimmings—are cheaper, on the whole, with them than with us. Good food is cheaper; land is cheaper; building is cheaper; public utilities, like water and electric light, are not so high. Motor cars (the f. o. b. Detroit kind) cost more "west of the Rocky Mountains"; but for some reason known only to the blood kin of profiteers, clothes—women's clothes—are less dear on the Pacific than on the Atlantic coast. It is twice as far from Paris to San Francisco as it is from Paris to New York, so the problem of transportation would work against them. Perhaps it is a question of rents. Perhaps no one in the Far West is out to make money at such a ridiculous rate as in the East.

When I say that good food is cheaper, I should perhaps except the meat that comes from Chicago and Kansas City. I fancy the product of the great packing houses is quite as dear with them as with us. But if you really wished to make any Eastern housewife unhappy, you would only have to turn her loose in the municipal market of Seattle. I have a weakness for markets, and from Paris to Washington, D. C., I have been known to haunt them for mere pleasure. Never anywhere has my mouth so watered or my spirit so cried out on the inequalities of life as in the Seattle city market. Only the stern fact that food is perishable kept me from outrageous purchase; for the fish, the fruits, the game, the vegetables, the cheese, the butter, have an ambrosial look and a utopian price. Soberly speaking, it is a shock to see the perfect lettuce head for eight cents; the



THE WESTERNER REQUIRES THAT HIS HOUSE COMMAND A VIEW

big box of raspberries for ten, the bunch of celery for five; the more of a shock that these products of the soil are glistening clean. You do not pay for dirt in the Seattle market; and even your string beans sit waiting for you (incredibly cheap) in little orderly rows, like a model bean-school. The Dungeness crab looks almost civilized—and a crustacean can go no farther. There is all poetry in a market basket in Seattle; and what is more, the lean purse can fill it.

If any one is tempted to think that such markets are not important in the sum of civilization, I beg leave to differ from him. To insist that food of the finest quality shall be within the financial reach of every citizen—that eye and palate and purse shall all be subtly satisfied—is to lay down a very fundamental law of intelligent living. We have been praising the French nation a long time for culinary æsthetics; affecting to find in French sauces, even in the French *pot-au-feu*, a certain moral balance and virtue. But to praise them we have lingered in restaurants: we have not gone back to the kitchens and the markets and farms. Certainly we have never ventured, in France, to ask for pure milk. I fancy there is even more social virtue in the perfect producing, perfect exhibiting, and honest selling of foodstuffs than in any sauce whatsoever. It means a different genius for living; but perhaps a more far-reaching one.

IN CITIES OF THE NORTHWEST THE SCHOOLS ARE PALACES

Municipal pride could hardly be lacking in a land where cities are so self-conscious. These towns have had the luck to grow up late, after the thing called civic consciousness became fashionable. They have not been sinless; and their water fronts have not been well managed, though Seattle is trying to rectify some mistakes. But they all have skyline boulevards—all of them; and a view is—well, a view is sacred to the Far Westerner, and he will not permit the uneducated newcomer to spoil even his own view if he can help it. They look to the future, one comes to perceive, with more sense and more solidarity than we do. They are going to have health and beauty for their children—for all their children. Rotarians, Kiwanis, Lions—they spend their energies, you will find, more often on children's hospitals and children's clinics than on any other one object.

As for the schools—but there is only one word to say about the schools. I have never known an honest Easterner who did not blush when he contemplated the Western schools and remembered his own. If there is only one fine building in the tiny Far Western town, that building is the school. In the cities they are palaces. Nor is it all bricks and mortar: they pay their teachers better than we do. In the West they still keep the earlier American sense of the value, the sanctity of the public school. It must fitly perform a sacred task; it must be the proper nursery of future citizens. In the East we have largely lost that sense—lost it, no doubt, perforce, since the average Eastern public school is becoming a place where the immigrant learns English from a teacher who was born of foreign parents. Here, we have let public-school education come to a sorry pass; paying such low salaries (outside the largest cities) that the people who have fitted themselves to teach cannot afford to; and more or less supinely accepting the fact that an American child of civilized parentage can only unlearn his civilization in the classroom. It is to my mind a misfortune when an American child cannot get a large part of his pre-college education both safely and adequately in the public schools. Our children who have been restricted wholly to private schools have lost something which, as prospective citizens, they both needed and had a right to. If anything is to be called "un-American," it is the carelessness which we have displayed, within a generation, in this regard. The decline of American school standards is one of the saddest things that have happened to us as we have thundered along our "progressive" way; and it is not pleasant to see the United States slipping down the list of averages every year, with all sorts of little countries getting ahead of us in the matter of literacy.

This attitude to the public schools is one of the social conceptions in the Far West that induce serious reflection; one of the facts which make one wonder reluctantly if, in so far as we keep American ideals at all, we shall not have to go west of the Rockies to learn how. Our best American tradition combined an enforced simplicity with a keen sense of essential values. Our contribution to social history started out to be this: a *modus vivendi* whereby the plain man could get for his children as fair a start—physically, morally, and intellectually—as any citizen. We have reneged almost completely on that deliberate purpose; but in the West that old wind of doctrine blows steadily on one's ears. We have all, in America, grown more pagan; revolted against Puritanism in the direction of materialism. That, I think, cannot be contested. But it cannot be contested, either, that the comparative lack of social elaboration, the better climate, the more abounding opportunity for healthy and natural rather than unhealthy and artificial pleasures, the more modest conception of what constitutes a fortune, and the less depleted heritage of earlier American ideals concerning life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—that all these make the Far Western paganism a pleasanter sort than ours. I am not speaking of Southern California, which is, humanly and socially speaking, a special case, and is loathed by the citizen of Denver, Reno, Salt Lake, Seattle, Portland, or Albuquerque more deeply than by any Easterner. Los Angeles and its environs are not "Far West" at all. The reasons are profoundly interesting—but they do not belong here.

The informality of the West is not only a tradition but a fact—the origin, no doubt, of the prejudice of many Easterners against their fellow citizens beyond the Mississippi. A formal habit can be forced upon the average American by just two things: Anglo-Saxon reticence, and elaborate social paraphernalia. Elaborate social paraphernalia do not exist in the Far West as they exist in the East. The mere fact of living out-

of-doors more than indoors would prevent it, even if there were not other social and economic obstacles. Reticence, moreover, is difficult to keep up in the same way when a lot of people have to face simple problems together in a new country. If half a hundred people are making a new town out of nothing, they have to "get together"; and primitive living destroys formal privacy first of all. You count, chiefly, for your value in and to the group; and naturally, where you were born or how you have hitherto lived makes very much less difference than what you happen to be good for on the spot. Pioneer conditions are not very far back even of the older towns; and the creation of new ones in the wilderness is going on all the time. Informal: of course they are informal, judged by court standards. "Wild and woolly?" Well, hardly. They are more friendly; they are kinder; they are more natural. They are more given, perhaps, than Easterners to spontaneous association with their fellow-men. Almost every man you see wears the insignia of some fraternal organization or other. They have not the Eastern prejudice against thus labeling themselves and their fellowships. On the other hand, they have no prejudice against any elaboration of life they can afford which does not spoil essentials. They have not the illusion (fairly widespread through our country) that in order to be a good American you must be thoroughly narrow-minded, and ignorant of many things. What they felt in the Far West (if newspapers are any index) about Magnus Johnson's collarless and coatless campaign in Minnesota was chiefly scorn—scorn that any man should think that he could win the suffrages of American citizens by behaving like a pig. Senator Johnson did win the suffrages of American citizens, as we all know; but not without bitter regret on the part of other American citizens that anyone should be fooled into believing that dressing like a gentleman in public was un-American. "To be vulgar is not the way to appeal to the American farmer, who is, himself, a gentleman," was the gist of it. Perhaps the Minnesota farmers are a special brand. In any case, politics are not our concern.

Informal, yes: according to certain definitions of form. But as you stand in those terraced gardens of the Northwest, staring through cunning vistas in the Douglas firs to the blue of the Sound or to the wide arc of snow-topped mountains—friendliness all about you among the roses—you wonder if formality is not as well spent on "garden-walls and galleries" as on the practice of verbal frigidity. Their groups and their engagements seem more elastic than ours, more readily adaptable to change of weather or a new event. Policy and habit seem less strong than impulse when it comes to choosing a pleasure. They are ready to like you, to give you the benefit of the doubt. The brooding stiffness and suspicion, the infinite social documentation that characterize the initial stages of acquaintance in the East, are there in far less measure. No doubt you have to prove yourself there as anywhere; but they are perhaps clearer in their own minds as to what they like, and therefore do not have to listen so profoundly to what a hundred other people say. Socially speaking, as climatically, it is a more radiant air.

It comes, probably, of being preoccupied with things in themselves, not with the infinite dim contexts of things. That preoccupation with the immediate object can make for rudeness and crudeness, as we all know. It is their wisdom in the Northwest to have made their list of essentials wisely, to have seen what the community had a right to demand of life—their luck, of course, to have had those essentials easier to come by than anywhere else, perhaps, in the country. True, they seem to have taken more literally than the rest of us the historic declaration that man has a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But other factors count as well. They

have not as yet accepted plutocracy as the ideal—or the inevitable—social form. Plutocracy, indeed, can triumph only when wealth has become a superstition in itself. The profiteer or the self-made millionaire can "break in" only to a society where wealth is a superstition—and you will notice that wealth never becomes a superstition until a great many people have inherited it. In new country, fortunes are sometimes made quickly—and, equally often, lost quickly. Inconvenient, to the last degree, to lose the money you have made; but, surrounded as you are by shifting conditions of gain and loss, of luck and chance, it does not of necessity discourage you finally. At whatever stage of success or unsuccess you may be, there are plenty of your own kind in the same boat. I think it is not too much to say that wealth is not, in the Far West, the acid test that it is in the East. Being a decent sort and a helpful member of the community counts much more in a country that has seen men rich one day and poor the next and rich again the day after. When a Westerner is really bitten by the plutocratic idea he usually makes for the East, where plutocracy is accepted. It is a perilous thing to say of any part of our country; but I believe it to be true that in our Northwestern civilization wealth is judged more on its own merits than on the Atlantic seaboard, where a man has only to be rich enough, it would seem, to be credited with all kinds of virtues. We are all aware of communities that pride themselves on caring more for family or for personal distinction than for wealth; but one has seen those proud requirements break down too many times before the onslaught of enough millions.

Civilization may be variously defined; but the United States certainly started out to make its own definition very clear. My own belated guess is that the citizens who come nearest to being civilized according to authentic American tradition are to be found west of the Rocky Mountains, between San Francisco Bay and the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

COQUETTE

BY HESPER LE GALLIENNE

I WILL dress in satin—
  Perhaps I'll dress in silk!
And bathe my face at dawn of day
  In freshest fairy milk.

I will wear fine feathers
  When the day is clear,
Or else a wreath of yellow flowers
  To charm a smile, my dear.

I will wander gaily
  Up and down the town,
Showing off my leather shoon
  And my silken gown.

But when next I meet you—
  Happen and I should!
I will wear my simplest frock
  And a linen snood.

Half-Told Tales

by

Henry van Dyke

Decorations by
Wm. Fletcher White

A TALE OF TRAVEL

Behold the fowls of the air: Matt. 6 : 26

THE summer visitors were assembling in multitudes for their autumnal journey to the south. Among the yellowing birches and poplars of the hill country, through the forests of pointed firs on the rocky seacoast, under the crimson copses of maple around the mountain lakes there was the creeping and fluttering and rustling and twittering of an innumerable host—visible only by brief glimpses, audible only to a fine ear, yet somehow making their presence felt as a vast throng.

But in a certain place near Boston, where the psychological motives of great movements are studied and discussed, a select company of these feathered bipeds earnestly debated the reason of the migration.

"It is a modern folly," said Professor Owl, "no reason in it! I shall put on my winter clothes and stay here."

"It is an ancient custom," said Doctor Heron; "my family have always observed it. We must be true to the traditions of our forefathers."

"It is the fashion," said Mrs. Hummingbird; "I'm crazy about it. I'd rather be dead than out of fashion."

"It is the joy of the journey," said Mr. Swallow. "The greatest pleasures in life are swift flight and sitting on a telegraph wire."

"It is an athletic stunt," said Captain Tern. "I fly farther than any of you—from the Arctic to the Antarctic—and think nothing of it."

"It is an economic necessity," said the Associated Blackbirds' Union. "Our population is increasing rapidly owing to the prohibition of blackbird-pie. Food is growing scarce here. We must go south and get it. We have a right to live."

"There's a fine chance for hold-ups on the way," said Old Shrike.

"Tut, tut, tut!" said Ruddy Robin. "I never kill birds. But I love worms, and I can't get them if the ground freezes."

"Now, we warblers," lisped Miss Blackburn, "like to see America first. Change of scene pleases us. We cannot be dull domestic drudges. We travel to improve our minds."

"H'i arsk you," said Tommy Starling, a recent British immigrant of the lower social class, "wot do h'all this 'igh-brow tosh mean? Wot's travelin' but a nacherul h'instinc'? 'Ow can we 'elp it?"

Twitters of primitive approval ran through the migrant throng.

"Let's go!" they cried. And they went.

But the English sparrows stayed behind with the Owl—some of them within him.

TALE OF THE TWO RUNNERS

Charity envieth not. I Cor. 13 : 4

THE winner of the great race in the Vale of Argolis was Nicator. He and Cleon, his friend and rival, had run the course neck and neck—knees lifting high, breast thrust forward, head thrown back—twin images of splendid speed.

But as they neared the goal Cleon's sandal slipped. He staggered and regained his stride; but in that second the race was lost. Nicator was first, by a finger's breadth, at the goal.

None was warmer than Cleon in saluting and praising the victor. The prize was a crown of wild parsley—which fades quickly. The judges awarded this to both runners because they had run so well and so close—better than any before them. But in addition it was decreed that the victor should have his statue erected on the wall of the city among the imperishable memorials of her most famous sons.

Admitting outwardly that this was just, and lauding the decree, Cleon inwardly resented it as unfair. A statue of perdurable bronze won by the slip of a sandal! The more he pondered it the more it irked and angered him and infected his mind with that poison which is called envy.

Harm to Nicator in person he would never have done. It would have shamed him. But why should that statue on the city wall, looking forever down the lovely Vale of Argolis, stand there in silent witness to a triumph that after all was only an accident? Was chance the Lord of all things? The crowns of wild parsley had already faded. Why should not the statue now fall?

Thus thinking, Cleon daily passed the city wall, disliking the statue more and more, and noting with careful eyes the structure of its pedestal and the possibility that a shiver of the earth or a violent tempest might throw it down into the rocky ravine below the city.

Pursuing this thought into its deepest crevice, he went forth one midnight with a coil of rope under his cloak and perilously climbed the wall on the outside. He cast the rope about the statue and pulled. The statue trembled. He pulled again. The statue rocked on its base. Fearing that it might drop into the city and be set up again, Cleon pulled outward with all his might. The statue gave way, plunged upon him and fell with him into the dark gorge, where the man and the image were broken to pieces.

Thus Cleon was delivered from his envy. Nicator lived on, regretting the statue a little, but his friend much.

TALE OF THE CURSING OF CAPITAL

In all labor there is profit; but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury. Prov. 14 : 23.

"DAMN all capitalists," remarked Vortex with that impropriety of speech which often connotes an ardent spirit.

"Sure," said Simplex, "but how is it going to be done?"

Simplex was an old Presbyterian plumber of the hit-or-miss type, a firm believer in predestination, who swore only in the language of the imprecatory Psalms. Vortex was a young Proletarian plumber's-helper who cursed freely by the names of things he professed not to believe in. His particular arduous labor was to hold the electric torch, or to saunter back to the shop to fetch forgotten tools, while his chief smoked a pipe in the bathroom at two dollars and a half per hour.

"Them capitalists made the big War," said Vortex, "just to get rich out of it."

"Sure," said Simplex, "that's when our pay went up. Selfish rascals! Let them be set in slippery places and cast down to destruction. But who is going to do it?"

"Us," cried Vortex, "the Perlitariat! Our toil and sufferin' is the cornerstone of them fellers' yachts. A man ain't got no right to nothin' but what he makes with his hands. Ain't that so?"

"It seems so to me," answered Simplex, looking at his rolled-gold watch to see whether the hour to knock off work had not come.

"But say, old man," continued Vortex, "I wanna borra five hundred dollars. I gotta buy a Ford. You got money in the bank, aincher?"

"Sure," said Simplex complacently, "I've got about thirteen thousand in the bank. I'll loan you five hundred at seven per cent, with a mortgage on your house. Will that do?"

"Righto!" cried Vortex. "You're a good feller"—and he clapped the old man on the back.

"Well," said Simplex, "according to Scripture none of us is any better than he ought to be. But the people with capital are the worst of all. They are thieves and robbers, an abomination to the Lord. We sons of toil will get them and they shall go down into the pit."

TALE OF THE JEWELS

Let every man borrow of his neighbour, and every woman of her neighbour, jewels of silver, and jewels of gold. Ex. 11 : 2.

SOPHIA ALETHEA McNAMARA was excessively subject to violent conversions. Whenever a new doctrine appeared she promptly caught it in its most acute form, and followed it through its extreme sequelæ. As a New Buddhist she protested against the killing of mosquitoes because they might be reincarnations of some of her departed friends. As a Pure Pacifist she asseverated that no man should use force to protect her, even from outrageous assault and robbery. "The brigand," she maintained with that fervor which scorns grammar, "has as much and more right to the appeal to reason above force than I do." As a Complete Consecrationist she insisted that it was her duty to sell the McNamara family jewels (now hers) and to distribute the proceeds among the street-beggars.

Naturally, her brothers objected. "Give them to our wives," they said. "But they wouldn't pay me for them," argued Sophia Alethea. Finally it was agreed that she should submit her case of conscience to that old friend of the family—the pious, plump, and prudent Bishop of South-Central Jersey.

"Dear Bishop," cried Sophia Alethea, "I have been converted and resolved to sell all my jewels and distribute the proceeds to the beggars. I simply can't keep these godless gauds while they, in rags, grind organs and sell lead-pencils."

"But, my child," said the Bishop, "these beautiful things of yours are not common merchandise. Most of them came to you from your sainted grandmother."

"I don't care," replied Sophia Alethea, "they are not different than any other jewels. They are sinful indulgences, hanging round my neck like glittering millstones to drag me down to perdition. I must sell them or be lost."

"But, my dear," said the Bishop, with a slight twinkle in his eyes, "if you sell, other people must buy. Have you thought what will become of *them* when they get your jewellery? Would you help tie glittering millstones around *their* necks?"

"I never thought of that," answered Sophia Alethea. And she went away considering whether she would give some of the jewels to her sisters-in-law or run the risk of keeping them all herself. "It would be a kind of consecration, after all," she thought—"facing a danger to save others."

TALE OF A HABITATION FORFEITED

Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird. Jer. 12 : 9.

CYRIL BRAYNE was the acknowledged literary light of Bunceville on the Raritan. He had a pretty house, a pretty wife, and a pretty wit. He wrote iridescent essays and varicose verse on "Antiquities of the New Era," "The Collapse of the Classics," "Amours of Animals," and such like. By this and newspaper work he made a neat addition to the income from his modest patrimony, and lived in a style suited to that station in life to which it had pleased Providence to call him, and at peace with the world which he so delicately satirized.

Two days of every fortnight he spent in New York, to keep in touch with his publishers, as he said, and to enjoy the literary atmosphere of that incoherent burg. In an evil hour he met Isidor Huncken, the great critic, editor of *The Moon Dial, a Nocturnal of Progress.* One night as they breakfasted together at the Dandelion Coffee House, Isidor said in that condescending tone which was a mark of his affection:

"Why do you hide your one talent in a napkin of respectability? You have plenty of spleen—a touch of Aretino in your paunch. Let it out. Don't write like a Puritan prude. Write like a best-seller."

"But how shall I do it?" asked Cyril, at once humiliated and thrilled. "My experience is so limited. Where shall I get the material?"

"Experience?" scoffed Isidor. "Create it. Material? Look around you. Bunceville is full of it in solid chunks. I don't know a place that has more ridiculous, contemptible, and immoral things and people in it than that self-complacent little town. Show them up. Put them into a novel without curtains. Men are the most amorous and absurd of animals. Take the ones you know. Go for them!"

This was the origin of that enormously popular book *The Curves of the Curitan, a Novel without Curtains.* Cyril had the scruple, you see, to change the name of the river, but the thing itself was unmistakable. All the absurd, mean, and naughty neighbors were in it, unprotected even by a mosquito-net, exaggerated by the omission of the people of a different kind. Bunceville became a byword. The world chuckled over the book, discussed it, and bought it by the hundred thousand—for eighteen months. Cyril and his wife went to the Riviera to spend the royalty.

When they returned to their home they found that they no longer had one. The town where they had lived so comfortably had become impossible for them. The people who were left out of the book felt slighted, and the people who were in it were furious. Old friends said, "How-d'ye-do," as if they meant "Good-by"; and pleasant neighbors passed the Braynes with sour looks of unrecognition. Their children at school suffered the torments of the young. The pretty house they loved was like a camp in the enemy's country. Even the lot in the cemetery was not a place where Cyril could hope ever to rest in peace.

So they went away, somewhat sadly, to a strange house in another town—less pleasant and convenient but no less full of ridiculous, contemptible, and naughty things. About these, however, Cyril did not write. He liked travel but hated moving. So he turned his talent to wild-western romance, with which his wife helped him to a moderate success. And they lived fairly happy ever after, forgetting Isidor and by Isidor forgot.

"As a critic," said Cyril, "he is great, but as a literary adviser he lacks a sense of comparative values. We shall never again be as much at home as we were in Bunceville."

THE INSECTS ARE WINNING

A Report on the Thousand-Year War

BY WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

BACK in 1918 I heard a little girl, nine years old, ask her father this question: "What would the world be like without a war?"

It was a good deal of a shock to realize that here was a thinking person to whom war was normal. The great conflict had been going on ever since she could remember.

Now, if such a war should proceed without interruption through a generation, three generations, ten generations, thirty generations—would it become so commonplace a state, so generally accepted as a matter of course that all of us would become unconscious of it, would stop thinking of it as war? I maintain that it might, that it would, that this thing has actually come to pass. There is, in fact, a war going on now—a thousand-year war, reported by the newspapers, financed out of tax money, as vital as the recent world conflict—of which the average citizen is not conscious.

I refer to the war between man and the insects.

The issue is vital: no less than the life or death of the human race. If man wins he will remain the dominant species on this earth. If he loses he will be wiped out by this, his most ambitious racial enemy.

This enemy, this horde of insects that inhabits the earth, outnumbers all other kinds of animal life combined, has held its place for fifty million changing years, is beyond doubt steadily increasing its power. It is finding its opportunity in the peculiar conditions developing in the world because of the interference of man himself.

Is there an insect age upon the ways just as there has been an age of reptiles, a glacial age, an age of man? Is the surge toward dominance of this seemingly suppressed class of the animal kingdom—the hexapoda, the six-legged animals—to last, or is it but a momentary flash in the pan? There is no question but that the present greatest menace to man's dominance is the increasing strength of the insects. If that strength continues to increase as it has for the past generation, a time will come when, his food supplies gone, man will disappear and the six-legged group will remain supreme.

The military intelligence divisions of the General Staffs of this war are composed of the students of insects, the Federal and State Bureaus of Entomology, the scientific institutions. They agree that the insects are gaining on man, that they threaten his very existence.

Here are evidences of the progress of the war between man and the insects:

When those of us who are now middle aged were boys, we picked our peaches and apples from trees in our own backyards. Our sons and daughters now buy them at the grocery store. They do this because the backyard orchards no longer exist: they cannot exist—the insects will not allow them to do so. They have won a battle in the thousand-year war. The result is a blow to man in the permanent curtailment of his food supply.

Here is another incident in the long war—one well known in itself but rarely

considered in its relation to the age-long conflict of which it is a part. The boll weevil, as everybody knows, came out of the mountains of Mexico, pushed across the Rio Grande, rolled on (fifty miles a year) blighting the cotton as it went, defying all the power of the strongest nation in the world to stop it until it had covered the cotton area. It cost America her cotton dominance of the world. It cut down man's supply of a useful material. Eventually, it seems, it must spread its blight around this world. Its invasions are a part of the thousand-year war.

Some readers will remember the coming to American orange groves, back in the nineties, of the cottony cushion scale. Out of Australia it came, a tiny thing which the eye could hardly see, stealing in on imported orange trees. In a few years all the orange trees of California were covered with it—individuals piled together in masses. Every individual in this army drilled itself a hole in the bark of the orange tree and began drinking sap. When enough of them got to drinking there was no sap left to nourish the tree and it died.

Man here used strategy. He sent emissaries to Australia, where the cottony cushion scale was native, to find out what kept it from killing the orange trees over there, to recruit mercenaries. They found that Australia had a peculiar variety of ladybird beetle which looked something like a potato bug and ate nothing but this scale. In Australia these kept the scale down, maintained the balance of nature. Give these ladybirds a happy home and plenty of food and they would multiply at a most appalling rate. One mother of to-day might, in five months, have seventy million descendants. So the scientists brought over some of these beetles, got them started in the orchards, set insect to eating insect, and in a year the scale was gone. Man had won a battle, had saved a resource—his orange crop.

About a decade ago a nurseryman of Riverton, New Jersey, brought all the way from Japan some iris bulbs with earth around their roots. Though he did not know it there was a great menace lurking in these few spadefuls of dirt, a menace in the form of an insect enemy—the Japanese beetle. A few stowaway beetles thus introduced bred large families, and the next season they started out in all directions from their nursery and traveled five miles. They there dug themselves in for the winter and the next year traveled five more miles. They have widened their circle five miles every year since. Their march goes on, cannot be stopped, is as inevitable as the rising of the sun.

These beetles, while grubs, eat off the grass roots two inches below the ground, so that the covering of a lawn or golf course may be rolled up like a blanket. In a single square yard of sod fifteen hundred of them have been counted. They develop into beetles which fly away into the surrounding orchards and cornfields and devour them. The State of New Jersey, the State of Pennsylvania, and the Federal government have combined in attempts to throw a cordon around this marauder and stop him. The attempt has resulted in utter failure. The United States is suffering another successful insect invasion.

These are but isolated happenings in the thousand-year war. Witnessing one of them no more helps one to an understanding of the vast events which are slowly taking place than having seen the sinking of the *Lusitania* would have explained Marshal Foch's mission in the great crisis.

To understand what is here going on one must get a grand-stand seat so that he can look down on this world game as on the plays of the baseball diamond. He must concentrate decades into single plays, centuries into innings. So may man and the insect be seen as they fight it out.

In the days before Christ when Carthage, sitting there on the north coast of Africa, was a city of magnificence, the

grasshoppers used to be swept up from the desert by the winds, blown in myriads into the seas, and drowned. The waves would drift them onto the beach in barriers six feet deep and the stench of them would bring pestilences which cost hundreds of thousands of lives.

During the Middle Ages the flea brought the bubonic plague from its ancient nesting place among the black rats of the Himalayas and established it in Europe, where it persisted for centuries, killing half the people of a whole continent. The house fly (a purveyor of typhoid) and the mosquito (disseminator of malaria) have caused the death of more men and women since time began than all the wars between humans. The early sanguinary conflicts between man and insects were sporadic—were like medieval visits from marauders who came out of the mountains, or piratic fleets that fell upon unprotected towns and despoiled them. They were not like modern fighting, in which victory lies in exhausting the resources of the enemy. In its warfare with man the insect of to-day is applying a strategy the chief end of which is to leave its enemy without those supplies which will successfully sustain him.

There was a time not long ago when the balance of nature in this world was quite well established. Insects fed upon plants, birds fed upon insects, mammals upon birds. If the vegetation increased—insects had more abundant food, they increased in numbers and checked it. If the insects increased unduly—birds were well fed, bred bigger families, became numerous, ate up the surplus insects. If birds became overpowerful—beasts of prey were better nourished, increased in numbers, and called a halt in the expansion. If any of these elements became less abundant, then those which fed upon them were not fed so well, decreased in number, and gave their antagonists a better chance. So did nature tend to maintain a balance.

During the last thousand years a new element has appeared, has become steadily more important, has tended always more strongly to upset this balance of nature. This new element is man, who has but recently become the dominant living thing on this earth—the animal which has learned to adopt methods and practices beyond nature and through them to interfere with the normal balances of old. Here are some of the things that man has done which have disarranged the normal checks and counterchecks of nature.

Six thousand years ago in Egypt, when man first began to supplement himself by grouping about him other elements in nature, he found in the Numidian forest a brindled wild cat with black soles to its feet, which lent itself to domestication as has no other cat in the world, and took readily to the idea of living in man's household. Similar cats in the Numidian forests may be captured to-day and brought almost overnight to domestication. Wild cats of Europe and America are different: though tamed, they return to the wild at the first opportunity. This Numidian cat found its way into every Egyptian family. When traders first began to thread the Mediterranean Sea they carried these pets to Athens, to Carthage, to Rome. There they multiplied and, with the passing generations, spread over all Europe, still maintaining almost in its purity this strain of the blackfooted beast from Egypt. Englishmen brought these cats to Massachusetts and Virginia. They increased in stupendous numbers, and to-day they blanket America. Millions of them live in American homes, but more millions have gone back to the wild and are scattered through its wastes. This Egyptian cat, once tamed, is to-day the most abundant representative of mammal wild life in America. Go into the woods anywhere after a snow and count the animal tracks, and more than half of them will be those of cats. These cats, if caught, will be found to have the black soles of the Egyptian.

Cats feed largely on birds. When man came to America there was a bal-

ance between bird life and that of the animals which preyed upon it. Man introduced a new element, the Egyptian cat, which has become dominant. These cats, preying on bird life, have upset the balance. There are fewer birds in America than there should be. Birds are one of nature's checks on insect life, and that check has been greatly weakened. Insects may breed to-day with less restraint than they did before. The cat is their effective ally.

Sir Francis Drake, buccaneer of three hundred years ago, once took as a prize a Spanish ship loaded with spices from India. It is recorded that on that ship was a strange "black bugge" which the Spanish called *cucarache* which, strictly speaking, meant "wood louse." This *cucarache* became the modern cockroach. It was a native of India, never until that time seen in Europe. These cockroaches, however, were sturdy fellows, given to living in dark and narrow places, and therefore happy in the holds of ships that plied the seas. Thus these argosies of commerce have served as a means of broadcasting the cockroach, and it is found in abundance wherever man dwells. His homes have provided suitable breeding and dwelling places for these children of the warm countries. New species, one in America and one in Australia, were found and distributed. So have world-girdling multitudes of them appeared where before there were none at all or but local tribes. This increase in the range and numbers of the cockroach is typical of the man-influence in the insect world.

In 1889 a scientist in Medford, Massachusetts, was conducting experiments for the improvement of the breed of silkworms. Moths are the mothers of these spinners and he was attempting to develop a hardier moth, one with caterpillars that would browse on scrub oak or sassafras. To this end he brought over from Europe a specimen known as the gipsy moth because of its bronzed complexion. He caged this dusky adventurer with timid little mothers of silkworms, hoping they would mate. Along came a boisterous wind and blew over the coop. The gipsy moths flew away and merged themselves into the Massachusetts landscape.

This small incident launched a new campaign in the thousand-year war. The gipsy moths, which are quite harmless in their native Europe, multiplied in America to a prodigious extent. In a decade their caterpillars were so numerous that they were eating the foliage from a distressing proportion of the trees in Massachusetts. Not only this but they were gradually extending their range over into Connecticut, up into New Hampshire, on into Maine. They were creating devastation—they were menacing the trees of one entire corner of the United States and threatening always the conquest of new areas. Again were individual states aroused to action. Again did the federal government fling its resources into the field. Again was the scientific world called upon to furnish strategists in a great campaign. For thirty years the fight has gone on—the advantage now on the one side and now on the other, with the outcome as yet undetermined.

Here again, however, it has been the intervention of man which has given the insects an opportunity to harm him, to attack in a new way.

The manner in which this thousand-year war may bring about unexpected situations is most surprising. Here, for instance, is an incident of felicitous comity between two friendly nations which, by the intrusion of an insect, has been turned into costly tragedy.

Theodore Roosevelt, while President, sent his Secretary of War on a world-girdling trip, the result of which was the establishment of certain international friendships. In the course of this trip Mrs. Taft was presented to the Empress of Japan. Later, when Mr. Taft became President, that sovereign, seeking to give evidence of an enduring friendship, sent to Mrs. Taft a group of flowering cherry trees, symbols of beauty from the Far East. Those cherry trees were planted

along the tidal basin in Washington and their beauty in the springtime has become a matter of national renown and pride. Some years after the planting of these trees, however, an entomologist found in a peach tree near Washington a queer little moth, the like of which he had never seen before. Identification of the stranger was a matter of months, but in the end it was shown that he was a member of a moth race resident in the Orient. He was a peach moth. Coming in on these cherry trees, he has started another widening circle which as it grows blights all the peaches. Fluffy and fluttering in its frailty, this moth has thrown down the gauntlet to America, has challenged her to fight for a great prize, a prize no other than her peach crop which spreads from ocean to ocean. It started a conflict that will continue for generations, and its result may be the loss to man of another important food resource.

These recurring battles between man and insects, as I have said, mostly find their origin in some act of man himself. The boll weevil, for example, which had existed for a million years in the hills of Mexico was an insect of no importance, with a localized home, until an act of man gave it an unusual opportunity. Man took the cotton tree of the tropics—a plant which in its native state grows on, year after year, as does an apple tree. He brought it to the temperate zone, nursed it, converted it into an annual which died every year when the frost came, adapted it to cultivation in the fields, made it the basis of a crop of world importance. Many decades passed and eventually some few weevils of these Mexican mountain tribes were brought by man down to the Rio Grande and carried in cotton seed over into Texas, where cotton fields spread out unendingly. The check upon the spread of the boll weevil in its native home had been the limited supply of cotton trees which offered it a breeding place. Here were prepared for it—through the agency of man—limitless pasture lands, inexhaustible food supplies, opportunity to increase beyond the dreams of fancy. The one check to its increase had been removed and the boll weevil—obeying its innate law—swept on irresistibly, defeated the forces of the United States in every battle until it had blanketed the South.

The backyard orchard has disappeared because of the coming—again from the Orient, as in the case of the scale that attacked the orange groves, and again through the agency of man—of a tiny insect which, breeding in millions in your apple tree, has come to be known as the San Jose scale. San Jose scale has spread through the nation. It has spread in the face of all the resistance that science has been able to offer. The battle which has now lasted three decades has come to a deadlock. The invader admits that the orchardist may hold it in check by one device, and one only: if he sprays his trees with poison at the right moment, four or five times a year, so that San Jose scale may not feed upon them and his fruit may ripen. If he does not do this scientifically, periodically, the scale will thrive and the fruit crop will be spoiled. Practically, it works out that the fruit grower with great orchards, scientifically handled, may successfully fight the San Jose scale; but the individual with a small plot will not take the pains, cannot afford to take the pains necessary to save his fruit.

The gipsy moth invasion, like that of the boll weevil, did not yield quickly to treatment as did the cottony cushion scale. Every effort was made through the decades of fighting to find parasites that would check it, enemies that would prey upon it and devour it. Some such have been found. There is *Colosoma*, the tree-climbing beetle from Europe which feeds on caterpillars; and *Anastatus*, the tiny wasp that lays its eggs in the gipsy-moth eggs; another wasp, a Japanese, that lays its eggs inside the caterpillar itself where it eats out its vitals; and a tricky fly which lays its eggs on the leaves, where they are swal-

lowed by the caterpillar and the young ones develop and bore from within. All of these have been introduced by the strategists and it looks as if they had at last got the better of the gipsy moth. The most effective enemies of insects have been found to be other insects.

What is to be the issue in the fight with the Japanese beetle and the peach moth is yet in the lap of the gods. What are to be the new issues in the long war only the future can tell. In any waste corner of the world insect menaces like the boll weevil or the Japanese beetle, or worse, may be lying dormant to be given their opportunity by some act of man which interferes with nature's adjustments.

An understanding of these problems of the insect menace is largely due to findings of the present generation. Before it there were a few outstanding entomologists, but their numbers were small and their interest largely theoretical. The grasshopper invasion of the western wheat fields in the days of our fathers gave a tremendous impetus to applied entomology. Scientific men began to study the grasshopper, whence it came, how it might be fought. Individuals in the universities here and there began to specialize on a study of insects and their relations to human welfare. A generation ago so simple a thing as the fact that house flies bred in manure piles was unknown. A generation ago lumbermen did not know that a "red top" in the forest was a tree with its throat cut; that it was being girdled by a beetle beneath its bark which, if not fought, might destroy the whole forest. A generation ago there were few people who knew that the insects were man's most ambitious rival for world supremacy, and that the logic of the situation was that in the end they would probably wipe him out.

The foremost world agency in the development of applied entomology has been the United States Department of Agriculture. Its Bureau of Entomology, with some four hundred scientific men employed—the largest agency of its kind in existence—has steadily led the world in this field. Dr. L. O. Howard, its chief, has spent forty-eight years in its development and has been an outstanding figure in organizing governmental opposition to insect attack.

These scientists are the staff officers, the intelligence corps of the thousand-year war. They are able to get perspective on its progress. They set the occasional victory which man has gained over against his more frequent defeats. They balance the ledger and find that man has lost many more fights than he has won. They measure the increase in the strength of the enemy through a generation or a century and find that it is appalling. They visualize the result if developments should continue as they have been for a hundred or a thousand years. The prospect for man, they hold, is not bright.

Strange antagonists are these two—*genus homo* and the insect—the graybeard and the youth of the animal kingdom. In coal beds that were laid down five million years ago are found the remains of cockroaches very much like those that forage in pantries of to-day—wise enough to detect, with a single touch of an antenna, the presence of poison man has stirred into their favorite food. They have been so fit to survive that they have found no need of change. Beside them man is a mere stripling, an experimental design come into the world but yesterday—some thirty-five thousand years ago—a design which is constantly being changed, whose success or failure is yet to be demonstrated.

How contemptuous of the upstart must be this representative of an established order, of a family that has held its place through the ages! How the cockroach must scratch his wise old head and chuckle as he remembers that time when huge reptiles strutted the marshes and ruled the world; when marsupials, stupid grandfathers of the opossum, held sway; when mastodons but yesterday had their fling! And now this youngster! Wait and see!

THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY

Awarded a Second Prize in the Third Harper Short-Story Contest

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

WITHIN a hundred yards of the hill's crest Walton Pringle's pocket flash winked spasmodically and died. He paused a moment to catch his breath; the pull up from the creek bed had winded him and the sting of cold rain in his face added a further discomfort. If he hadn't dawdled at Preston's Flat, hoping for the rain to cease or abate, he would have made his objective before nightfall. But since he had elected to wait so long it would have been much better to continue there until next morning. As it was, he felt sure that he had strayed from the trail—a particularly unhappy thought to a man who could claim only a speaking acquaintance with the wilderness. And this too under the pall of a stormy night without the slightest ray of light to guide him. Well, the best he could do was to stumble on: it was far better to keep moving in circles than to resign himself to inactivity and chills.

He was glad now that he had been persuaded to take a pistol when he came away from Walden's Glen. If he were lost, at least he could provide himself with game, and in the mountains one could never tell how long one might wander aimlessly along false paths once the proper trail was abandoned. At first this pistol business had seemed absurd: California was no longer a bandit country, and even if it were he had nothing worth stealing. A jack-knife, a pocket-flash, two bars of chocolate, and a sheaf of notes on "Itinerant and Rural Labor and Its Relation to Crime" were poor pickings for a hold-up man. His notes especially were valueless to anyone save himself, and even their loss would not have been irreparable. He was still near enough to his investigations to have the material for his book clearly fixed in his mind and, once back at his desk in San Francisco, he would be able to recall every detail of the last two weeks spent among the economic nomads of the mountains. But in spite of all these obvious guarantees against violence, it appeared that there *were* reasons for being forearmed. . . . It was Lem Thatcher, one of the old-timers, who had put him straight on this point.

"Bandits be damned!" Thatcher had exclaimed. "But how about a stray bobcat? Or a crazy man? Or a lost trail? . . . A man who goes into the open with nuthin' but a jack-knife and a couple o' bars o' chocolate is a fool. . . . Give a man a gun and you give him the next thing to a pardner."

Under the depression of the moment he felt that his original stupidity lay not so much in failing to realize the needs of such a trip as in essaying the venture at all. Why hadn't he been sensible and taken the stage as far as Rock Point and swung on from there to Marchel Duplin's cabin? He had no time to waste, and had there been no other reason this alternative would have given him several additional hours with a man who, everybody conceded, knew more about sheep herding than any other within a hundred miles. He had talked to a Basque shepherd near Compton's and to a Mexican herder just the other side of Willow Creek, attempting to get side-lights on their profession, but they had

been taciturn and he without the proper moisture for limbering their tongues. Duplin, everybody conceded, was exceptionally garrulous for a sheep herder even when he had not the help of thin wine. It seemed expedient, then, to go to Duplin if he wished properly to complete the picture of rural economy whose drawing he contemplated. But for an untrained mountaineer—a tenderfoot, in fact—it was nothing save a whimsical extravagance to plunge along a fifteen-mile trail through forest and shifting granite when an easier course was open. Being valley bred he hadn't expected rain in August, but if he had stopped to think he might have known that anything was climatically possible in the mountains.

Stumbling, crawling, cursing, somehow in spite of the blackness he felt himself making progress uphill. Presently his feet touched level ground. This in itself was reassuring. He raised his eyes in a desperate effort to pierce the gloom, took a few steps forward—and suddenly, miraculously, found himself in a clearing from which beckoned the friendly light of a cabin. With a smothered exclamation of joy he quickened his gait, almost running forward, and the next instant he had gained the window, instinctively stopping to peer within.

The unreality of the scene which met his eye gave Walton Pringle a feeling that he was either dreaming or gazing down on a stage set for a play: only sleep or the theater seemed capable of a picture so filled with melodrama. But in the theater one was never at once spectator and participant, and in sleep one did not have the tangible physical discomfort which he felt. He drew his rain-soaked body closer against the cabin, raising himself on his toes so that he might get a better view of the interior. A man stood hovering over a table lighted by an anæmic candle, and through his fingers dripped a slow trickle of silver. In a corner, uncannily outlined by a steady gleam of light, was a crucifix nailed to the wall and below it lay a couch piled with disordered bed clothing. On the floor, midway between table and couch, was sprawled the figure of a man—arms flung wide, his black-bearded face upturned—a startling inanimate thing that made Walton Pringle turn away with a shudder. The man at the table undoubtedly was a thief. Was he also a murderer?

For the second time that night Pringle was glad that he was provided with a pistol, and yet in spite of his preparedness he had a momentary misgiving, an indecision: to be secured against an unavoidable contingency was one thing; to push deliberately into trouble was quite another. Pringle was no coward but he knew his limitations; he was not trained in any superlative skill with firearms. Was it discreet then to thrust oneself across the path of a desperate man?

He continued to gaze through the window with morbid fascination and uncertainty: the picture was too revealing—violence had been done, that was obvious; plunder was in process of accomplishment. A sudden disgust at his weak-kneed prudence stiffened his decision. At that moment the wind, flinging itself through the pine trees, sent a shower of twigs upon the cabin roof. The face at the table was lifted with a tragic sense of insecurity and fear; Pringle saw that it was the face of a young man, almost a boy. For a brief moment their eyes met; then without further ado Pringle crept swiftly to the door, hurling his body against it in anticipation of barred progress. The force of the impact carried him well into the room. The youth was on his feet and an exclamation halted on his thin pallid lips. Pringle whipped out his gun.

Walton Pringle did not utter a word; he merely gazed questioningly at the youth, who began to whine.

"I didn't do nuthin', honest I didn't. . . . I hope to die if—"

Pringle cut him short with an imperious gesture. The lad's manner as well as his physique was filled with a shambling, retarded maturity. His face was

Drawn by D. C. Hutchison

"I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN', HONEST I DIDN'T"

curiously pale for one from a rural environment, and his hair that should have been vivid and red had been sunburnt to a vague straw color.

"Hand over your gun!" Pringle demanded.

The youth straightened himself with a flicker of confidence. "I ain't got none!" he threw back.

Pringle searched him: he had told the truth. "Come then, give me a hand here!" he commanded, laying his own weapon on the table.

Together they lifted the inert body from the floor and placed it on the couch.

"He's dead!" the youth ventured.

Pringle put his hand to the man's heart. "So it seems," he returned dryly.

The dead man was swarthy and beetle browed, with wiry blue-black hair and beard. He was undressed save for a suit of thick woolen underwear and his feet were encased in heavy knitted gray socks. An ugly gash clotted his brow and the ooze of blood trickling thickly from the wound was staining the bedclothes. A flash of intuition lighted up Pringle's mental gropings.

"Is this Marchel Duplin's cabin?"

The youth stared, then nodded.

"And is this Marchel Duplin?"

"Yes."

Almost with the same movement Pringle and the youth turned away, the lad dropping into a chair before the table,

Pringle drew a bench from the wall and straddled it. "What's your name?" he demanded.

"Sam—Sam Allen."

"Where do you come from?"

"Down—down by Walden's Glen."

"Ah! . . . And what are you doing here?"

"Gettin' out o' the wet, mostly."

Pringle pointed to the heap of coins on the table. "And making a little clean-up on the side, eh? . . . Well, what have you got to say for yourself?"

Sam Allen dropped his ineffectual blue eyes. "Nuthin' much . . . I come here to get outa the rain, like I said before. He was layin' on the bed there, mutterin' to hisself, and burning up with fever. I went up to him and I says, 'Marchel, don't yer know me?' With that he grabs me by the throat. I never *did* see anybody get such a stranglehold on a man. . . . I jest couldn't pry him loose. He went down like a chunk o' lead. And when his head struck the ground"— Sam Allen shuddered— "It was jest like a rotten watermelon went squash. . . . I didn't dare look fer a minute, and when I did he was dead!"

"And then you proceeded to rob him, eh? Without even waiting to lift his dead body from the floor . . . or seeing what you could do to help him?"

Sam Allen shook his head. "I know when a man's dead . . . and I don't like to touch 'em, somehow—that is—not all by myself. It was different when you come. Besides, I've heerd tell that the law likes things left in a case like this—that it's better not to touch nothin'."

Pringle could not forego a sneer; really, the youth was too ineffectual! "Nothing except money, I suppose!"

Sam Allen ignored the sarcasm; it is doubtful if it really made an impression. "It musta got kicked out from under his pillow in the scuffle. . . . Anyway, I seen it layin' there on the floor, jest where his head struck, almost. Of course I was curious." He turned a childishly eager face toward Pringle. "Do you know, he had nigh onto fifty dollars in that there bag."

"Indeed!"

But again Pringle's sarcasm rebounded and fell flat. Apparently Sam Allen was not quick witted. He mistook irony for interest. Without further urging the youth began to tell about himself. His father had a hog ranch just this side of Walden's Glen—a drab, filthy spot. This father kept drunk most of the time on a potent brand of moonshine which he himself distilled. The whole drudgery of the place had fallen on the boy. "Cows, I wouldn't

have minded so much—they ain't dirty like pigs—leastways what they eat ain't!" He breathed hard when he spoke and his clipped words took on descriptive vehemence. The whole atmosphere of the Allen ranch rose in a fetid mist before Walton Pringle: hog wallow, sour swill, obscene grunts and squealings, the beastly drunkenness of Allen senior. Since no mention was made of a woman's presence, Pringle divined that there was none. Sam Allen had grown sick to death of it all and had run away: without money, provisions, or proper clothing—even lacking decent footgear—without plans. It was a pitiful story and yet it damned him superlatively; gave point to the situation in which he had been found. Listening to him Pringle lost the conviction that he was a premeditated murderer, but there seemed no reasonable doubt that he was an accidental one. It seemed he knew well the Duplin cabin; used to steal up there on rare occasions, when Marchel was out shepherding, to share the Frenchman's dribbles of thin wine. He liked wine. One mouthful and your heart felt freer, more gay. Why, one could sing then—almost. At least Marchel Duplin could. Moonshine never gave a man a singing mood—only a nasty one. At this point Pringle could not forego a question: Did he know that Duplin had money? . . . Allen hesitated and Pringle had an impulse to warn him against answering; it didn't seem fair to let the boy unwittingly incriminate himself. But before Pringle could caution him the youth blurted out the truth: he had heard something of it. Pringle felt his heart contract in a rush of pity: the whole situation was so obvious—a desperate, weak, perhaps degenerate boy rushing blindly toward freedom and disaster. Had Duplin's wine jug been part of the youth's hapless plan? Had he attempted to get the shepherd drunk before he despoiled him?

At all events he hadn't managed skillfully and the Frenchman had put up a fight. The results spoke for themselves. Well, it all came back to heredity and environment. He'd have an interesting lot of notes to make on this case. No theorizing this time but something at first hand, alive and palpitating. Quite suddenly he found his pity receding, submerged by his scientific desire for truth. The youth before him was like a moth pinned to the wall, before which the investigator lost all sentimental interest in his eagerness to measure the duration of the death agony. Now was the time to get data, before fear or caution stepped in to dam up Sam Allen's naïve garrulity. Pringle was interested in the youth's mother. But Sam Allen couldn't remember much: Lizzie Evans, that had been her name—a girl who "worked out." Yet the very economy of this picture was illuminating. Lizzie Evans, a girl who "worked out." It was perfect! A girl who doubtless had been ruined, to use the phrase of unemancipated women. She probably had had just such a pinched, yellow, wistful face as the son she had borne to feed the hangman's noose. Pringle had a fad for reconstructing the faces of mothers from the bolder outlines of their male offspring. He usually found the test successful even with the most rugged material; he had a feeling that in this case his imagination did not need to overleap any confines whatsoever to achieve its goal. Lizzie Allen, born Evans, had died: a futile, weak, anæmic slip of a girl, stifled by the nauseous vapors of the hog pens. Not that Sam Allen put it so, but Pringle could read a shorthand of life almost as skillfully as a complete script. He swung the conversation back to Allen senior. The son embellished the portrait with a wealth of sinister details, finishing with a malicious little chuckle.

"An' he's deputy sheriff for the district, too, moonshinin' an' all. . . . Oh, I've seen him track fellars down an' shoot 'em when they had the goods on him. Didn't matter whether they was guilty or not. . . . I've seen him beat

'em, too—over the head—with the butt of a pistol—or anything else that came handy!"

Pringle turned his eyes to the inanimate figure on the bed. How completely everything was dovetailing! "*I've seen him beat 'em, too, over the head.*" Precisely. For all the youth's inadequacy he had absorbed some of the inhumanities from his sire.

A strange exalted cruelty began to stir in Walton Pringle, the cruelty of an animal on the scent of some furtive thing pitifully intent on escape. His mood must have communicated itself, for suddenly Sam Allen fell into a silence that no amount of prodding could shatter. Well, there could be little more that bore upon the particular issue. Pringle began to think of the most expedient move. He found himself shivering. Naturally, since he had been wet to the skin. . . . A rusty stove huddled itself just below one of the windows, sending its pipe crazily through a shattered pane. Pringle suggested a fire; dumbly the youth assented. Together they began to collect debris from the cabin floor: crumpled newspapers, empty cartons, a handful of pine cones. Soon a cheerful blaze crackled and roared. Even Sam Allen found its warmth agreeable but its cheer did not serve to melt his sudden reticence.

Presently for lack of fuel the fire began to spend itself and its snap and roar sank to a faint hiss. The night too seemed to have grown miraculously silent. Pringle rose and threw open the cabin door. The rain had stopped, even the wind had fallen, and through a rent in the storm clouds far to the east a faint glow gave promise of a rising moon.

Pringle closed the door and went back to his place before the stove. The situation in which he found himself made him suddenly restive. It seemed as if he could not possibly wait until morning to settle the issue that must ultimately be settled.

Walden's Glen lay a good fifteen miles to the east, but at least it was for the most part down grade. His exhaustion of the previous hour had been swallowed up in the absorbing shock of drama. He felt like making a decisive move and yet a certain pity for Sam Allen, shrinking visibly before his questioning gaze, made him resolve to give the youth a meager choice in the matter. He sauntered casually to the table. The candle was guttering to a feeble decline, and it threw out a flickering light that touched with spasmodic fire the coins lying in a disordered heap where Sam Allen had abandoned them. Pringle ran his hand nervously through the silver pile.

"What do you think," he asked abruptly, "shall we strike out for Walden's Glen now, or wait till morning?"

Sam Allen gave a gasp. Then recovering himself, he returned with slow drawling defiance, "If you're headed that way, suit yourself. . . . But I set out to leave Walden's Glen and I don't see no reason why I should go back."

Pringle felt himself grow ominously cool. "I dare say you don't. But, unfortunately for you, there *are* reasons. . . . In a way I'm sorry I walked into this mess. But I did walk in and I can't shirk my responsibility. There's the law to reckon with, you know!"

Sam Allen's lip began to tremble. "I tell you it was an accident. Don't you believe me?"

"No."

"And you mean to give me up—to—my father?"

Deputy sheriff for the district! For a moment even Pringle trembled: the picture which the youth had drawn of his sire had been too vivid. And besides, the bare situation was pregnant with disaster.

"I'm afraid there's no help for it," Pringle returned, trying to check any show of emotion. Sam Allen crept nearer to the table like a whipped dog. Pringle was stirred to a profound pity. "Besides," he went on more softly, "your father can't really touch you. You'll have all the law on your side."

Even in his terror the youth could not check a sneer. "Much you know about it!" he cried passionately.

"But I'll go with you—don't you understand—every step of the way . . . I mean, I'll stand by you till everything's put straight." Pringle broke off suddenly. Sam Allen's white face seemed to draw closer to the table and his two eyes were fixed craftily upon the gun which Pringle had neglected to restore to his hip pocket.

An intense nervous silence followed; Pringle made a swift movement toward the pistol, and the next moment the candle was violently extinguished.

Pringle stood momentarily inactive under the shock of surprise. The slam of the door roused him. He went stumbling through the gloom, knocking down impediments in his path until he gained the open. The moon was still hidden by the thick clouds in the east, but directly overhead a few stars showed dimly through thin vapors rising from the drenched hills.

Almost at once he realized the futility of pursuit. He knew nothing about the country, and besides, the greatest service he could render was to report the situation promptly. An aroused community would deal effectively with the murderer—he wouldn't get very far with his lack of resources and wit.

Pringle went back into the cabin and lighted the candle, forcing the stub out of the candlestick to prolong its life. The pile of silver had been scattered about by the impact of stumbling figures but it appeared otherwise intact; the pistol, however, had disappeared. Pringle laughed to himself, shrugging his shoulders. It was plain that he had much to learn about the custody of prisoners. Urged by the expediency of taking stock of all emphatic details connected with the situation, he raised the candle and swept the interior with its faint radiance. This was the first comprehensive view he had taken of the room. But there was really little of fresh significance: the cot on which lay the body of Marchel Duplin, the rusting stove, the table, the one chair, the bench; and over in a corner—back of the door when it swung open—a burlap curtain screening a shallow triangle. This last item was the only detail which had previously escaped him, partly because of its neutral color and partly because it hung in the shadow. A faint suspicion crossed him as he caught the movement of the curtain. He put the light down on the table. Could it be that the slammed door following on Allen's apparent exit had been a clever ruse? He took a quick gliding step forward and thrust the curtain dramatically aside, almost expecting to find Sam Allen cowering behind it. But the space revealed nothing except a muddle of clothes and discarded boots, and a sharp current of air drifting through a wide crevice in the floor.

The reaction from the tenseness of expectation left him shivering. An impatience for the whole situation swept over him. He felt relieved that young Allen had fled, eluded him. It lifted an unpleasant duty from his shoulders and at the same time confirmed the youth's guilt. He would have hated, now that he considered it, to be the instrument for turning an uncertain situation into an inevitable one. His testimony might have damned an innocent man—that he was now willing to concede. But Allen's escape immeasurably cleared the issue: innocent people were never fearful. How many, *many* times, in divers forms, had this truism been brought home to him!

Yet in spite of the emphatic case against young Allen, Pringle felt the necessity of having his own movements clear in his mind. He'd be questioned, naturally; that went without saying. Quite rapidly he recapitulated the events of the day: the start from Walden's Glen at sunrise, the untoward rain at noon, his dawdling in the shelter of a redwood hollow against a sudden clearing; his resolve to push on when he saw no prospect of the storm's abatement. . . . It

all sounded so clear and simple. Once he explained his mission, any testimony he might give must gather added weight. And his credentials would render his testimony doubly valuable. His book on *Radical Movements in Relation to Post-war Problems* would carry him past any reasonable skepticism, and then a B.A. from Yale and the prospects of a Ph.D. from Columbia ought to impress even a rural magistrate.

He decided to count the money and take it with him to Walden's Glen. It wasn't safe to leave it in the cabin, and besides, it had a significant bearing on the case. In a half hour, he figured, the moon would be fully risen and if the sky continued to clear he would have a brilliantly lighted path to travel back.

He drew the single chair up to the table and fell to his task. The money was in all denominations of silver, but mostly quarters and halves. He began to group them into systematic piles. A faint scraping sound made him pause. . . . A twig, probably, brushing against the house. . . . He continued counting the money. Again the sound came. This time a tremor ran through him as he stopped his task. He kept his eye straight ahead as if fearing to turn to the right or left. Then slowly, fearfully, with the inevitability of one who feels other eyes fixed ironically upon him, he turned and looked up at the window, very much as Sam Allen had done less than an hour before. . . . A man's face answered his startled gaze and the next instant the door flew open.

Walton Pringle rose in his seat, again repeating the gesture of Sam Allen in a like situation. A faint, almost imperceptible sense of this analogy crept over him; he felt his heart suddenly contract.

The man in the doorway had an impressive bulk, a swaggering insolent grossness that must once have been robustly virile. His coarse under-lip had sufficient force to crowd upward a ragged mustache, and as he stepped heavily into the circle of light, Walton Pringle felt a glint of sardonic and unpropitiable humor leap at him from two piglike eyes.

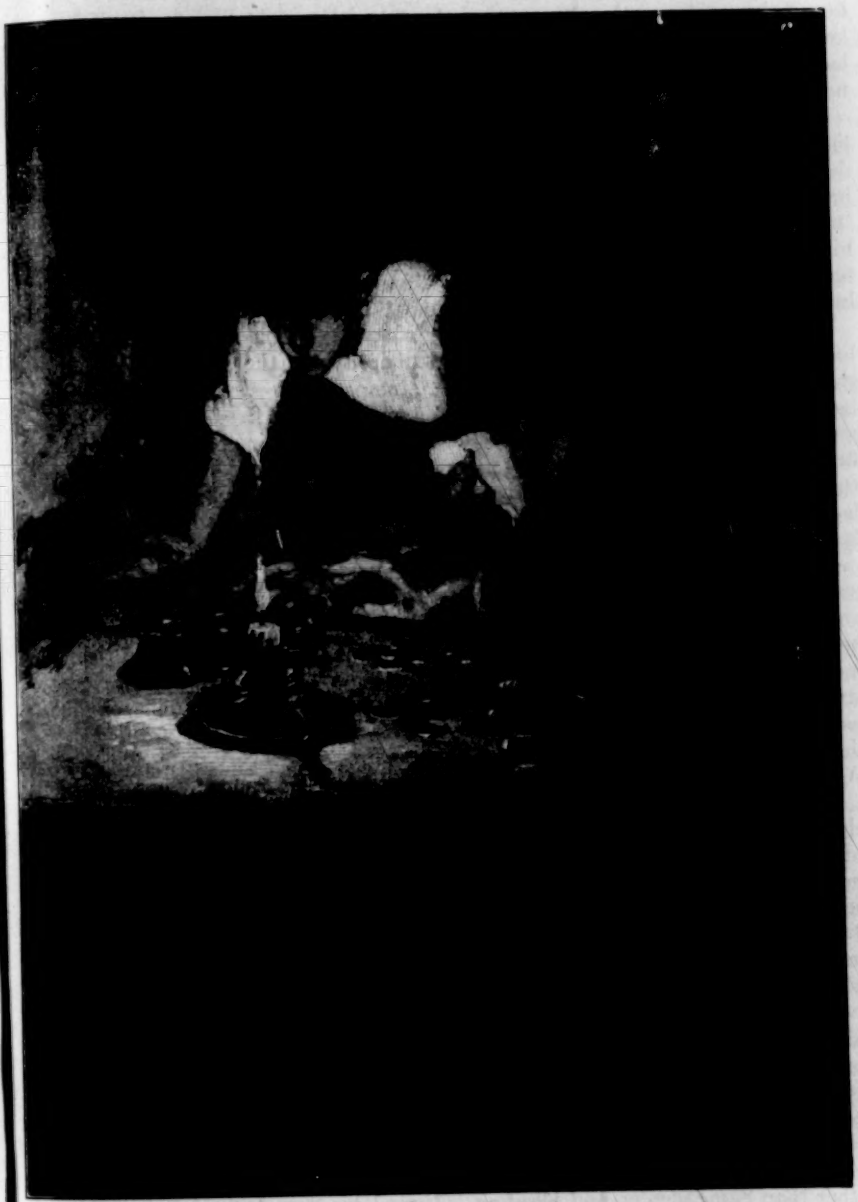
"Where's Duplin?" the stranger demanded.

Pringle pointed to the cot. The visitor strode up to it and drew down the quilt. "Dead, eh!" He bent over closer. "Ah, a tolerable blow on the head. . . . Neat job, I'd say." He flung back the quilt over the face of the corpse with a gesture that showed an absolute indifference, a contempt even for the presence of death. "Well, stranger, suppose you tell me who you are?" There was an authority in his drawling suaveness which brought a quick answer. "Pringle, eh? . . . And just what are you doing here?"

Pringle stiffened with a rallied dignity. "I might ask you the same question. And I might ask your name, too, if I felt at all curious. As a matter of fact, I'm not, but I must decline to be cross-examined by a man I don't know."

A grim humor played about the protruding under-lip. "Correct, stranger, correct as hell! My name happens to be Allen—Hank Allen. That don't mean nuthin' to yer, does it? Well, I'll go further. I'm deputy sheriff for this county and I've got a right to question any man I take a notion to question. It ain't exactly a right I work overtime, but when I come into a man's cabin and find that man dead and a stranger pawin' over his money, I guess I just naturally calc'late that I'd better get on the job." He threw a pair of handcuffs on the table. "Why I happen to be here don't matter much, I guess. A man sometimes goes hunting for jack rabbit and brings home venison. You get me, don't yer?"

Walton Pringle stood motionless, trying to still the beating of his heart. He understood something now of Sam Allen's terror, Sam Allen's fear of being turned over to his father. But he knew also that a betrayal of fear would be one of the worst moves he could make.



Drawn by D. C. Hutchison

PRINGLE MADE A SWIFT MOVEMENT TOWARD THE PISTOL

"You don't have to tell me why you're here," he said quietly, "now that I know your name. There's a runaway lad mixed up in it somewhere, if I'm not mistaken."

The barest possible flash of surprise lighted up the features of Hank Allen, destroying for a moment their brutal immobility. "I ain't saying 'yes' or 'no' to that," he half laughed, recovering his careless manner. "But I don't figger how that answers the question at hand."

Pringle smiled a superior smile. "Perhaps you're not the only one to look through the window at a stranger sitting before this table *pawin'* over a dead man's money. Perhaps I wasn't the first in the field. Perhaps there is more than you fancy to connect up a runaway lad with the question at hand. Who knows?"

Hank Allen's shoulders drooped forward with almost impalpable menace and his brows drew down tightly. "Look here, Pringle, I ain't accustomed to movin' in circles. When I shoot, I shoot straight. What's more, I usually set the pace. In other words, let's have no more riddles. Good plain language suits me. What's on your mind?"

Pringle shrugged his shoulders with a hint of triumph and proceeded to tell his adversary just what was on his mind in good plain language that he felt would suit Hank Allen down to the ground. But as he progressed he found an uneasiness halting the glibness with which he had opened fire: Hank Allen's impassivity became as inscrutable and sinister as a tragic mask whose inflexible outlines concealed a surface animate with fly-blown depravity. He finished upon a note of pity for the youth and rested his case with a tremulousness of spirit which disclosed that he was pleading his cause rather than Sam Allen's; and pleading, as Sam Allen himself had done, to a tribunal that had already reached its verdict.

"I'm not saying the boy meant to do it, mind you," he repeated, stung to a reiteration by Allen's ominous silence. "And I'm right here to do all I can to pull him out of a hole. *My* testimony ought to have some weight."

Allen ignored Pringle's egotistic flourish. "Let's see," he mused coldly, "what time did you strike out from Walden's Glen?"

"At seven this morning."

"And it took you until nearly nine at night to make this cabin? . . . You're a mighty slow walker, if you ask me."

"The rain came on shortly after one o'clock. I thought it might let up, so I dodged into the shelter of a redwood stump near Preston's Flat. But it only grew worse. At five I decided to push on."

Suddenly Pringle stopped, chilled by the fact that Hank Allen's air of sneering incredulity was rendering devoid of substance the simplest and most truthful statements. Even in his own ears they rang out falsely. He desperately recovered himself and again took up his defense. It was terrifying how hollow even his credentials sounded, let alone the story of the day's events: a Yale B.A., a Ph.D. from Columbia, the author of *Radical Movements in Relation to Post-war Problems*—every statement he made grew more incredible, more fictitious, more hopeless. It was as if the monumental skepticism of Hank Allen were capable of destroying all reality. When he had finished, Hank Allen cleared his throat significantly.

"You'll have a mighty interesting story to tell the judge," he half sneered, half chuckled.

The brevity of Hank Allen's comment was packed with presage, and yet for a fleeting moment Walton Pringle took courage. A judge—precisely! A judge would be quite a different matter. Really, the situation was little short of absurd! In answer Hank Allen merely turned his gaze toward the disheveled cot, and he continued to tap the table significantly with the empty handcuffs.

In the portentous silence which followed Walton Pringle's thoughts leaped

to Sam Allen. Had his own skepticism of the previous hour also flattened the youth's defense? If he had listened with an open mind would the boy's far-fetched statements have held germs of reasonability? After all, what was there so extravagant in Sam Allen's tale? It could have happened just as he had said. But there was the youth's absurd escape. What point did any man have in damning himself with any move so suspicious—so futile?

As for Allen senior, what did he really think? It was almost incredible to imagine that he fancied Walton Pringle guilty. Then why the pose? Did some smoldering clan spirit in him rouse instinctively to his own flesh and blood in its extremity? Or would his son's disgrace expose his own delinquencies? The story that Pringle had listened to must merely have scratched the surface of his father's infamies. No, it was patent that Allen senior was in no position to invite the law to review his private record. . . . Yet he must know that he could but postpone the inevitable. What would happen to-morrow when the proper magistrate heard the real truth? The thought, spinning through Walton Pringle's brain, gave him a sudden feeling of boldness. After all, what had *he* to fear? He rose in his seat, all his confidence recaptured.

"Mr. Allen," he said clearly, "you are quite right. I *have* an interesting story to tell the judge. Therefore, I think the sooner I tell it the better. Shall we start back to Walden's Glen at once?"

A sardonic smile fastened itself on Pringle. He picked up the handcuffs. "If you will oblige me—" he nodded toward Pringle's folded arms.

The faint suggestion of a chill crept over Pringle. "Do I understand, Mr. Allen, that you intend to put me to the indignity of handcuffs?" Allen shrugged. "No, I won't have it! I'll be damned if I will!"

"You won't have it? Come now, that ain't pretty talk. And it ain't reasonable talk, neither." He narrowed his eyes. "Resisting an officer of the law is sometimes a messy job, stranger."

Pringle's resistance died before the covert snarl in Allen's voice. He put out his wrists and in the next instant he felt a cold clasp of steel encircling them and heard the click of the lock. At the moment he remembered the words of Sam Allen: "*I've seen him beat 'em, too, over the head, with the butt end of a pistol—or anything else that came handy.*"

And in a swift, terrible moment of revelation he knew that that was just what Hank Allen intended to do.

He fell back on the bench utterly helpless and without defense. Every story of the law's brutality that had ever reached his ears seemed to beat mockingly about him. He remembered now that not one of these tales had ever concerned an unshackled victim. No, what petty tyrants liked best was something prostrate which they could kick and trample with impunity. That was always the normal complement of bullying but in this case corruption gave the hand of authority an added incentive. Hank Allen would murder him not only for the pleasure of the performance but to save his own hide. A man struck down for resisting an officer would tell no tales. And how neatly the situation would be cleared up: a suspected murderer paying the penalty of his crime without process or expense of law. A bit of sound judicial economy, to tell the truth, in a community not given to rating life too dearly. And he thought that he had managed it all so cleverly!

At this point he noticed that Hank Allen was intent on investigating a menacing six-shooter and his mind moved alertly past all the futile movements he could make toward defense. Where was Hank Allen planning his latest atrocity—here in Marchel Duplin's cabin or somewhere on the trail to Walden's Glen? Here in the cabin—or he missed his guess—with a litter of broken furniture to add confirmation to a tale of resistance.

His gaze swept the room with a sudden hunger for even a drab background to life, as if his soul longed to carry a homely memory with it into the impending darkness. He saw the tumbled cot, the rusting stove, the table before him with a sudden passionate sense of their rude symbolism. Even the guttering candle, almost spent, took on significance. It was the candle, blown into untimely darkness, that had paved the way for his predicament. If only his pocket flash had worked! Upon such trivialities did life itself depend! A flickering candle . . . a flickering candle . . . a flickering— The rhythmic beat of this reiteration snapped. Unconsciously he had looked past the gleam of light to the closed door and the burlap curtain, screening its shallow triangle, swaying gently in the half darkness. Abruptly candlelight, doorway, and curtain became fused into a unit—startling and lucid. Would it be possible? The prospect left him as breathless as a dash of cold water; he could hear himself gasp. Hank Allen fixed him with a suspicious glance.

"What's the matter?" he demanded brutally.

Pringle's mind cleared to a point of supreme intuition.

"I'm—I'm ill!" he gasped. "Would – would you mind opening the door—it's suffocating in here."

Hank Allen hesitated, then a diabolic humor seemed to move him to compliance. He threw back the door with a chuckle and resumed his seat. It was as if he had said, "Try it, my friend, if it amuses you!"

For a brief moment Walton Pringle closed his eyes; then quite suddenly opened them, took in a deep breath, and with a quick upward leap he blew out the candle.

Drawing himself flatly against the wall, Pringle felt the impact of the door swinging back before Allen's stumbling pursuit. It was inconceivable that a man on such good terms with subterfuge could have been tricked by anything so obvious as a slammed door. But how long would he remain tricked? He wouldn't search the hills all night, nor would he be likely to strike out for Walden's Glen without returning to the cabin. Pringle's first elation at the extraordinary success of his ruse fell before the realization of his plight. What chance had a handcuffed man in any case? And his attempt to escape—how beautifully that colored his guilt! *Innocent people were never fearful.* The memory of this mental deduction bit at him sharply. Yet with all the odds against him he felt that he must plan something and that quickly. Cautiously moving back the open door he peered over its rim. At first his vision could not pierce the gloom, but suddenly a flood of moonlight released from the imprisonment of dispersing clouds made a path of silver into the cabin. Pringle listened: everything was extraordinarily still.

All at once the silence was cracked by a keen report. A snapping fusillade answered Pringle's mental interrogation . . . He heard a shrill cry, clipped and terrible. Then the silence fell again. . . . Presently the soft beat of cautious footfalls drifted toward the cabin. Pringle withdrew to the curtain's shelter. Something fluttered on the threshold. Then slowly, warily, the door was closed.

Pringle leaned sidewise, the tail of one eye thrust past the curtain's edge. Moonlight was flooding now even through the grimy windowpane. A shadowy form crept stealthily toward the table, halted as if sensing a living presence, turned sharply and revealed the unmistakable outlines of Sam Allen's ineffectual face.

Walton Pringle gave a cry of mingled relief and surprise and stepped from his hiding place.

The youth shrank back. "I—I wondered where you were," he gasped. He gave a little hysterical flourish with his right hand and Pringle saw that he held the stolen pistol. "Well, I'm a murderer *now!*" he spit out with quivering venom.

In a flash Pringle knew everything, and yet he could only stammer out in stupid conventional protest:

"You don't mean . . . *not your father!*"

The youth's face grew ashen. "Who else did you think?" He gave a scraping laugh. "Would *you* stand up and let him get you, if you had a chance to shoot first? I guess not. . . . Well, what are you going to do about it?"

Pringle brought his shackled wrists into the moonlight. "Damned little, I fancy!"

Young Allen put an incredulous finger on the handcuffs. "What's the idea?"

Pringle smiled ironically. "Just a little joke of your father's. He pretended he thought I was the murderer. He was for taking me back to Walden's Glen." He stopped, overcome with a passion for self-accusation, self-abasement: "Just as I wanted to take you back. . . . Yes, on the surface he was as self-righteous and smug as I was. But he didn't fool me. I knew that he intended to murder me in cold blood—to save your hide and incidentally his. . . . Well, I blew out the candle as you did—to—to save myself."

A curious look came over Sam Allen's face. Walton Pringle had a feeling that for the second time that night he had delivered himself into the hands of the enemy.

"You were a fool to tell me that," Sam Allen drawled, with a hint of his father's biting irony in his voice. "I wouldn't have thought of such an easy way out—all by myself. . . . Yer know what I mean, don't yer?"

Pringle felt himself grow unnaturally calm. "You mean you could shoot me down and settle everything for yourself? . . . Yes, you could. Dead men tell no tales, and in this case three dead men would be even more silent than two. . . . I can't say that I blame you. I didn't give any quarter in your pinch; why should you spare me?"

Sam Allen gave an impatient cough and his words vibrated with sudden and strange maturity as he said coldly:

"I'm trying to figure it out. . . . It *would* be simpler to kill you." He held up the pistol, gazing at it with the tragic fascination of a stripling who has tasted his first victory—drawn his first blood. His whole body seemed animated with some strange new power that still struggled for foothold. Was the spirit of Hank Allen so soon fighting for a place in which to lodge its sinister corruption? . . . Suddenly he began to shiver violently. "No, it wouldn't be simpler," he half whispered—"not in the long run. . . . What do you say? Shall we go back to Walden's Glen—together?"

A faint blur dimmed Pringle's gaze. "I don't deserve it!" he cried with a vehement passion. "Upon my word, I don't!"

Sam Allen laid the pistol on the table. "Shucks!" he said simply, "everybody makes mistakes."

And at that moment Walton Pringle fancied that the pinched, yellow, wistful face before him re-created with a curiously poignant glory the face of Lizzie Allen, born Evans—the girl who had "worked out"!

THREE SONNETS

BY HENRIETTE DESAUSSURE BLANDING

WHAT can it matter now, that we have known
April's white radiance in the startled bud
Circling the hills with light, the sudden flood,
Engulfing house and barn and fence and stone,
Thrust valleyward, while staunch trees stir and moan
With faint inaudible music, as the wood
Bends 'neath such weight of loveliness? We stood
Under the frail pink locust boughs alone.
What can it matter to have known these springs,
Who have known no summer, nor any ruddy fall
To mark with frosty hand the term of things?
Winter is on us, with her desolate pall
Of silence, and a memory of dead wings,
And specter trees stark shadowed on the wall.

Ah dear, the little garden that we knew,
The little pitiful flowers we loved so well
Who could not love each other, must they tell
Our own tale over again? Must ever new
Forms of our age-long pain arise to sue
Our eyes for pardon, and our hearts to swell
With an unaccustomed sorrow? That we fell
From grace, must they go graceless 'neath the blue
Of the boundless heaven? Ah no! Let there be dearth
For us, who are come too late for harvesting,
But for this one small corner of the earth
That has known our tears, let there be blossoming
Of crocus in cold rain, that some new birth
May come of all our toil and harrowing.

It matters not that this spring too will fade,
Leaving no faintest image in the mind.
Summer will come, and summer still is kind
With mellowing fruits, and there is pleasant shade
In branching apple boughs when sun has made
Fantastic patterns where the eye may find
Nothing of good or evil in the blind
Weaving of light and shadow: a thin blade
Of sun strikes earthward. . . . Tell me, in this hour,
When all springs are as they had never been,
When earth cracks wide with thirst, and thunders lower,
And gold corn withers, and near hills are seen
Dizzily vague through disembodying shower
Of purple haze—were these our fields once green?

A NEW WAY WITH OLD MASTERPIECES

II—*John Milton*

BY ERNEST BOYD

MILTON shares with Shakespeare the distinction of being the most profoundly cherished glory of English literature. In a sense his fame is even more inhumanly secure, his reputation more sacrosanct, because he liked Biblical subjects in his moments of relaxation from the writing of those dreary political pamphlets which actually occupied the best years of his life and are as extinct as the conditions out of which they arose. This predilection of his for themes inspired by the Holy Scriptures has had many (perhaps unpremeditated) advantages for the author of "Paradise Lost," "Paradise Regained," and "Samson Agonistes." On the face of it he enjoys the inestimable advantage of being irresistibly and inevitably involved in that general confusion of unfamiliar reverence which embraces Shakespeare, the Bible, and Milton in one vast inability to distinguish the source of such hallowed phrases as we owe to one or another of these treasured English classics. Such lines as "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new," or "Warble his native wood-notes wild," or "Casting a dim religious light," or "That last infirmity of noble mind," or "They also serve who only stand and wait," or "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven" have the charm of that familiarity which breeds indifference to their authorship.

The second advantage attributable to Milton's Scriptural themes is the ease with which they minimize the necessity for reading him. The sacred nature of the subject insures respect, while the fortunate compulsion to attend Sunday school—which parents even to-day exercise upon their children—equally insures a knowledge of the rudiments, at least, of the subject itself. For a writer so thoroughly unread as Milton, in whom neither actor-managers nor movie magnates can seek consolation, the benefits of Biblical association cannot be overstressed. Even Dante with his "Inferno" presupposes a slightly higher degree of theological education than is demanded for the instantaneous recognition of the theme of "Paradise Lost." As a matter of fact, the professors and annotators themselves have tacitly recognized that Milton is one of those great authors who should be seen but not heard. Statisticians love to dwell upon the vast literature which has accumulated about Shakespeare. By comparison, Milton dwells in splendid isolation from exegetists. There is only one standard work on Milton, but it does consist, I admit, of six octavo volumes, making a total of some five thousand pages. This monumental achievement, which brightened the life of Professor Masson from 1859 to 1880, has daunted even his colleagues ever since. Milton has not proved such a happy hunting ground for pundits as Shakespeare.

The suspicious, therefore, are entitled to wonder if a great author whom only one professor has resolutely tackled is not beyond the finite literary capacity of the plain people. Granting that one must go through the motions of having some acquaintance with the Bard, if only to qualify for admission to Shakespearian revivals, there does not seem to

be any corresponding necessity to deprive the happy few of their exclusive delight in the works of John Milton. Even those six octavo volumes are difficult to procure and most expensive, whereas *Shakespeare: His Mind and Art* and Sir Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* are in every schoolboy's satchel. Can it be that Samuel Johnson was right when he declared, with his usual hearty English frankness, that "'Paradise Lost' is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. No one ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure"?

It must be said at the outset that Milton did not make a very happy entrance into the world of English poetry. When he was fifteen he wrote a version of the One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth Psalm, which begins

> Let us with a gladsome mind
> Praise the Lord, for He is kind,
> For His mercies aye endure,
> Ever faithful, ever sure.

Here we have a piece of hymnbook verse typical of hundreds which have driven English hymnologists of taste to cry out in despair. Not more reassuring is the fact that his first original English poem is addressed to "A Fair Infant Dying of a Cough," from which it seems that the pulmonary trouble of the deceased was due to the fact that Bleak Winter

> . . . being amorous on that lovely dye
> That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss,
> But killed, alas! and then bewail'd his fatal bliss.

In the circumstances it is not surprising that he declared, on leaving college, with both truth and poetry—

> How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
> Stol'n on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
> My hasting days fly on with full career,
> But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

After which he retired to the country to prepare himself for "Paradise Lost" for, in spite of his "late spring," Milton conceived himself as having the vocation of a poet: and he set about becoming a poet with the gravity of a pedant qualifying for a learned profession. Very naturally, he wrote about a child dying of a cough at an age when Shakespeare had written "Venus and Adonis." The latter went off to London at twenty-two, unconscious of "amplitude of mind to greatest deeds," and merely produced such youthful follies as "Romeo and Juliet," "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," and his "Rape of Lucrece." Milton's procedure was, of course, different. After seven years at Christ's College, Cambridge, during which he had written about the baby's cough, he withdrew for five years to his father's house in a village a few miles from London. To quote his own words:

> And wisdom's self
> Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
> Where with her best nurse, contemplation,
> She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings
> That in the various bustle of resort
> Were all-too ruffled and sometimes impair'd.

To this period of preparation belong "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas," which the "Lady of Christ's" (as they called him at Cambridge) produced from his unruffled and prolonged meditations and studies. Notwithstanding the latter, he entitles one of these works "Il Penseroso,"—a nonexistent Italian word whose correct form, "pensieroso," does not mean what Milton meant. Not withstanding the country life, far from the "bustle of resort," the images and references to Nature in his poetry are "impair'd" to the extent of showing us a skylark coming to the poet's window, an eglantine that is "twisted," a "wan" cowslip, a pine "rooted deep," and primroses, woodbine, daffodils, and jasmine all in flower simultaneously. Even the lightning is made to "singe" the treetops, and the elm is

described as a tree with foliage so thick as to be "starproof." It is fortunate that Shakespeare devoted the same years of his life in London to the coarse business of living, so that his geography and history, his Latin and his Greek suffered, but he had the spontaneity of the true poet instead of the bookish ecstasies of a serious young man with a poetic vocation—a call, so to speak, to the ministry of the Muses!

The harvest of Milton's early poems is meager, but there we must seek, nevertheless, whatever is of compelling interest in him. The great work of his life was at this stage far off, and so much intervened that by the time he came to write "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" he was a disgruntled Puritan trying to remember that he once was a poet: whereas now he is a potential poet who occasionally forgets to be a Puritan. Sometimes he could say

> Alas! What boots it with incessant care
> To tend the homely slighted Shepherd's trade,
> And strictly meditate the thankless Muse,
> Were it not better done as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

And we find him crying

> Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
> Jest, and youthful Jollity,
> Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
> Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
> Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
> And love to live in dimple sleek;
> Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
> And Laughter holding both his sides.
> Come, and trip it as ye go,
> On the light fantastic toe.

He could remember "spicy, nut-brown ale," "Ladies, whose bright eyes rain influence," and even that abhorrent resort, the theater:

> Then to the well-trod stage anon,
> If Jonson's learned sock be on,
> Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warble his native wood-notes wild.

At such moments he realized the impulse to poetry—

> Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
> Married to immortal verse,
> Such as the meeting soul may pierce
> In notes, with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out.

The few lines and phrases which enjoy the genuine immortality of incorporation into current cultivated usage come, with few exceptions, from "Comus," "Lycidas," "L'Allegro," and "Il Penseroso." As I have said, even then they are usually attributed to the Bible or Shakespeare. The professors, of course, insist that these works are merely preparatory to those that one praises but never reads.

In this view, to do them justice, Milton would probably have agreed; for he took his poetry sadly, as the English are said to take their pleasures, and found his greatest inspiration in "divinest Melancholy," "Goddess sage and holy." After writing these poems of his first period he made a tour in Italy, and during the year or so of his absence (as he proudly declared) his conduct was as irreproachable as if he had stayed at home—a precedent hardly followed in modern times by upholders of the harsher traditions of Anglo-Saxon pudicity. He did, however, soften under the charm of the South, as so many great English poets did after him. In Italian—which, as Mr. Anthony Comstock points out, is the language of lust—he wrote five poems about a dark-haired beauty whose "majestic movements and love-darting dark brow" impressed him, accustomed as he was to blondes with "golden nets of hair" and "vermeil-tinctur'd cheek." Having called upon Galileo—who was living under the surveillance of the Holy Inquisition—and, generally speaking, having satisfied himself that it was a grand and glorious feeling to be an English Protestant, Milton returned to England where the Civil War was brewing.

The war broke out in 1642, three years after his home-coming; and it had been under way less than twelve months when Milton departed from London for

a month, returning with a wife—the daughter of a Cavalier. The girl was not an intellectual and she was not a Puritan; the result was inevitable: she left him. The "bashful muteness of a virgin" turned out to be "unliveliness and natural sloth unfit for conversation," a remarkable commentary from a man who had published his views upon the reform of education—excluding women from its benefits, and whose ideal, "He for God only, she for God in him," could hardly prove very alluring to a girl of seventeen brought away from a gay Cavalier household to the austere home of a Puritan. Milton at once proceeded with the publication of one of those famous and mostly forgotten tracts which occupied the twenty years of his prime, from 1641 to 1660—the period of the rise, apotheosis, and downfall of the Puritan revolution. The pamphlet on "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce" actually seems to have been begun by him on his honeymoon and is typical of his activities as a pamphleteer. It was prompted entirely by his personal grievances and it was utterly ineffectual. The English Parliament had other matters to attend to before taking up Milton's demand for a divorce from Mary Powell. It is true that a lady-preacher whose husband "was unsanctified" and did not "speak the language of Canaan," and who was away with the army, read Milton to such good purpose that she contracted an impromptu marriage with her fellow-pastor, William Jenney, to the great scandal of the Presbyterians. Three more divorce pamphlets failed to move the Parliament, although Milton threatened the law with "the censure of the consequences" if it failed to assist him in his courtship of "a very handsome and witty Miss Davis," to whom he was paying his addresses while Mary stayed away with her parents. The problem solved itself by the reversal of the Royalist fortunes and the reconciliation of the Powell family with their Puritan and therefore helpful son-in-law.

Even in the classroom I doubt if Milton's divorce tracts are supposed to be part of a gentleman's library, but his pamphlet on the liberty of the press receives even to-day the homage which vice pays to virtue. "Areopagitica: a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing" is not, it so happens, an argument in favor of freedom of speech. Like the divorce pamphlets it is concerned with a specific grievance of the author himself, and was written not on behalf of any principle but in defence of his own failure to procure a license from the reverend gentlemen whose duty it was to see that no "forged, scandalous, seditious, libellous and unlicensed" publications were issued. They would naturally not license his divorce pamphlets and so, with that charming respect for law and order peculiar to ascetic and disciplinarian reformers, Milton had defied the law. The title of this pamphlet is borrowed from Isocrates, with whose "Areopagitic Discourse" it has nothing in common as regards form or content. I suspect its survival is due to the fact that it is the one document which it is possible to read out of the mass of cheap political hack-writing and topical propaganda upon which Milton lavished the years for which, as we have seen, he had so carefully prepared himself to live the life of a great poet. It must also be said that it contains that kind of pithy platitude, so sound as to be meaningless, which has always been the mainstay of Anglo-Saxon rhetoric. Let us note a few:

"A dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil doing." "Opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making." "As good almost kill a man as kill a good book." Such apothegms have the wearing quality and durability which enable judges to quote the first while jailing radicals; clergymen to quote the second while conscientious objectors are being lynched; and the third to evoke thunders of applause at some meeting of authors who have refused to

move a finger in defence of a work being harried by professional moralists.

Meanwhile the Civil War was progressing towards the execution of Charles I and the triumph of Presbyterianism. Milton remarked that "New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large," but beyond this he had nothing to say of the slightest importance either to those interested in literature or ideas. He had a great opportunity to come forward in defence of real freedom of thought; but the Presbyterians "did not fine or imprison him, or put him out of the synagogue," as one of his biographers ingenuously remarks, so very naturally John Milton did not receive any call from on high to strike a blow for liberty—his own interests were not seriously affected. After the King was beheaded, however, he wrote his famous exposition of the complete gospel of Ku Kluxism, "The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates," in which he lays down the principle of lynch law, that "any who has the power" may interfere to discharge duties which the lawful authorities are supposed to have neglected. After his appointment as Latin Secretary he wrote other scurrilous pamphlets upon which the handbooks of literature lavish whatever praise professional fancy dictates. "Humane studies were swamped in a biblical brawl," to quote one of Milton's biographers, who differs from his academic colleagues in admitting the waste and the irony of this phase of the author's activities. Milton actually lost his eyesight rather than abandon these written squabbles in Latin and English, in which he reveals himself as only a more proficient classical scholar than the most boorish zealot in Cromwell's army who ever speared a Papist in Ireland. At the age of forty-three he went blind, and he had not even begun his masterpiece. He had, however, written "Eikonoklastes" in which he sneers at Charles I for having read Shakespeare, and dismisses Sidney's "Arcadia" as "a vain amatorious poem."

Apart from his political writings no verse of any note came from him during the period of the Puritan revolution, unless one count the doggerel into which he turned the Psalms. In order to please the Puritans who, with their accustomed fine taste in such matters, preferred ballad rhymes to the antistrophic lyrics as rendered in the Book of Common Prayer, Milton put no less than seventeen Psalms into verse. He had not even the excuse of compulsion, and there were numerous rivals for the honor of mutilating fine literature. His first and second wives had died and his daughters had not yet grown up to hate him, but his youngest nephew, whom he had educated, was the author of a work which the authorities found to contain "much lascivious and profane matter." Another nephew had written a book calculated, it seems, "to debauch the manners of the nation, and to bring back the King." It was evident that Milton's system of education had not worked, or rather had worked as repression always does. His nephews frequented "Cavaliers, and *bons vivans* and demireps." Neither for the Puritan nor the poet were circumstances very propitious in 1660, when the Monarchy was restored, just as Milton was writing his final tract showing a "Ready and Easy Way to establish a Free Commonwealth."

In his fifty-second year, therefore—blind, poor, his occupation gone—Milton settled down to write the great works upon which his fame rests. He married a third time, shortly after the Restoration, and as his daughters grew older they were taught to read aloud in six languages and to help their father, who refused, however, to allow them to learn the languages so that they might understand them. These ladies detested him cordially and one of them remarked that his death would have been news but that his marriage hardly merited the term. A system of education and a revolt quite in keeping with Milton's view that

> Nothing lovelier can be found
> In woman, than to study household good.

but a somewhat ironical footnote on the lines much admired in academic circles as a lofty tribute to women:

> All higher knowledge in her presence falls
> Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
> Loses discountenanc'd, and like folly shows;
> Authority and reason on her wait,
> As one intended first, not after made.

It was Milton's first intention to take some theme of Arthurian romance as the subject of his epic, but he discarded this idea when he realized that the stories of King Arthur and the Round Table were not all gospel truth. He required a subject whose authenticity was established beyond doubt, and so (being a Calvinist) he had recourse not to the Gospels but to the Old Testament, where he fancied poetry and Fundamentalism could be happily combined. But, as I have said, he waited so long before putting his plan into execution that the Elizabethan elements which lent a reflected glory to his early work had long since vanished before the harsh fervors of militant Puritanism. "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" contained more Fundamentalism than poetry. Milton could compromise upon such trifling details as the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems of astronomy, so that his universe is simultaneously heliocentric and geocentric, in spite of his meeting with Galileo; but he could not evade the injunctions of Calvinistic theology. Never was an epic conceived with more grotesque and depressing intent than to "justify the ways of God to men." That is not the stuff of which the dreams of the world's great epics have been made.

Milton objected to poetry which came "from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar encomiast, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite"—a dictum which eliminates almost all the great poets of the world, from Homer to Verlaine. His own view of the poetic mission was "to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue . . . set the affections in right tune . . . to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations . . . to deplore the general relapses of Kingdoms and States from justice and God's true worship"—a definition which points towards the perfection and popularity of Robert W. Service and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, to mention the two great songbirds of evangelical democracy to-day. Holding such opinions and being the man of his age that he was, Milton inevitably, "after long choosing and beginning late," selected the Fall of Man for his subject and undertook to explain and solve the mystery of human existence. The result is the vast, chaotic, allegorical, biblical, mythological, bookish, and topical narrative poem of seventeenth-century Puritanism, "Paradise Lost," in which, as Ruskin said, "every artifice of convention is consciously employed—not a single fact being conceived as tenable by any living faith."

The theme was chosen (as all the learned commentators have carefully explained) because it was truth, not fiction. It was addressed to an audience who shared the author's beliefs and who respected the work because they thought it was a profound and beautiful interpretation of life. To a modern audience no such appeal can be made; we are asked to acquiesce not in beliefs but in illusions, whose absurdity—even within their own limits—is accentuated by the author's total lack of humor, his unnecessary ignorance, and his incongruous pedantry. Even Milton's academic admirers have not dared to deny the innumerable and radical defects in "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." Although they insist upon the reality of the subject as justifying its choice, they entreat us to remember that we are in a mythological world. They declare that the mythology and demonology of Milton are obsolete, but ask us to surrender to an interest which they inspired only when they were real, vital matters of faith. On the principle of

grasping a nettle, they concede all the objections which might be raised by an intelligent reader and then take refuge in the sublimity of the style and the pathetic circumstances of the blind author in his loneliness and neglect, with the ribald laughter of the bright Restoration period mocking the dreary experiment of making men moral by terrorism.

The nettle of classical English literature needs to be firmly grasped by the professors, for succeeding generations have been more and more repelled by its prickly Puritanism and its blistering pedantry. Adam and Eve are a typical Puritan ménage of the period, of whom a French critic has said, "Good heavens! make them put on their clothes at once. Such nice people would immediately have invented trousers and prudery." When Eve succumbs to temptation her sentiments do her credit:

> ". . . And from that time see
> How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
> And wisdom which alone is truly fair."

Adam is a model of all that a virtuous Puritan householder should be—

> ". . . Fair consort, the hour
> Of night and all things now retired to rest
> Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
> Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
> Sucessive; and the timely dew of sleep,
> Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
> Our eyelids. Other creatures all day long
> Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest."

He even indulges his spouse in a brief dissertation upon the interpretation of dreams—which proves, according to all the rules of pedantic annotation, that Milton anticipated Freud when he wrote:

> Know that in the soul
> Are many lesser faculties that serve
> Reason as chief; among these Fancy next
> Her office holds; of all external things,
> Which the five watchful senses represent,
> She forms imaginations, aery shapes,
> Which Reason joining or disjoining, frames
> All what we affirm or deny, and call
> Our knowledge and opinion . . .
> Oft in her absence, mimic Fancy wakes
> To imitate her; but, misjoining shapes,
> Wild work produces oft, and most in dreams.

The same commentator, if American, might also see some prophetic connotations in the line which occurs when the Serpent seduces Eve by his syllogisms:

> Such prohibitions bind not . . .

With Calvinistic forethought God sends Raphael to warn Adam that he is about to sin,

> Lest, wilfully transgressing, he pretend
> Surprisal, unadmonish'd, unforewarn'd.

If Adam and Eve are a respectable, bourgeois, Puritan couple—Heaven is, as one critic calls it, "a celestial barracks" in which God resembles a well-behaved Stuart king. Discourses, arguments, and homilies in the approved arid manner of the time replace the wonder and mystery with which great poets have invested their visions of the supernatural. The Angels have good appetites, and cold meats are eaten so that the food may not spoil while the syllogists harangue each other. Eve is shown to be a dutiful wife who prefers her husband's opinions to those of any stranger. Milton's memory for parallels from classical literature reminds one of school days when any given English sentence for Latin composition at once aroused the corresponding wooden and eternal idiomatic form in Bradley's *Latin Grammar*, which was duly employed, whatever the English variant might be. Satan's shield is compared to the moon because Homer so compared the shield of Achilles and, in imitation of Homer again, he sets out the names of the Angels' leaders—with full particulars as to their territories—and it turns out that they are precisely the heathen gods of a later age. It is not surprising that the translator of Omar Khayyam—more widely read in English to-day than anything of Milton's—declared that the pedantry of "Paradise Lost" "tipped me at once out of para-

dise or even hell into the schoolroom, worse than either."

Adam is obviously too respectable an English bourgeois to be the hero of an epic, and thus we come to the supreme irony of "Paradise Lost," to wit, that Lucifer is the finest character in it. The first four books of the poem, in which the story of Satan is narrated as consecutively as is possible for Milton, are those which the conventional usually have in mind when they profess their undying admiration for Milton. The remaining eight are generally forgotten and, if the truth must be known, only the first two books of the four in question have that claim to be remembered which consists in the fact that they can be read without excessive effort. Theology is reduced to a minimum, and four more or less engaging scoundrels—Lucifer, Belial, Moloch, and Mammon—impress the impartial reader as personages of brilliant intellect, quite human vindictiveness, and urbane commonsense. Hitherto in English literature the devil had been the conventional medieval clown with horns and cloven feet; but Milton introduces us to a gentleman, or rather a superman who is none the worse for being modeled very probably upon the defeated Cromwell who, at least to Milton, seemed to incarnate the virtues of a strong man in defeat:

> Th' unconquerable will,
> And study of revenge, immortal hate
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else not to be overcome;
> That glory never shall his wrath or might
> Extort from me.

It is Satan who displays courage, resource, and inventiveness; who used that artillery in heaven to which the pundits take exception, having swallowed so many camels that this gnat disturbs them; who heads the revolt of man against God, and wins to his side a third of the Angels and almost all the sons of Adam. It is the Devil, too, who voices the principles of the Puritans who fled to New England and were, in Milton's day, confronted by a wild and savage territory to be tamed and cultivated.

> Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,
> Said then the lost Archangel, this the seat
> That we must change for Heav'n? this mournful gloom
> For that celestial light?. . .
>
> . . . Here, at least,
> We shall be free; th' Almighty, hath not built
> Here for his envy; will not drive us hence:
> Here we may reign secure;

Just as Cromwell supplied to Puritan hero-worship the hint from which Lucifer evolved, so the plight of the Angels cast out from Paradise was suggested by the great adventure of the Puritans who landed at Plymouth Rock. As a distinguished exponent of New England tradition repeatedly points out, "it was no such abstract love of ideal liberty as the superstitious traditions of our later democracy have fondly ascribed to them, which led them painfully to seek refuge in what Cotton Mather fitly called the solitudes of an American desert. . . . There was never a temper much less tolerant than that which they implanted at first in their continent of forest and wilderness. They cared as little for abstract liberty as Strafford cared, or Laud, or Charles himself." Professor Barrett Wendell, whose words I have quoted, was a fervent admirer of Milton but his conclusion was that "the great and lasting human expression of Elizabethan Puritanism" is not to be found in literature but "in the planting of New England, and in the still vital historical growth which has sprung from that seed."

Here we come upon a clue to the mystery of Milton's fame, and to the curious pertinacity with which the mandarins of literary tradition simultaneously give him away, yet insist that he must be taken whole and admired without stint or limit. They make no such appeals *ad misericordiam* for Shakespeare, or in-

deed any other great classic. As I have already shown, so far from conceding that Shakespeare had faults they have made a plaster-saint out of him and have taken all precautions to render him as dull as he seems to them. Perhaps it is in order to show that they *have* read Milton—whereas the plain people universally take him for granted—that they dive into his vast work, "outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild," and come up to the surface bearing evidence of his weaknesses and incongruities.

My own view is that Milton's fame rests upon the simple fact that, instead of joining the witch-burners in Salem, he stayed at home and became the one great poet Puritanism has produced. As such he has the rarity and interest of those strange antediluvian reconstructions which adorn the pre-historic departments of museums for the amazement of gaping crowds on Sunday afternoons. Just as they are not in a position to criticize what purports to be an Ichthyosaurus, so they accept on trust the assurances of Milton's grandeur. "Grandeur" and "sublimity" are words with which to conjure in all discussions of Milton, but they are merely elements of great poetry; they are not sufficient. The Reverend Mark Pattison, B.D., a divine and an Oxford Don, who cannot certainly be accused of bias against the subject of "Paradise Lost," says, nevertheless, that the "failure of vital power in the constitution of the poem is due to the very selection of the subject by which Milton sought to secure perpetuity. . . . Milton has taken a scheme of life for life itself. Had he, in the choice of subject, remembered the principle of the Aristotelian Poetic (which he otherwise highly prized) that men in action are the poet's proper theme, he would have raised his imaginative fabric on a more permanent foundation; upon the appetites, passions, and emotions of men, their vices and virtues, their aims and ambitions, which are a far more constant quantity than any theological system."

In other words, if Milton had been more truly an Elizabethan and less incurably a Puritan his work would be immortal, as much more antiquated and primitive poetry is, and he would have been a great poet. Homer and Vergil incorporated into their epics beliefs and customs at which we have smiled for centuries: but they sang of eternal things, of love and war and death; they were not in possession of revealed truth and are thus without the personal limitations, destroying vision, and thwarting impulse—which hemmed in the faint early trickle of genuine poetry in Milton, as they have increasingly repulsed readers from his obsolete and artificial works. He has been compared to a river flowing between two different territories and colored by their different earth. At the end of the Elizabethan age he caught its last breath of poetry, and this he deferred using until it was little more than an intermittent respiration, heard in such lines—even in "Paradise Lost"—as

Now comes still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host rose brightest, till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light
And o'er the dark her silver mantle drew.

He belonged to a drab age and elected to write the only kind of epic of which such an age is capable; he was a Puritan zealot, whose services as a political pamphleteer produced only two prose works which are distinguishable from the dusty mass of such tracts as the Civil War inspired. Neither of these sprang from any understanding of liberty, but were apologies and pleas for his own conduct as a husband and an author who was

defying the law, or contemplated doing so. Although his divorce tracts and the "Areopagitica" are mentioned as examples of his devotion to liberty, nobody has ever pretended that the work upon which his best energies were expended is other than that which might have come from any fanatical and scurrilous partisan of his time. His specific activities as a Puritan champion of the Revolution and Commonwealth are remembered, therefore, merely because of that Elizabethan element in him, belonging to a time when England surrendered to her sensibilities and to the free play of the imagination—holding to natural beliefs, full-blooded and adventurous, pagan and wild, responding instinctively to beauty if not always capable of expressing it. As against Sidney, Shakespeare, and Spenser, Puritan England can set only Milton—and he is buttressed up by so many concessions that one detects a fearful anxiety lest his claim be completely dismissed.

Milton, then, remains as a sacred relic of the belief that Puritanism and literature can be harmoniously reconciled. He lived on into an age which reversed in life and literature everything that he and his supporters, both contemporary and posthumous, have advocated. It is significant that, while even clerical commentators admit that time is sapping such vitality as his most important works possessed, revivals of the gay comedies of the Restoration are being played to-day to crowded audiences who heard nothing of Congreve, Farquhar and Vanbrugh from the college exegetists—unless perhaps that they were unworthy of serious attention. Restoration drama by its innate vital qualities will survive, and the names of its creators will become as familiar through experience to modern playgoers as the names of immortally dead classics are familiar to professors. Annotators are not required to explain why "The Way of the World" is charming after centuries of neglect. They are essential to the spread of Milton's fame, for he illustrates—more perfectly than any other—the process of artificial respiration whereby classical literature is kept alive. By the average man or woman of the present day he is likely to be remembered by this one characteristic which he had in common with all Puritans: he made the Devil irresistibly attractive.

FOUNTAINS

BY GEORGE O'NEIL

FEW things are lovelier than fountains are.
Seldom in life can beauty be so free,
So disentangled from complexity
And clearly wondrous as a foundling star.
White water stabbing at a blue sky far
Or falling over in a crystal tree
With frozen fire in all its veins to see
Shuttled by winds into a rainbow bar. . . .

Rarely the miracle surpasses this
Silvery utterance of secret birth
Spending the silence in a radiant rain.
As eloquent to tired souls as a kiss
A fountain is, flashing above the earth,
Driven and forceful, beautiful and vain.

A BOY IN THE WHITE HOUSE

Recollections of My Father, General Grant

BY JESSE R. GRANT

In Collaboration with Henry Francis Granger

Part III

CONSTANTLY I marvel how different things are and yet how little changed. There is material progress without end; even, we imagine, a new psychology; but to argue from this that there is change, is, to say the least, inconclusive. It appears rather that we have worked marvels in and with everything save ourselves.

Time and again, within the space of my recollection, history has repeated the same egregious folly, and ever the same old human nature displays the same unlovely traits. Only the garments of Folly change—the Jade remains ageless.

I read but the other day that President Coolidge had discontinued the handshaking receptions at the White House. It was a practice involving mental and physical torture to the Executive and served no useful purpose, and yet the editor was inclined to complain of the innovation. And again, I read that those close to the President are disturbed by his refusal to array himself in more formal dress. I can but smile—it is so much a part with yesterday.

And among the grave matters of that yesterday—the Crédit Mobilier, the Whisky Ring, the Mulligan Letters—were the prototypes of much of that which is to-day's news. Men said then that those things sounded the death knell of Republicanism. I hear the same dismal prophecy solemnly repeated to-day. Are we better or worse, or never as good as our friends acclaim, or as bad as our enemies avow?

I never met an individual who impressed me as all bad; I doubt if there ever was such an one. It has been my good fortune to meet and know many splendid characters, men whose uprightness may not be questioned or denied. But among all the men I have known, three stand out before me as superlatively possessed of the moral and spiritual qualities, the genuine humaneness, the charity and innate righteousness that make up the complete measure of goodness.

One of these I knew more intimately and loved beyond any other; one I met and talked with but a few times; one I met but once. They were men of different nationalities and creeds, men sprung from environments as dissimilar as may be imagined; men who might be presumed to have little in common, even in their conception of right. But to me in my life Pope Leo XIII, Li Hung Chang, and father were the three good men. I have no argument to support my belief, I would attempt no analysis of what remains a conviction; it came and it abides and I set it down here.

One situated as was father when Commander-in-Chief of the Union Armies, and as President of the United States, could not know personally all who held command or received preferment under him. For the most part he had to rely upon the judgment and integrity of those recommending the appointment. But nothing ever procured

or influenced a personal appointment but father's belief that the appointee was an able and a good man.

Evening after evening in the White House he talked with mother, and I listened. Sometimes I grasped the details then, sometimes understanding came later, but always his purpose was unmistakably clear to me:

"The Country needs, I must find, a good man; the best man procurable."

Never in such discussion was there consideration of the effect upon his political fortunes or of its bearing upon the friendship or loyalty of his personal supporters. And when he had decided upon the man father appointed him, gave him the freest possible hand, and supported him. But in the final determination, personal friendship and political exigency counted for nothing.

Not always did the men whom father appointed measure up to his expectations. It could not be expected. I speak with all reverence: Peter who denied and Judas who betrayed were of the chosen Twelve.

One of the worst scandals which happened in father's administration arose from what is yet believed to be the dishonesty of General Belknap, the Secretary of War.

The Government Trading Posts in the Indian Country were a constant source of annoyance to the Administration. The position of Post Trader was at most posts a fat plum, and the Traders robbed both the Indians and the Government with cheerful impartiality. Nothing could be done about it. For years the Trading Posts were monuments of Congressional culpability. It was a situation which the President could neither alter nor control. In his First Annual Message, of December 6, 1869, father said:

"From the foundation of the Government to the present the management of the original inhabitants of this continent —the Indians—has been a subject of embarrassment and expense, and has been attended with continuous robberies, murders, and wars. From my own experience upon the frontiers and in Indian countries, I do not hold either legislation or the conduct of the whites who come most in contact with the Indian blameless."

This was the condition that led to the political and social ruin of an able, upright, chivalrous man. I have never known of a case analogous to the deplorable fate that was General Belknap's. His were, substantially, the acts charged; acts capable of but one construction, and yet acts that until the last moment, until rumors had spread everywhere (save to the ears of the man involved) and impeachment was imminent, he had performed with no faintest suspicion of the real situation.

Caught in a fate incredible, bizarre beyond imagining, a fate from which nothing could save him but an explanation that would utterly destroy another —a public explanation General Belknap would never offer—he came to father.

History records that father accepted the resignation of General Belknap, his Secretary of War, upon the eve of his impeachment. For this father was severely criticized. But what History does not record, what has never been told until now, is that father suggested that resignation, compelled it. He told mother and me so that evening.

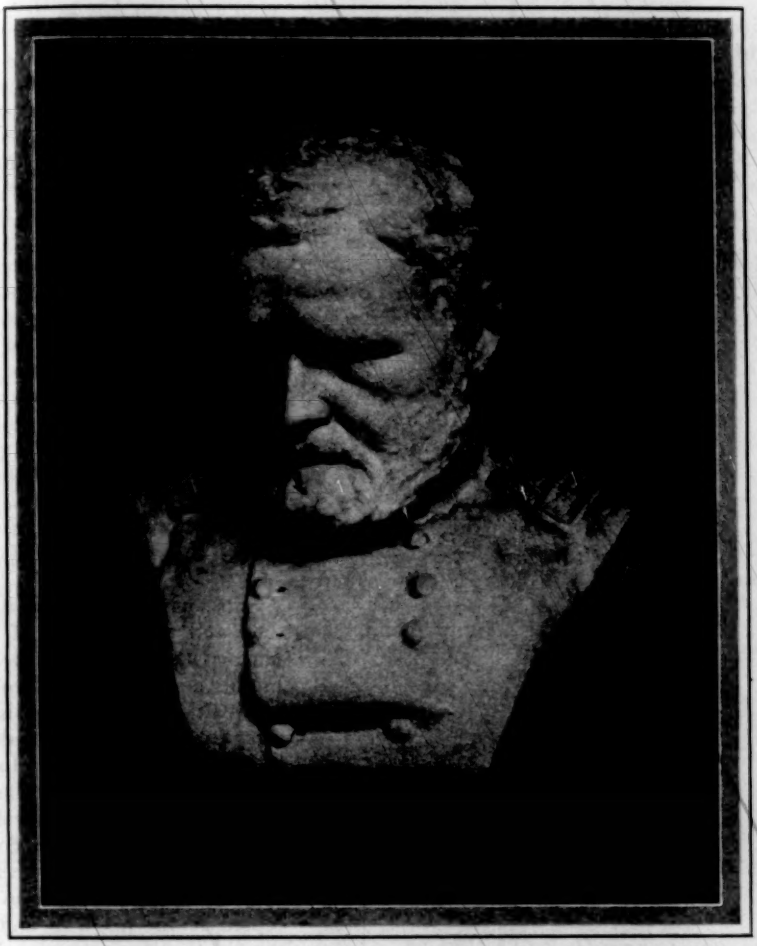
"Impossible! Such an act would involve, might even ruin you politically, Mr. President!" protested General Belknap.

"I demand and shall immediately accept your resignation," answered father.

And as the two old comrades and friends shook hands at that sad parting, father said, "If it can comfort you to hear it, I would assure you of my unbounded sympathy and respect, General Belknap."

And that evening, as he told mother and me what had happened, he said, "I shall be severely criticized for this, Julia, but I would not do less and I only wish I could do more."

I have read garbled versions of the



THE GERHARDT BUST OF GRANT

Modeled in 1885, during the General's last illness. "To my mind this bust . . . has in it more of General Grant than can be found in any other likeness of him that has ever been made since he was a famous man. I think it may rightly be called the best portrait of General Grant that is in existence. The bust has about it a suggestion of patient and brave and manly suffering which is infinitely touching."—*Mark Twain's Autobiography.*

General Belknap story, tales founded upon more or less excusable inference, but never one which displayed an understanding of the facts as father told them to me at the time, or in any degree exonerated the innocent victim of a woman's dishonesty. Here is the real story as I recall it.

Neither General Belknap, the Secretary of War, nor the War Department had any voice in the appointment of Indian Agents. This fact did not deter a woman from manipulating the situation to her own advantage.

A sister of Mrs. Belknap, a young widow, made her home with the family of the Secretary of War. This sister-in-law had inherited a fortune from her deceased husband and was considered, and always appeared to be, a woman of wealth. Understanding the situation existing in the management of Indian

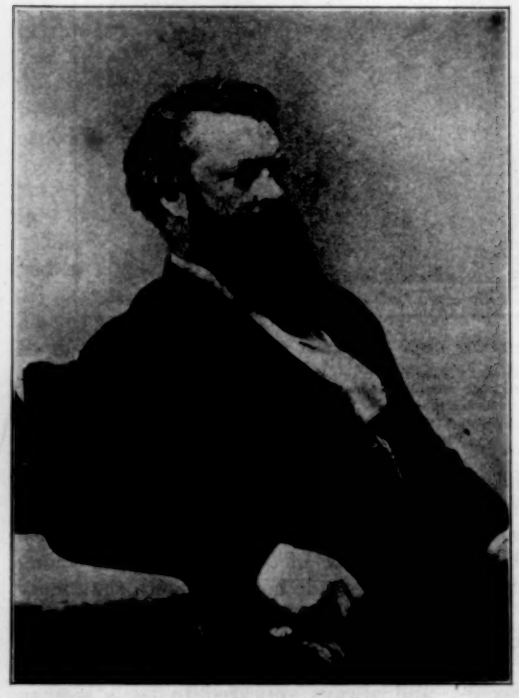
Affairs and the traffic in Agencies, she sought to turn her knowledge to a profit.

Her plan, devilish in its ingenious simplicity, was illustrated by the disclosures brought out in the investigation of the Fort Sill Agency.

She represented that the Secretary of War, her brother-in-law, was in position to dictate the appointment of Post Traders and that he would be governed in such appointments by her recommendation. This claim, false and improbable upon its face, was credited. Then, that she might profit by the credence of unscrupulous persons scrambling for the more profitable Agencies without putting to the test her claim of influence she developed a truly machiavellian idea.

One Evans had secured the appointment as Indian Trader at Fort Sill, one of the most profitable posts. The young woman suggested to a man named March that he put in an application for the Fort Sill Agency, and that in consideration of an equal share in his profits she would bring about the transfer of the post from Evans to him. The bargain was made and the terms agreed upon.

Word was then communicated to Evans that he was in danger of losing his post and, in his anxiety, Evans hurried to Washington. Thereupon the woman advised March that Evans was in Washington, prepared to make a fight to retain the agency, and suggested that March see him. The result of the conference was that March and Evans came to an agreement under which Evans was to keep the post, but pay March twelve thousand dollars a year, quarterly in advance, as long as he held it. The first quarterly payment was made and March turned half of it over to General Belknap's sister-in-law.



SECRETARY W. W. BELKNAP

"Disgraced in the eyes of the world, but to father and me an upright, chivalrous man."

Subsequently Mrs. Belknap died and the Secretary of War married his sister-in-law. Believing his new wife to be a woman of wealth with invested interests, General Belknap made no inquiry into her affairs. Later, in the absence of Mrs. Belknap, a check from March for her share of the money paid by Evans to retain his post was received by General Belknap, who accepted it for his wife and receipted therefor with no suspicion that it was other than a check in payment of a portion of her proper income.

When investigation threatened, word was promptly sent to Evans who hurried to Washington to see Belknap.

"What shall I do?" Evans asked.

"Simply tell the truth," answered Belknap. "If you have honestly administered your agency there can be nothing to fear."

"If I tell the truth what will become of you?" queried Evans.

"March has regularly turned over half of the money I paid him and he holds your receipt."

This was the first intimation General Belknap had of the real situation. As soon as he understood all the facts he went to father, as I have told.

The House failed to impeach General Belknap because he was already out of office. Impeachment proceedings dragged along in the Senate and were finally dropped. Mrs. Belknap took herself to Europe and remained there. The General returned to private life, discredited and disgraced in the eyes of the world, but to father and to me an upright, chivalrous man, worthy of all respect.

PRESIDENT GRANT

From a photograph taken during his second term.

It was after this that father did another thing without precedent. With such wide publicity that even Congress lacked the temerity to act to thwart the plan, father offered the appointment of Post Traders to the authoritative heads of the various church denominations, both Protestant and Catholic. As I recall it the Catholic, and every Protestant denomination but one, recommended men who were duly licensed Post Traders.

It was long after that father acquainted me with the result of this effort to secure honest men for the Trading Posts. With a grim smile which but emphasized the disappointment in his voice, he told me that, of all the appointees recommended by the various ecclesiastical denominations, only those endorsed by the Catholic Church had proven incorruptible.

I would mention one more incident of misfortune to a public official. This was the Postmaster of a New Jersey city, an old soldier whom father knew, who had left an arm at Shiloh.

To this Postmaster the editor of a prominent local paper was bitterly antagonistic. Continually the editor attacked him in the columns of his paper, and finally he printed a scandalous article reflecting upon the character of the Postmaster's wife.

Stung beyond endurance, the crippled Postmaster shot and killed the editor.

The Senator, who considered that particular postoffice part of his official patronage, came to father explaining that he was obliged to be absent for a fortnight and requesting that nothing be done in the matter of appointing a postmaster at —— until his return.

"But —— has a postmaster," said father mildly.

"I understand. But haven't you heard, Mr. President? Postmaster X has been indicted for murder!"

"I have heard about it," answered father. "It seems to me the vacancy is in that newspaper office, not in the

postoffice." And then at the other's look of bewilderment, "X will remain postmaster until he is acquitted or hanged."

It was the summer before father's second nomination that father, mother, and I went for a short outing to Lake George—stopping, as I recall it, at the Fort William Henry House. In this party, or joining us there, were the Member of Congress and the State Senator from that district.

One day we five started out upon what was planned to be a long sail. But we had gone only a short distance before the weather changed, blowing up rough; and mother, who was a poor sailor, requested that we turn back. We were out less than half an hour before we put back to the starting point. The waves were running high then, tossing the boat about. Mother and I were assisted ashore and when father assayed to follow, the Congressman extended his hand to steady him. Once ashore, the Congressman shifted his grasp to father's arm and we walked back to the hotel: mother and I in advance, father following—the Congressman upon one arm and the Senator upon the other. Father was a friendly man and I doubt not the others were delighted at the opportunity to walk arm in arm with the President. Certainly we were a very cheerful, contented party, neither thinking nor doing any evil. But two prominent citizens of that community saw the little procession returning and promptly went before a Notary Public and made affidavit that the President had gone out with a sailing party and become so intoxicated as to require assistance to reach his hotel.

Needless to say, there was no liquor upon that boat—not a drop had been drunk by anyone; but that story, supported by facsimiles of the affidavit, was broadcasted during the campaign which followed. Both the Senator and the Congressman indignantly protested the calumny but father simply ignored it, making neither comment nor denial.

To me the people who circulated such stories no more attained to the dignity of enemies than did those irresponsible men who at various times attempted father's life. As I recall, only one of several attempts became publicly known. When possible, father sternly suppressed any mention of such happenings. But one unfortunate who sought father's life because of an imaginary grievance not only received wide publicity but the story of his wrongs met with credence among those of sufficient influence to bring about a Congressional investigation.

AND THEY SAY, "HE WANTS A THIRD TERM"

During Grant's administration Thomas Nast, the great cartoonist of *Harper's Weekly*, powerfully attacked corruption in the Republican as well as in the Democratic party, but steadfastly defended the President himself, as in this drawing.

This man first came up to father upon the street in Washington. After dismissing the White House guard which had surrounded Lincoln, father not only refused to continue any precautionary measures of that sort but as uncompromisingly declined to be followed about by Secret Service agents. So on this day father, as was his custom, was walking alone when the stranger accosted him.

"General Grant, I can't stand this persecution any longer!" began the stranger.

Father stopped. "What do you mean?" he asked quietly.

"You know what I mean. You have persecuted me for years. Now I'm going to kill you!"

Then father understood. Unarmed, he was confronting a man possessed of a homicidal mania.

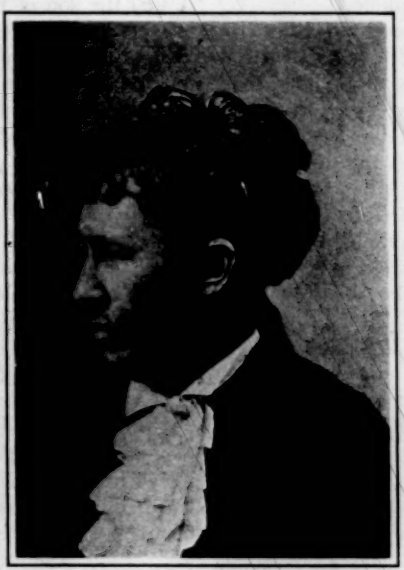
"I don't believe I would do that," he said evenly. "I am sure we can come to an agreement satisfactory to both. I will agree to cease persecuting you, and you in turn will agree to abandon your plan. We cannot discuss this upon the public street. I would suggest that you come to see me at the White House to-morrow morning."

For a moment the stranger hesitated and father watched him closely, striving to anticipate his next move.

"I shall be there at ten o'clock," the man decided and, turning, walked away.

Father followed until he met a policeman. The insane man was still in sight. Pointing him out to the officer, father explained briefly, directing that the man be apprehended and cared for. He believed, of course, that an examination would disclose the man's mental condition, and he cautioned the officer particularly that there be no publicity given to the fact that he had threatened the President.

The stranger was taken in and examined. He refused to tell his name or his place of residence, but he readily admitted that he had spoken with the President and he charged father with having persecuted him for years. He was held under observation. While so detained he came in contact with those who came to credit his tale. A fund was subscribed by those charitably disposed persons, and alienists were employed who declared the man not only sane but possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. Proceedings were instituted that effected his release and the efforts in his behalf continued until a Congressional committee was appointed to examine into his charges. The man refused to divulge the cause for his act but he told a lucid story of bitter hounding by father which had driven him from his home, destroyed his business, and finally procured his incarceration in an insane asylum. A rigorous cross-examination failed to shake this story or develop evidence of mental aberration. Nothing was lacking but the cause for father's animosity. That appeared to lie hidden in some secret which he must guard even in his misfortune and suffering.



MRS. GRANT

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So far from discrediting, this intensified the sympathy for him.

"He has persistently followed me to this very day," he answered one last question.

"How can that be?" he was quickly asked. "You are with powerful friends now. No one can harm or approach you."

"He can," the man answered. "He comes through the keyhole."

Later a messenger came to father with the assurance that there was no further cause for apprehension. The man would be carefully guarded.

"Turn the poor devil loose," said father. "Why single him out? The country has been listening to keyhole stories ever since I left Galena."

I heard and was troubled. There were times when father puzzled me. "If the man is crazy, he might shoot you," I argued.

"Yes, that is true," smiled father. "But don't you think it a pity to cage the only scotched snake?"

I puzzled over that for a considerable time.

It was about this time that I came across a school history which in its account of the Civil War made no mention of father other than to say that Lee had surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. I came to father in great indignation. "It's Swinton's *History*. Did you ever know him?"

"Yes, I knew him," said father. "He might do that. I once saved his life."

Then I heard the story. As I recall it, Swinton was a protégé of John Lothrop Motley and a friend of Sumner. At the request of Sumner he was admitted within the Union Lines as a newspaper correspondent and historical observer. He came to be suspected of furnishing information to the Confederates. Later, at Cold Harbor, he was court-martialed by General Burnside and condemned to be shot. Father was at City Point and knew nothing about it until a member of his staff brought the news that they had caught Swinton at last and that he was sentenced to be shot as a spy. Father promptly ordered his release and expulsion from the Union Lines. I never asked father why he did it.

I went to Cornell at the age of sixteen. The story of my college life has no part here. It was uneventful. The fact that I was the son of the President brought me no more preferment at Cornell than it had among the boys with whom I played around the White House. If the fact was remembered it was but to make me the uncomfortable victim of some jest.

I shall never forget one embarrassing occasion. Upon returning to college from vacations it was the practice of a large group of students to gather in New York City and charter a special car for the trip to Ithaca. This by preference was a day coach, both because it would hold more and because the purpose was not to sleep.

Upon this occasion there were enough of us to fill our special car to overflowing, when an accident to a preceding train caused its passengers to be transferred to ours. A fine old farmer and his Shaker-bonneted wife were allotted to our car. I believe I was about the only boy on board who was not possessed of some sort of musical instrument and the din—we considered it music—was terrific. For a time the countryman and his wife sat silent and rigid, as I fancied they imagined seasoned travelers should sit, but at last the old gentleman's curiosity overpowered his diffidence and he leaned forward to inquire of a boy in the next seat if we were a minstrel troupe.

"A minstrel troupe!" the young wretch exclaimed shrilly. And then in a horrified whisper audible to all in the sudden silence, "Didn't you know that this is the private car of General Grant's youngest son?"

Crowded in a double seat with four or five others, I heard, as was intended,

but I heard also the warning hissed in my ear, "Sit still!" As the first boy addressed had risen to the occasion, so the others were instantly as alert to support him.

"That's him, over there—the little runt with the red ears and the body-guard."

In full swing now the sibilant whisper went on. "The rest are mostly great musicians, hired by the Government at enormous expense to amuse him."

I wriggled in embarrassment but my body-guard, real now, wedged me in my seat.

"That one," he indicated a youth who a few minutes before had been strumming on a banjo, "gets ten thousand a year. That man over there with the flute has played before all the crowned heads of Europe. He gets fifteen thousand dollars a year and all his expenses. The Government is right liberal with the President's boys. Just before Christmas they sent up a big box with three or four packages of greenbacks, right off the presses in Washington, for each of us. We've just been down to New York to spend it."

At this the old man's indignation burst forth.

"By jiminy!"—his voice was shrill—"I've read a lot in my newspaper about the doings down to Washington since the war! I didn't believe more'n half of it, but now I see they didn't tell more'n half the truth. I've voted the Republican ticket ever since there was any, but I'll never vote it again!"

"Oh, that's nothing," his tormentor answered indifferently. "Didn't you read in your paper about three weeks ago that the President had sent the Secretary of State to Spain on a man-of-war to bring back a troupe of bull fighters that Jesse wants to see perform? That's going to cost a quarter of a million."

HAMILTON FISH
Secretary of the Treasury under President Grant.

The old man sputtered out something I did not catch, but just then his wife came into action and I heard her plainly:

"David, you come right out of here! I reckon that young man's lying, mostly, but we ain't goin' to ride with such folks!"

That was the sort of consideration my position as the son of the President brought me. It was rather difficult at times. But there was another side to the picture. When father and mother came to Ithaca to see me, as happened two or three times, there was never any demonstration or expression of curiosity from the student body or any member thereof. They recognized my right to privacy with my family as fully as that of any other student. The boys who would have thronged noisily about father's car if he had stopped there upon any other occasion, never appeared when he was there as my guest.

As for me, I was more conversant with affairs in Washington during my college

days than when I was at home in the White House. This was natural. I was growing older; and from Ithaca, Washington stood out in sharper perspective.

I remember that once upon my return from college I first asked father why he did not put an end to all the third-term talk by publicly declining to serve. The same question had been asked repeatedly by numerous editorial writers. I knew how father felt about it, and that he was looking forward to the end of his Presidency as toward a joyous release. Yet the discussion went on, each advocacy bringing down a storm of acrimonious objection. In South Carolina the Republican State Convention had declared for a third term, and Senator Conklin had delivered a speech that aroused a furor of discussion.

Through it all father remained silent, refusing to discuss the subject or even to comment upon it outside the family circle. And so, at last, I asked the question.

"Talk only furnishes fuel for more talk, Jesse," said father gravely.

"I don't mean to discuss it," I tried to explain—"just decline."

"Do you want me to decline something that has never been offered to me?" He smiled upon me quizzically. "If the effort is made, I shall refuse to permit my name to be brought before the next National Convention. Until then it would be futile for me to speak."

Father was true to his promise. At the National Convention which nominated Hayes father refused to permit his name to be brought forward. The country faced no crisis that demanded his services, he was tired out and, as completely as a man of his indomitable nature could become, he was discouraged by the lack of appreciation so widely displayed. It hurt father to be represented as a designing man nursing a deadly ambition. No act of his public career justified the presumption that he was self-seeking. Ever one of his most striking characteristics was his unselfish patriotism.

As I look back over the years I again see his face and hear his low voice as he talked with mother and me of his desires and aspirations, uncovering to us who loved and understood his hopes and simple faith. And now in these latter days I feel that I have come to an understanding of the doubt and suspicion that thickened about him.

The explanation lies in a single paragraph of an old editorial upon father's last Annual Message. It reads:

"The message of the President is very characteristic. It shows both his shrewdness and his simplicity."

There it is. To many, simplicity, if it does not mean feeble-mindedness, signifies shrewdness. The world has never understood simplicity in which there was understanding but no guile.

The world knows of father's victories and defeats, his achievements, his steadfast loyalty, his uncomplaining courage, and it has come to an understanding of his integrity. This would have more than satisfied father, but it does not suffice me. I would have the world know, too, the man I knew.

THE GEORGE AND THE CROWN

A Novel—Part V

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

XIX

AFTER that there remained only his humiliation when he had to tell his cousins he had changed his mind. But this was less painful to swallow than he would have thought. He felt a new, changed Daniel, facing life from a different angle. It was as if up till then he had faced life from Bullockdean in spite of his being in Sark, whereas now definitely he faced it from Sark, and the Bullockdean angle seemed distant and unreal.

He wrote to his mother and told her he was going to be married, though he did not tell her the circumstances of his meeting his bride. His mother, of course, would tell Belle and Ernley—he need not worry about that. Not that he felt inclined to worry—even the shadow of Belle was gone now, for he had stepped outside the room of memory and stood facing the islands and the sea without a glass between.

The days which followed were so full of preparations that he had little time for thought. The le Couteurs were anxious both to bind their cousin and get rid of the stranger as quickly as possible, so it was decided that the marriage should take place as soon as the necessary formalities would allow. There was some difficulty about finding a house, either at La Colinette or at La Ville Roussel. Dan inspected one or two cottages at the Dos d'Âne, the Jaspellerie, and Moie Fano, and finally decided on the last in spite of its lonely position on the cliff-top, looking down on the teeth of Brenière. It was larger than the other two, though it contained but three rooms, and seemed firmly built for the weather, with a roof of thatch and tiles instead of the usual corrugated iron. The rent was only three *livres tournois* a week—about two shillings—and during the season he would probably earn from thirty shillings to two pounds. At least ten shillings a week would have to be put by for the unprofitable winter, but even then he might be able to earn something by helping his uncles on the farm—a service they would no longer expect for nothing.

On the whole he was not unhappy; he now had roots again, though in strange earth. At first he had half thought of taking Rose over to England and trying to find a job there, but he shrank from facing the struggle of the employment market with her dependent on him, and he saw more clearly the consequences of bringing her to the George than he had seen them in the case of Belle. With Belle such dependence had been his only chance of speedy marriage, and his craving for her had blinded him to its inevitable miseries; but now that he had the alternative of an independent and self-supporting home, he would be a fool to give it up merely to escape from Sark. Since it was his only hope of married comfort, the le Couteurs must have their wish and get his mother back again.

Sometimes there were moments, generally in the middle of the night, when he wondered if he wasn't mad to be acting so—to be marrying this unknown girl without loving her, indeed while he

loved another woman, and settling down in this unfriendly island where in spite of his blood he was still a stranger. But he ended his qualms invariably with the question, "What does it matter, anyway?"—the old army spirit of fatalism was still upon him, the kismet of the trenches. He watched his approaching marriage as he used to watch the German shell-fire. If it was due to smash him it would, and if it wasn't it wouldn't. There was nothing he could do about it.

The day before the May day fixed for the wedding he had three letters from England: one from his mother, one from Jess Harman, and one—at last—from Ernley Munk. His mother was a little inclined to reproach; she saw her son and her son's money alienated together. "But then you never really care for me like Christopher"—Christopher who, Dan reflected angrily, had never earned a shilling for her in his life. "No doubt my brothers Eugene and Philip are glad, for so they get us back"—evidently his mother's mind worked that way too. "Your father sends his love and kind regards and best wishes for a bright and prosperous wedding."

Jess Harman had her expected string of news, a little shorter than usual to allow room for congratulations: "I'm sure I wish you happy, Daniel, as this leaves me at present. You deserve to be happy if anyone did, and I reckon you could make a girl happy easier than most. Maudie talks of leaving the Crown, for she says young Mr. Munk is not so pleasant to work under as his father."

Ernley's letter ran:

Dear Daniel:—

I expect you're thinking all sorts of bad things about me for not having written for so long—or I might even say for not having written at all. But it was difficult to write at first, wasn't it? and afterwards it wasn't much easier, as there didn't seem to be any reason for starting suddenly. Now I've got a reason and I'm glad, for I want to hear more of you except just that you're going to get married, which isn't very original. I hope she's worthy of you—you're rather a damn fool about women, you know, and yet you deserve the best, so I hope you've got her. Now I suppose you will settle down in Sark for good. Well, you might do worse. I'm getting a bit sick myself of the land fit for heroes to live in. You'd think my job was to sell poison, to judge by the fuss they make and the restrictions they put on. But I'm better off than your dad, who does sell poison, if I may say so. Still, I think he's a fool to try on all the games he does—I was sorry about his being so heavily fined last sessions, but I'd warned him, and being a racing neighborhood, I suppose they're extra strict. If I were you I'd write and tell him to be careful, but I expect you have.

I've built a new wing on to the Crown, in spite of all, so I've nothing to complain about really. However, I can't help thinking our best times were in the army, in spite of all the noise and blood. Life wasn't so deuced complicated, somehow; one knew what one wanted and wanted the sort of things one could get. I'm to be a proud father again next autumn; the other kid's a regular Shackford; I hope this will be a Munk—to look at I mean, for I don't wish him so ill as to hope he'll inherit my devil. Do write soon and tell me about Miss Falla—rollicking sound to the name, somehow.

Daniel paused. Ernley sounded bad. How well he knew his devil—that queer, bitter, angry, unhappy, rather common devil who at times made Ernley so difficult to love. He wondered what Belle was feeling—not a single reference to her except indirectly. It might be caution, but it didn't sound like that. He wished Ernley hadn't written—worrying him like this just before his wedding day. And about his father, too. He was worried about his father. "Heavily fined last sessions"—he'd never heard of that—they'd kept that from him. The old life was suddenly and painfully reasserting itself, just as he was going to cut it off forever. Well, he mustn't think of it any more—he could do nothing about it. His responsibilities were no longer the old ones of Ernley and Belle and the George, but the new ones of marriage, home, and children. Yes, he supposed

the day would come when he too would be a "proud father." Well, he wouldn't sneer about it like Ernley—he'd be glad; and he knew that already his allegiance belonged to the unborn.

The wedding of Daniel Sheather and Rose Falla took place in the afternoon, in the midst of a high wind stroking the back of Sark and rippling the buttercup-thickened hay. The sun shone gayly in spite of the small white clouds that blew over the sky, and the general air was one of brightness and freshness and laughter, a rollicking sort of air, like the bride's name.

Bride and bridegroom drove together to church with their relations. Into the big mule-cart were packed, besides themselves, Uncle Eugene and Uncle Philip, one or two cousin Eugenes and cousin Philips, Helier, William, and Alice. The rest, including the children, came on foot and as it was impossible for the mules to go at more than a foot pace most of the way, they trod round the wheels, talking and staring.

Rose wore a new blue dress for which her measurements had been sent to Guernsey. Without her sophisticated work-girl's clothes she looked more of a child than ever and more of an islander. Stealing a secret glance at her now and then, Dan found her sweet and appealing in her laughter and her shyness. He was glad that she was fair and round-faced and would never look like Alice le Couteur, who had already a witchy air about her, with her sharp nose and black locks. She was facing her future without a qualm, without a thought of the life and friends she had left in Jersey, accepting trustfully the life and friends she had found in Sark. She trusted Dan as absolutely as she had trusted him when at his word she had faced without question the perils of La Déroute. Well, he hoped her trust would be better justified this time, that her matrimonial craft would not go to the bottom like the *Baleine* . . . he clenched his hands upon his knees as he vowed to himself that, come what might, this little thing should not suffer for the risks he had taken . . . he would strive for her happiness as he would have striven for Belle Shackford's—she should be given no less than he would have given Belle.

They walked into the Church on either side of old Eugene le Couteur—Rose in her blue dress, Daniel in his blue jersey and wide-bottomed trousers. The church was packed, for weddings were a rare excitement, and at the end of the aisle by the little bare altar *le ministre* stood already waiting, holding open in his hand the Prayer Book of Helier de Carteret, which was Dan's Prayer Book now.

"*Bien-aimés, nous sommes réunis ici sous le regard de Dieu. . .*"

The service had begun. Daniel and Rose stood alone together, hand in hand before the minister, for Uncle Eugene had withdrawn from publicity into a pew, from which he did not emerge till the question "*Qui est-ce qui donne cette femme en mariage à cet homme?*" when he shouted "*C'est moi!*" as if across seven miles of sea. Then Daniel found himself saying after the priest—

"*Moi, Daniel, je te prends Rose, pour ma femme et mon épouse, afin de t'avoir et de te garder, dès ce jour à l'avenir que tu sois meilleure ou pire, plus riche ou plus pauvre, en maladie et en santé, pour t'aimer et te chérir, jusqu'à ce que le mort nous sépare, selon la sainte institution de Dieu, et sur cela je t'engage ma foi.*"

Well, he meant it all, anyway. The strange language didn't make any difference. He knew that he'd promised just the same as he would have promised in English to Belle and, having promised no less, he could give no less. Standing there with all the brown and blue eyes of the island fixed upon him, he knew that his mind was clear of its last doubt. This second part of his adventure with Rose would not end in shipwreck like the first. If he only did what he had promised . . . and he would. Now he was putting the ring on her finger, and was worshiping her with his body—now

their hands were joined and *le ministre* was saying:

"*Puisque Daniel et Rose ont consenti à s'unir en saint mariage, je declare qu'ils sont entre eux mari et femme, au nom du Père et du Fils et du Saint Esprit.*"

The harmonium gave a sigh, preliminary to shaking the marriage psalm out of its heart. Dan and Rose scrambled to their feet and followed the minister into the chancel. They held hands almost convulsively during the rest of the service, which they scarcely felt concerned them, their own personal part being now over. They were married. They were husband and wife, whom man could not put asunder. They who had not known each other a month ago would from henceforward know only each other. Daniel would belong to Rose and Rose would belong to Daniel till their eyes were dim and their hair was gray—they would build up a new life together in a new home—they would love beings as yet unborn, whose very names they did not know as yet. Passionate love was waiting in their hearts for those who were not yet alive. All the years that they had lived before—he with his parents at Bullockdean, and she with her father in Jersey—were only a sort of preparation to the main business of life. His love for Belle was only an episode. This was the center and heart and reality of his life. This was marriage. Daniel felt almost afraid when he saw what marriage meant—when he saw how it could brush aside all the fire and glory and anguish of love, and murmur its blessing over a few stones which forthwith became bread . . . water which became wine. . . . "And there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee" . . . . A poor little affair of stones and water, which had somehow become bread and wine. That was his marriage with Rose.

They had turned from the altar and were writing their names in the vestry. Uncle Eugene made his mark as a witness after he had been satisfied that he was not committing himself financially in any way. The cousins signed, but no one offered to kiss Rose—kissing at weddings was an English custom, Daniel supposed, like wedding cake and bridesmaids and flowers and confetti and all the other things that would have been so important at Bullockdean. All that was English on this occasion was the music. There had been an Anglican chant at the psalms, and now Mendelssohn's wedding march burst forth as Dan and Rose walked down the aisle of the empty church and out into the churchyard, whither all the congregation had rushed in a body before them.

There was a feast at the Pêche à Agneau—a feast of lobsters and *gâche* and *armoniac*, to which came Hamons and Carrés and Falles and de Carterets from all parts of the island. Somehow Daniel and Rose seemed almost a minor part of the occasion. They sat silently side by side while round them flowed the island French, which is to the French of Paris what cider is to wine. As yet it was not quite the language of either, since Rose had not spoken it for a year and Daniel had spoken it only for a year. If they did not listen the words came only in scattered drops, without meaning. Dan could take for granted that his relatives and friends were not discussing the marriage but the prospects of next season or the politics of Sark's most parochial pump.

He was free to look at Rose and think how pretty she was with her golden hair and her blue dress, like buttercups by the sea. The line of her chin and neck was somehow helpless and innocent, like a child's; yet her little mouth and nose had a funny, decided air about them as if, though she would rely on him in all big matters of life, in the small she would know her business—what to eat and drink and wear. In the blue pools of her eyes swam a queer flame which he had not noticed till to-day. When her eyes met his the flame brightened and when she turned them away he could still see it shining, as one can see

the sunshine in hidden water reflected on a rock.

They seldom spoke to each other. Once—"Are you tired?" he whispered, and she answered "Yes."

"I must take you home."

Under the table her hand crept out on his knee and lay over it. He looked round at all the Hamons and Carrés and Falles and de Carterets and le Couteurs, eating and drinking and arguing, entirely forgetting the little married pair in whose honor the feast was given.

"Uncle Philip," said Dan.

"Yes," Uncle Philip roared down the table to Ernest Hamon—"the King of England will think it a fine thing when he comes to Guernsey, and the Forty Tenants are not there to receive him."

"Uncle Philip, would you mind if Rose and I went home now?"

"Of course I do not mind. Go. We are the aristocracy of this island, I say, and the Parish will not allow us ten shillings to go over to Guernsey to see the King and Queen."

Dan and Rose crept out under cover of Ernest Hamon's retort and the next minute stood in the sunshine of the May evening, which trailed golden banners over the sea. Their belongings had already been taken to Moie Fano, so all they had to do was to walk there themselves, through the buttercups and the long grass, with their shadows moving before them.

"Look at us," said Rose—"how big we are."

Daniel put his arm round her.

"There aren't two of us any more," said Rose.

He stopped her with a sudden check of his arm and drew her up against him, kissing her darling face on which he seemed to taste the sunshine.

"Oh, Rose, my little Rose—you are so sweet! And it's so wonderful! I never thought it would be like this."

She did not trouble about his words, but eagerly returned his kisses.

"Oh, my beautiful boy—my beautiful boy," she murmured, holding his face to hers. "Daniel—your eyes are so dark and big—I see myself in them. Can you see yourself in mine?"

"No—not quite. Yes—now I can."

"That means you live in my heart."

"And you in mine."

They walked on, across the road, past La Belle Hautgarde, out on to the wildness of Rouge Terrier. Under their feet were the first little wild dwarf roses and before them lay spread the dazzled blue of Baleine Bay with all the rocks standing out of it, pink in the sunset, like castles. The tide was low and the *demies* of l'Etac showed above the water and all the rocks round Sercul. The bay was streaked with currents—strange, smooth paths of rose and violet and gray winding amid the chopped blue water. They walked farther down the hill to the cliff edge, and the sun was lost, while a cool air ruffled up from the sea. Daniel's arm drew Rose a little closer as he led her along the cliff-top, through the dusk, to where he could see the jut of Moie Fano.

"Look! Our home!"

She pointed through the twilight, and he could just see the thatched roof gray against the hillside and the faint gleam of the walls.

"You won't be afraid with me alone out here?"

"Oh, no; I shan't be alone, with you."

They came to the little house, sheltering with its strip of garden in a fold of the hillside. The door was unlocked and he led her into the dark kitchen.

"The lamp's on the table," said Rose. "I left out some matches. Can you find them?"

But instead of finding them he shut the door on the last gleam of light and, drawing her close to him in the darkness, lifted her from her feet.

XX

The months which followed were summer indeed. To the end of his life Daniel would always see summer as a blue sky vaulting a blue sea, in which

pink-and-purple islands swam under the sun. It was a summer of drought, of the burning of hayfields, the powdering of the roads, of the kindling of a purple fire of foxgloves at the Orgeries and at Château des Quénévés. The wells dried up, including the shallow well at Moie Fano, and every evening and every morning Dan toiled with buckets on a wooden yoke to the Pêche à Agneau, where the water-supply was good and lasted through the summer. It was an irksome task but he did it gladly as his only domestic duty. Rose proved herself rather unexpectedly a good housewife. After all, she had cooked and kept house for her father at St. André, which meant not only household experience but experience of a fisherman's household. She knew how to cook every kind of fish and shellfish, how to bake bread of a heavy sort, how to support the small, island dearths of salt or yeast, and she never expected meat except on Sundays.

Both she and Daniel worked hard enough. She had the three rooms of the little house to care for and keep clean, she had the meals to cook, all the washing to do, and also the husbandry of the tiny garden with its supply of herbs and vegetables. Dan bought her a few hens from La Belle Hautgarde and taught her how to look after them, which she did very proudly, the eggs being a luxury which few Sark homes of that size could boast.

His own time was spent almost entirely in the boats. The season was a good one and from the middle of May onwards there were visitors to be taken fishing and rowing and sailing, as well as the care of many lobster pots. The le Couteurs had forgiven him for the loss of the *Baleine*, though their sense of humor had flourished embarrassingly on his misadventure long after their sense of outrage had died away. His marriage and establishment had paid off their grudge against his strangerhood, and they were glad of his help in the summer business of making money. They found him generally efficient, always willing, and his English speech and custom, though obnoxious to themselves, were useful when dealing with the visitors.

Daniel's happiness in Rose was still as fresh and rich as when he had first met it in the darkness at Moie Fano. Indeed, as familiarity and companionship deepened, if they could not widen, his knowledge of her—his love and joy and satisfaction grew. Her most noticeable quality was her yielding gentleness, which he had saved her from making the instrument of her misfortune, and now under the guiding of his hands was being made the instrument of happiness and goodness for them both. She adapted herself to her new life apparently without effort. She shed from her the life of the town work-girl with its crowds and excitements as easily as she had shed her town clothes—she seemed to have no regrets or even memories. Dan was her whole guidance and concern and, just as she had followed him without a qualm into the dangers of an unknown sea, so without qualm she followed him into an unknown life—as devoid of doubts as she would be devoid of reproaches if he failed her.

Nevertheless, as day by day he came to know her better, he discovered that at the bottom of her heart she carried a tiny life of her own—a little seed of personality, the essential Rose. She would make him confidences as to her likes and dislikes and ideas—they would talk together about the big strange things that inwardly perplexed them both, though outwardly they took them for granted. Perhaps they neither of them had much wisdom, nor enough curiosity, but this occasional glimpse of the "separateness" in her served to make the sense of "togetherness" more complete—the more he saw his little Rose standing apart from him in her own soul and life, the more she seemed a part of him, of his being. The more she was herself, the more completely she seemed his, rather than in her gentleness and yielding. So he loved her seed of separate life and

like the rest of her it flourished under his care.

When winter came it was very unlike the winter that had been last year. Or rather, its essence was the same but its effect and influence were altogether different. The storms that battered the cliffs were no longer a distress and a terror but a mere noise outside, which made the quiet and warmth at home stand out more comfortably by contrast. The fogs, too, were no sad pall weighing upon the island but a soft white blanket wrapping Daniel and Rose into a loving loneliness. It was just as on the evening after their marriage when outside had been the dead, blind face of Sark, cold in the haunted twilight—the light more dreadful than darkness—and inside had been warmth and tenderness and love and the kind spirit of man. During those nights of storm and fog, when the fire burned brightly in the kitchen and the supper was laid under the lamp, Dan would see the cottage at Moie Fano as a lighthouse on a rock, as the Corbière or the Casquets or Platte Fougère—a house of light set in the midst of darkness.

There were days on which they did not even go as far as the Pêche à Agneau, but they never felt dull in each other's company, or lonely when they were together. Daniel helped Rose with the work of the house, even now and then with the cooking, for he took an unmanly pleasure in messing about with pots and pans. He became cobbler and mended their shoes; he became tinker and mended their kettle; he became plumber and fixed a pipe to drain off the rainwater from the roof into a butt, so that they should be better watered next summer; he became carpenter and delighted Rose's heart with shelves and brackets.

Sometimes of an evening a Helier or a Philip or a Eugene le Couteur would call round for him on his way to the Bel-Air. But Daniel no longer cared for the Bel-Air, or for drinks English or Norman. He wanted to stop at home with his wife, to help her lay and clear the supper, and afterwards to sit and watch her while she sewed—garments for her own little Helier who was to be born in the Spring.

"We will certainly call him Helier," she said, "after my father."

"Helier Sheather doesn't sound right, somehow."

"Helier le Couteur sounds very well," said Rose.

And Daniel knew that he was not called Sheather any more. Indeed he had never really been Sheather in Sark. Before he married he had just been "the English le Couteur," and now he was le Couteur un-Englished. . . . Well, it was what he had been prepared for, and when his child was born the le Couteurs would indeed have his mother back again.

He looked eagerly forward to that day in the Spring which would make him a father. Rose was determined that she must have a son, but Daniel would have been equally glad of a daughter—he would have been free to give his daughter an English name, but a son must inevitably add to the mass of Heliers or Philips or Peters in the island. Not that there was any particular reason why he should want an English name. He and Rose no longer spoke English together—it had always been difficult for her—and she soon picked up the native French, which was not so different from the French of Jersey and which by this time he spoke quite readily. After all, it had been his language as a child and its sweet roughness seemed the right expression of his love and the concerns of his household.

All that he had of English was his prayers and his books. In those long evenings Daniel and Rose read books together—mild stuff which the Vicar lent them. Rose loved the mild stuff and would weep over what she understood of *Cometh Up as a Flower*, or *The Silence of Dean Maitland;* to both of them whatever they read was intensely

real, and they took their fiction with a seriousness that would have amazed its authors.

They would read sitting at the table side by side, the book spread under the lamp, while first Daniel would read in the slow plodding English of his custom and then Rose would read, more quickly and eagerly, but getting herself into sorry tangles over some of the words and occasionally having to apply to him for the sense. Afterwards, while they were undressing, they would talk over what they had read and predict the next day's portion. If the story turned out badly Rose would cry the luxurious tears of the happy while Dan would comfort and even, on emergency, supply a new end to the tale in which "they all lived happy ever afterwards" in defiance of the author.

His happiness was beginning to assume an added sweetness of sobriety—the slightly restless quality of the first months was gone and in its place was a quality of warm stillness which steeped his whole being. The disquiets of the outer world or of his old life could not reach him. At Christmas he had not been hurt by the neglect of his family—represented only by a card, not by another of Ernley's cynical letters hinting at more indiscretions at the George and disillusions at the Crown. He had all the natural selfishness of the happy man—even the thought of Belle could not stir in him any real anxiety. He had told Rose about Belle and of the earthquake of his love for her—he told Rose everything, dropping the secrets of his heart into the warm shallow pool of her confidence which scarcely eddied round them. She had no jealousy of Belle and not much interest in her. Daniel, for her, existed almost entirely in the present moment and, unlike so many women, she scarcely thought of the years that had been before he met her, nor looked for their scars.

He loved her utterly now, with body and soul. It seemed as if he had always known and loved her—this little stranger whom he had not met a year ago. As she drew near her time an unexpected weakness developed in her, and the doctor, anxiously summoned, said that she must rest. Still free from the boats, Daniel did all the work of the little house—sweeping, dusting, and cooking. In the evenings he made her go to bed early and brought the lamp to her bedside to read to her till she slept. When March came with the first mild days of spring he carried her down the cliff slope into a little sheltered hollow among the rocks of Mont Razeur, and she lay there beside him in the basking warmth, holding his hand among the sweetness of the spring grass, gazing idolatrously at his seaward-turned face, dark between her and the dazzle of the water.

One day she waved an arm towards the dim whale-shape of Jersey.

"We come from there together, you and I."

"You are not sorry you came?"

"No, I never was sorry, except when I thought you would send me back."

"Perhaps I will send you back some day," he teased.

"Oh, no, you would never send me back. You love me too much."

"I love you! What an idea!"

"I think you love me very much—I think you would be very unhappy if I die."

"Die!—Rose! darling Rose—don't talk of dying."

"One must talk of it sometimes."

"But not to-day—when everything is warm and lovely because Spring is here. You are not afraid of dying when the baby comes—are you, little Rose?" he cried anxiously.

"Oh, no—I only talk of it. But I like to think that when I die you will come with me, and we will go out together, as we did in the little boat, and I shall watch your face and know I cannot be afraid."

"When you die it will not only be me whom you will want in the little boat. There will be others—our children."

"Yes, there will be Helier—and

Helier's sister—and perhaps others. But I shall always love you best."

"I wish I felt so sure."

"You can be sure. I could never love a son or a daughter as I love you."

"Why?"

"Don't ask me that. If I should try to tell you I should feel afraid."

"But why?"

She would not answer and, thinking that perhaps the conversation was growing too tense and disturbing, he began to talk of the coming season and of the things they would do in the boats.

XXI

It was on an evening towards the end of April that Rose's time came, and Daniel went out to La Vermandée to fetch the woman who had promised to be with her. That night he slept on the sofa in the kitchen and saw through the uncurtained window a big yellow moon bright above Balmée. Sometimes through the closed door he heard the sound of voices, but for most of the time there was silence—a silence that oppressed him as the silence of the sea.

He went out early, for the calm would allow him mercifully to spend a day in the boats. Mrs. de Carteret made him some breakfast, and before he left he had one look at Rose. He was surprised to find her sitting up in an armchair beside the bed, pale but smiling, and anxious to know if the calm weather would allow him to put down some early lobster pots at the Masoline. He kissed her passionately and humbly, and she said:

"Do not worry—it is natural."

He walked quickly over to the Pêche à Agneau and found his cousins ready to put out in the boats. Old Eugene and Philip le Couteur were delighted when they heard what was toward at Moie Fano.

"At last we have our new Helier," said Uncle Eugene.

"Or our new Kitty Le Couteur—she is better," said Uncle Philip.

"Better than the old one—ha! ha!"

"Ha! Ha! Oh, my Gar—yes!"

The day passed outwardly tranquil as the night on the calm waters of Harve Gosselin, and at last a tinge of rose crept into the mirror of the sea, and a little wind ruffled up from Herm in the west. The le Couteurs brought their boat round to the Saut de Juan and beached her, and Daniel was given his share of the fish.

"You are glad to go home," said Cousin Eugene.

"You go to find little Helier," said Cousin Philip.

"Well, we all be godfathers," laughed Cousin William.

"Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha!"

Daniel walked slowly from the Saut de Juan. Every now and then he would hurry, then check himself. Perhaps he had better not get back too soon. Then he would tell himself that Rose was different from the women at home—she came of a sturdy breed. Probably the baby had been born hours ago. If it had not been for the last few weeks he would have felt no anxiety. He remembered the words with which she had dismissed him that morning—"Do not worry—it is natural."

The smoke of the chimney of Moie Fano rose in a straight column against the sky. There was something in that pillar of smoke which stood to Daniel as a sign. It was the sign of the inn of home—rising from homes in the Ouse Valley as it rose from homes in Sark, and as probably it rose from homes in France, in Germany, in Russia. In every place where there was home there was also that smoke ascending from the hearth like a prayer towards the sky. . . . To-night it was the prayer of the cottage of Moie Fano going up to God for the mother and her child.

As he crossed the threshold he heard voices coming from the inner room, and recognized a man's among them. The doctor must be there. . . .

He knocked at the door.

It opened and the doctor looked out. He started at the sight of Daniel. Then he came through into the kitchen, shutting the door behind him.

"I'm glad you've come home, le Couteur."

"Is—is the child born?"

"Yes—a boy—and he will live," said the doctor gravely.

Dan was startled. He had never thought of the child not living.

"But how is Rose? Can I see her?"

"No—you can't see her just yet. I want to talk to you about her. Sit down."

Daniel felt his knees suddenly weak. He sat down as the doctor bade him, and stared into his face. Afterwards it seemed as if he had read in his face instead of heard from his lips that Rose was very ill and would almost certainly die.

"Can't—can't you do anything?"

"I am doing my best."

But in his face Daniel read that sometimes the pity and help of man are of little avail against what is natural.

"Now you'd better get yourself some supper," said the doctor kindly. "Mrs. de Carteret can't come to you yet; but you must have something to eat, for you'll want all your strength—for her."

"When can I see her?"

"In an hour perhaps. Now make yourself some coffee and have a bit of something nourishing."

He went back into the silent inner room.

Almost automatically, Daniel put the fish he had brought home into a tub of water. Then he set the saucepan on the fire and some bread and cheese on the table. He was hungry—hungrier than ever since he had heard the doctor's news—and he did not know that hunger and sorrow are incompatible. He ate hungrily—strengthening himself for the night. The coffee was good. It cleared his head in a wonderful way, so that it lost the echo of the gulls' laughter and was able to think. He did not want to think for himself—he would have been happier in his stupefaction but he wanted to think for Rose. He did not want to sit beside her dazed and helpless when she would need his help more than she had ever needed it—putting out to sea alone in her little boat, which was to have held the two of them. . . .

He had not thought of lighting the lamp and scarcely noticed the darkness dropping round him, till at last the window square held the only light. His first realization of it was when a golden slat fell into the room from the opening door. The next minute he heard Doctor Pelley's voice call softly, "Le Couteur," and then from the bed behind the doctor came Rose's voice, faintly, yet very much as it had so often come from the inner room when he entered the kitchen at the end of the day:

"*Es tu là?*"

Without answering he went in and knelt down beside her.

She lay as if sunk into the bed, so relaxed that she scarcely seemed so much to lie on the mattress as in it. Her face was deadly white, but on her lips was a smile and on her arm was pillowed a little dark head.

"*Notre Helier*," she whispered, smiling up at him.

Mrs. de Carteret stooped and lifted away the child.

"She wanted to be holding him when you first saw him—but she is not strong enough. I will take him now and put him in his cradle," and she laid Helier in the bottom drawer of the chest, which had been made into a cradle for him with shawls and a piece of blanket.

"Oh, Daniel," whispered Rose,—"my feet are so cold."

She had made her little gesture of motherhood but could maintain it no longer—she was too tired. She turned to him, as instinctively she used to turn when she was tired.

"My feet are so cold."

"Mrs. de Carteret will heat you a brick for them."

But the midwife shook her head.

"She has a brick already—she does not feel it."

"It's because I'm dying," said Rose, in her weak, indifferent voice.

"My darling, you're not dying—you mustn't die."

"Oh, yes, I must. That's how it begins—at your feet."

Daniel hid his face beside hers in the pillow.

He heard the doctor tell the midwife that he was going home now for a bit. He would be back soon, and he did not think there would be any change before morning. Mrs. de Carteret went into the kitchen and Rose and Daniel were alone together.

They did not speak. Rose was too exhausted and Daniel was too stricken. He had climbed on the bed beside her and lay with his face close to hers—her hand held between both his. He felt submissive and numb. He meant to be able to help and strengthen her, but now he saw that there was no help he could give, except of the humblest, most homely kind—the help of touch and kiss. They lay motionless side by side while Mrs. de Carteret ate her supper in the kitchen. Now and then they opened their eyes and gazed into each other's, but for the most part they lay with their eyes shut, awake, but as if asleep.

The baby whimpered in his cradle-drawer. Daniel had forgotten all about him.

"Helier," whispered Rose.

"He is all right."

"Our Helier," she murmured—"remember . . . he is ours."

The midwife came in and attended to the baby. Then she came and attended to Rose, giving her something out of a spoon. She took no notice of Daniel—she let him lie just as he was.

The night wore on and, surprisingly, he fell asleep. He had the sensation that she had fallen asleep too; and directly he slept they were in a boat together, pushing out, as they had pushed out a year ago under the shadow of Gorey pier with the moonlight gleaming through the piles. He heard the wind blowing very loud, as it had not blown then, but the next minute it was still and they were riding on calm waters steeped in sunshine, under the pink rocks of Balmée. He could not see Rose but he knew she was in the boat, and suddenly he heard her say "I am not afraid." In his dream he had a wonderful sense of the sunshine striking off the pink rocks and dancing on the sea. He was not unhappy, but a little scared . . . anxious . . . he awoke.

The doctor was in the room, bending over him with the lamp in his hand, the lamp whose flame was an orange isle in the white flood of the dawn.

"Wake up," said the doctor gently—"it is all over now."

"Over. . . . She is dead?"

"She died in her sleep."

She had left him . . . so quietly.

XXII

Daniel's marriage ended as it had begun—in a strange language. This time Helier de Carteret's Prayer Book was open at *La Sepulture des Morts*, and to a jigging Anglican chant the congregation—much the same as that which had gathered for the wedding—sang "*Voilà, tu as fait la mesure de mes jours de quelques palmes, et la durée de ma vie est devant toi comme un rien. Certainement l'homme passe comme une ombre.*"

"*Comme une ombre . . . comme un rien*"—that was the marriage now which had filled and changed his life—all the memory of those days: the summer days when he had toiled on the sea, the winter days when he had toiled on the land—the summer nights when the moonlight had made the bed a house of silver, the winter nights when the lamp had made the kitchen a house of gold—all now were as the shadows . . . which sweep out on the winds to sea and are lost . . . shadows moving under the clouds over Baleine Bay . . . whose footsteps are not known. . . . "*Comme une ombre . . . comme un rien.*"

"*Écoute ma prière, Ô Seigneur, car je suis étranger et voyageur devant toi; comme l'ont été tous mes pères.*"

As the le Couteurs belonged to the aristocracy of the island, the first part of the service was held in church. A thick rain was falling and it was not till the last prayers that the congregation came out and stood under the dripping ilex trees. No one wore mourning—black was too difficult to procure, and too short-lived in the salt sea air. Daniel had a black band round the arm of his jersey—that was all.

"*L'homme né de la femme est de courte durée. . . .*" The dreadful rhythm of the Burial Service rose in incongruous and courtly French, like a Tartar hermit dressed as a troubadour. The sods of Sark earth rattled on the coffin-lid—plain English that. Dan shuddered. For the first time he identified Rose with the coffin and its contents—Rose with her hair like flying anthers, her eyes like the pools in the sea gardens of Tintageu . . . the shy, unwilling tears forced themselves out of his closed eyes. He had not wept before and it was punishment to weep like this before all the island, in the sight of all his cousins, of all the Carrés and Falles and Hamons and de Carterets—but he could not help it. There was something in this burial service so close to earth that the anguish of earth was upon him. He saw himself as he saw Rose, as flesh, and all flesh as grass.

When the dues of earth had been paid the le Couteurs walked back in straggling groups to the Pêche à Agneau. Daniel went with them, for he was to live there now. The cottage at Moie Fano was too lonely for a man with a young child, so he came back to the place where Sark had given him its first unfriendly greeting. As he walked over the brow of Little Sark and, looking down the slope, saw the still sea with the currents wandering over it like dim mysterious paths, it seemed as if the sea rather than the land—the ilex-shaded churchyard where he had left her—held the presence of his little Rose.

With curious ease he adapted himself to the new life, almost as if his year of marriage had not been. He soon became used to the unaccustomed solitudes; indeed in a strange way he came to value them—the solitude before sleeping and after waking, and of idle daylight when he lounged on the sward above the cliffs. He never went to the southeast coast, to the cliffs above Gorey and Brenière—in tacit covenant with himself he refused to see the cold roof of the cottage at Moie Fano, or Balmée sleeping like a whale on the golden floor of the sea. Instead, he haunted the western coast, which he had hitherto neglected, except as conductor of the English. From the eaves of Pégâne Bay he looked across the purple Autelets towards Saignie and the tail of Sark; over and beyond, among strange rocks like men-o'-war, lay Herm and haunted Jethou . . . and beyond Jethou the violet shape of Guernsey—and beyond Guernsey . . . . He knew the country that lay in the blue-and-purple mists beyond Guernsey, and once more he found himself thinking of it as home.

His brief naturalization was over. At the Pêche à Agneau he was the same stranger he had been before his marriage. Though he now spoke their language and followed their customs, he had all his old curious sense of difference from the le Couteur clan. He had never felt that difference between himself and Rose. He and Rose—so different in so many ways—had essentially been one. But now that he was back at the Pêche à Agneau he once more felt that half-amused, half-angry bewilderment at the native mind; he knew that however freely he spoke their tongue, however naturally he followed their ways, his mind would never work as their minds.

He had at least two notable outbreaks of Englishry. One was when he insisted that his son should be baptized Thomas Helier instead of by the name of his wife's father alone.

"He shall be called after my father too."

"There is not one of us has ever been called Thomas," said Uncle Philip.

"Well, there's nothing like making a start. You need a few fresh names."

"The Hamons will laugh at us," said Cousin Philip.

"They'll do that whatever we call him."

"It is an English name."

"And what are Ernest and Peter and Philip, I'd like to know?"

"They are Sark names. Thomas is English."

"Well, damn it all, Thomas has an English father."

He marched off contemptuously. Really, for sheer ignorance his mother's family were hard to beat. However, they could not stop him calling his baby anything he liked. He had half a mind not to call him Helier. Then he remembered Rose, and the way she had said "*notre Helier*." . . . There was no help for it—Helier it must be, though it was Thomas too.

His next lapse was more serious. He found that on the tombstone which was to be put up over Rose's grave, her name was to stand as "*la chère épouse de Daniel le Couteur*." For two and a half years he had been le Couteur now, but somehow he could not bear the thought of his Normanhood carved in stone.

"It shall be Daniel Sheather," he said.

"Then we do not pay for it," said Uncle Philip—which settled the matter, since Daniel could not afford to pay for it himself.

Sore and angry at his relatives' benighted attitude, jealous of his own rights and honor, he put two pieces of wood together in the shape of a rough cross and carved on them his loving memory of Rose Sheather, wife of Daniel Sheather, formerly of the parish of Bullockdean, Sussex. It was his gesture of defiance, and in a moonless midnight he set it up at the head of Rose's little mound under the ilex trees.

The result was the ferment of the island. It was an insult to have Rose remembered under her English name, an insult barbed by the fact that it was her true one. The whole inscription was in English, too, which was a challenge, and the cross itself was considered Popish.

That night it disappeared, and Daniel could obtain no redress, since he had set it up without authority.

"If you are wise you will let it alone," said the Vicar, "our people have strong prejudices here."

So he damped down his wrath and fiery sense of outrage, but he spent more and more of his free time above the cliffs of the western coast, looking out towards Guernsey and the country beyond Guernsey. . . .

XXIII

The crisis came sooner than he had expected—forced by that outer world which had left him untroubled for so long. He had written to his family to tell them of Rose's death and the baby's birth, but had heard nothing from them, a fact surprising even from their indifference. Then at the beginning of September he received a letter from his brother Len. This was a fresh surprise, as Len had written only once since he had left home, but when he read the letter he realized that it contained matter too deep for his mother's scholarship.

Indeed, it recorded nothing less than the wreck of the George. Tom Sheather had been finally deprived of his license for allowing betting on his premises. It appeared that he had already been fined twice—once besides the occasion recorded by Ernley, and now his offense was too great to be passed over. His license had been withdrawn, whereupon his brewers had swooped down on him for long-owed arrears, and all the furniture, the pony, and fowls would have to be sold to pay them. The family smash was absolute. Daniel was shocked and upset, but not deeply surprised. He had known the ways of the George too long, and had guessed how much worse they must have grown now that he was

no longer there to control them in a small way.

There was only one unexpected element in the situation, and that was his father's behavior. Len could hardly write coherently when he told Daniel that the captain of the sinking ship had abandoned her. Tom Sheather had disappeared, leaving a message behind him to say that he had signed on a coaster going to Wales. He expressed no regret—indeed, so Len recorded in horror, he seemed actually pleased at the prospect. The innkeeper had shaken his shoulders and gone back to his first love. At twenty, Tom Sheather had left the land for adventure and freedom on the sea, and now at fifty he left it again, with evidently the same youthful expectation.

I'm taking mother and Chris to live with me (wrote Len at the end of his long letter). Chris will help me on the farm, where there is plenty of work for him. The farm has been doing better since last fall, but I don't know what will happen this harvest with the guaranteed prices off. It's just like the government to get us on a bit and then leave us stranded. Now things are altered with you, perhaps you might manage to send mother something from time to time like you did before you married. I am very sorry to hear of your trouble, but we have nothing but trouble, seemingly, in our family. There are debts to settle up even after we have paid Hobday and Hitch. I won't take a penny from Ernley Munk, though he offered me a loan, as well he might, seeing what he has made out of the Crown. He has been a swine, saying it was what he had expected all along, and speaking against us for not stopping father. I had a regular shine with him on Tuesday and told him pretty well what I thought of him.

Dan frowned. Well, this settled it—he'd better go home. He might be able to do something to help them—get some sort of a job somewhere. He couldn't do anything for them as he was now. All that he had earned that season, which had not been so good as last year, had gone towards the support of himself and his child. If he went back to England he might be able to get work on the land . . . or at the docks at Newhaven. Besides, he couldn't bear the thought of his mother penniless and abandoned. Of course she had Len, and the cherished Christopher, but he thought of her as abandoned all the same.

Yes, he would go home—he was fed up with this ghastly island, which still treated him as a stranger though he had lived in it more than two years, and had married in it and begotten a child. It would be good to find himself a son of the house once more, even though that house was scattered and disgraced. He had nothing really to hold him to Sark, now that Rose was gone and that even her resting place might not be marked. . . . He would serve out the le Couteurs by taking himself and his son back to England. It was curious how he suddenly found himself desiring England with its long roads and friendly people. . . . He'd manage somehow for himself and his boy, and he would be back once more in his own country, among his own folk. He would turn his back on the sea and islands, and they in their turn should become shadows on glass.

The le Couteur attitude was mixed. On one hand, they were glad to be rid of the stranger; on the other, they were vexed that Kitty le Couteur should get her own back again. However, they were pleased that after thirty years of marriage her husband should have shown himself so unworthy of a le Couteur lady.

"Ah, that your poor mother should have married such a vagabond," said Uncle Eugene. "My brother Philip and I tell her he is vagabond, but she would not believe us. Perhaps she believe us now."

"You go back to England and sell beer," said Uncle Philip—"Englishmen like beer."

The pendulum swung when they found he meant to take his son away with him.

"He must not go," cried Uncle

Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

HE WAS TAKING AWAY ALL THAT SARK HAD GIVEN HIM

Eugene. "He is a le Couteur—he was born in this island."

"If it comes to that," said Daniel, "so was I."

"But your mother take you away and you never belong to us any more."

"And a good job, too—I don't want my boy to stay here and grow up a savage."

"Ho! Savages, are we? Oh, my Gar—we are savages! Mister Englishman is a gentleman—he is a visitor. That is it."

"I've a right to do what I like with my own child."

This was obvious even to Uncle Philip and Uncle Eugene. As, twenty years ago they had let Thomas Sheather depart with his wife and children, so now they must let his son depart with his child, reluctantly yet knowing that none but themselves had driven out the stranger.

Before he went Daniel paid a visit to the narrow green mound under which Rose lay nameless. He was not inclined to be sentimental over Rose; nevertheless he brought her his last offering in the shape of a wreath of the golden daisies that grow in the corn. He knew well that when he left the new tombstone would go up, lozenge-shaped and white and French, protestant against both Rome and England. He knew too that he would be Daniel le Couteur for ever here in stone. But after all, he did not much care. Now he was free of them they could do what they liked with his name. He was taking away all that Sark had given him, the only thing it had ever given him—his marriage. He was taking away his marriage, for all that Rose lay here under a French headstone, engraved with a name that was not his, and that he would never lie beside her within sound of the sea. His marriage had been the one treasure of those three summers—indeed the one treasure of his life. Amidst all the strangeness and hostility and abasement of his exile, the island had given him this one great gift.

(To be continued)

BUNDLES

BY CARL SANDBURG

I HAVE thought of beaches, fields,
Tears, laughter.

I have thought of homes put up—
And blown away.

I have thought of meetings and for
Every meeting a good-by.

I have thought of stars going alone,
Orioles in pairs, sunsets in blundering
Wistful deaths.

I have wanted to let go and cross over
To a next star, a last star.

I have asked to be left a few tears
And some laughter.

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT AND THE AMERICAN PUBLIC

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

Let us suppose that in the Samoan Islands there had been born a child having the unique and extraordinary genius of Mozart. . . . He would be as incapable of composing symphonies as Archimedes would have been to invent an electric dynamo.—*Weismann.*

IF there is one bright untruth which Americans have delighted to promulgate beyond every other, it is that a person of creative mind thrives best when he is scorned, and cuffed about, and underfed, and made to feel that his aspirations have no valid place in the national scheme. About the sacredness of opportunity for all we have talked much; but whenever a man rises up to show us that he has no fair opportunity, we seek refuge in the doctrine of "overcoming." A man must have plenty of practice in overcoming; it develops his strength of character—when it does not kill him.

Now I am not pleading that there should be any specially made opportunity for the person of creative mind. All that he requires is that he be let alone to go his own way. Nothing in this highest of all privileges can be interpreted to mean that he is to run athwart the entire social machine; that he is to cultivate queerness for purposes of exhibition; that he is to be freed from all routine in his life; or that he is to be pampered and made over-sleek. Too much attention, it will be remembered, may very readily be as bad as starvation. "The Flight of the Goddess" tells the story of many a young artist of original power. But usually the artist's garret is misunderstood. He thrives there not because he is starved or poorly clothed, but because he is there so generously let alone.

Being let alone, however, is not so simple a matter as it may seem. Strictly speaking, a man may be let alone in a stiff current which sweeps him along to his destruction. But more reasonably, the direction which he is to take ought to depend in some degree on his own choosing; the currents running counter to him must not be too strong or too numerous; he must not be whirled into unproductive dizziness. If he is to make the most of his endowment he must be let alone with respectfulness and generosity and a certain neighborly kinship. There must be enough people thinking in his general direction, and feeling somewhat as he feels, to make his surroundings into a beneficent world.

In order to see to what extent the American public contributes or might contribute this beneficent world in which the creative spirit may develop, it is necessary to look into the character of the public with a little scrutiny. It is customary to dismiss the American character with some single well-turned phrase. Europeans tell one another—and us—that we are "dynamic," that we are "people of action," that we are "egotistic fortune hunters," that we are "practical idealists," or that we are "expansive dreamers." As a nation we are this or that or something else, but always something very definite. To these observers it seems not to have occurred that we might be a many-sided

America with a great variety of conflicting characteristics. Yet when we look with the slightest penetration we can see that we are just that. We have become a nation of blocs: we have farm blocs, labor blocs, commercial blocs, oil blocs, mining blocs, New England blocs, and Pacific blocs; and the Solid South, and leagues of women voters, and negro improvement societies, and the Ku Klux Klan. Not only is the country so expansive in area that there can be no close solidarity of feeling on most matters, but the elements which make up the population in many places are so little coherent that we have newspapers in fifteen or twenty different languages published in one city; we have race riots because one race dares to purchase real estate where customarily only some other race lives; we have zones to prevent workingmen from living too near their employers; we have symphony orchestras and—a few blocks away—"the people's" symphony orchestras. Everywhere the tendency to specialize has put life into water-tight compartments. It would be marvelous indeed to find in this classified activity and prejudice any great unanimity of feeling toward the creative spirit.

And the first important fact to be remembered is that no unanimity of feeling can be found. There are at least three publics, with rather sharp lines—characteristically sharp lines—marking the bounds of the groups. The first, a comparatively small group, might be called the cultivated idealists. These come not from one social class; they are the brave spirits whose idealism is enough to bind them together. They are the unhardened of the village and town school teachers; the widows of music masters and barristers—perhaps with sons or daughters to educate; the judges who look with understanding upon the culprits brought before them; the surgeons who have "a background" of culture; the less academic college professors; the more liberal of the ministers; the journalists; the artists; and the occasional millionaire who developed the creative spirit while he made his millions. These are ready to see anyone make a fair experiment in city planning, in architecture, in music, in the drama, in landscape reconstruction. They are the ones, moreover, who give the most hearty and disinterested encouragement to the new social enterprises which have as an end the liberating of the spirit of those who are cast down. All honest creative enterprise they are willing to support with a right sentiment, and with such financial power as they possess.

Then there is the very large group—much the largest of the three—which roughly coincides with "the lower classes" in the made-to-order social scale. Here are the unskilled workingmen—the men who own a little house, possibly, and hoe in the garden after supper; the department-store salesmen; the office help; the chief body of small-town residents; the smaller farmers; the young women operatives in countless factories—all those struggling, intelligent human beings who would find it difficult to make ends meet in a comfortable suburb. These go with regularity to the movies and accept what is provided—they must get away somewhere; they occasionally go to hear some popular musician who is known to them through the radio; and they go to theaters patronized chiefly by their own social class and see stock companies present ripping melodramas, and they shed copious genuine tears in the last act. These live so close to the unadorned facts of life that they are fitted to become a great appreciative public for the best that the creators can do; but they have rarely been treated as a public of major importance.

The third public consists of the fairly large group who are known to Europeans—those who have stayed much in their own countries—as Americans. These have amassed sufficient earthly possessions to free them from many of the less pleasant facts of life. They live in country places of unquestioned ease and

often of unquestioned beauty; they move over the face of the earth without hindrance in their efforts to keep always at the point of mean average temperature; they bring forth a small family of children whom they "educate" with a C− average at the most socially important college for men and the most socially important college for women; they subscribe for grand opera at fifteen dollars a seat but are "too busy" to go—they are the ones who cause courts to rule grand opera a luxury; they maintain a polite but somewhat patronizing attitude toward the salaried chemist in their firm who brings them hundreds of thousands of dollars—he is listed on the payroll as "office help"; they say "Oh-oh-h" with a rise in the middle and a drop at the end whenever they meet anyone whose life does not slip immediately into their easy classification. These are forever and not unpleasantly active in a superficial way which makes thinking unnecessary.

The members of this public are very important socially. And so completely have we confused social rating with power to create that we have thus far treated them as if they were in all respects more important than any other group. They have a goodly supply of wealth; why should they not, therefore, contribute to the support of creative work? How "beautifully democratic" to have a partnership between those who can create and those who are blessed with money but can create nothing! Every effort must be made to "interest" this over-nourished class in creative enterprises. They possess the power to help so much that they are really more important than the creators themselves!

Now this plan might result fruitfully were not one point conveniently overlooked: the people of this class have developed a state of mind in which it is impossible for them to be interested in creative work. They have become consumers of life and are unable longer to see things from the creator's point of view. Any capacity in them to experience the thrill of pioneering has been thoroughly smothered. All matters must for them become questions of personal or social satiation. If the man reputed to be the most distinguished poet in America is to be a guest in their city they will aspire to sit near him and be known as his friends, although they have read none of his poetry. They will sometimes go further and support enterprises avowedly creative if there is a sufficient social justification for so doing. If someone speaks—backed by enough well-known patronesses—on the tonic effects of a creative vocation, they will subscribe to a hospital in which neurasthenics are provided with something interesting to do. They will support teas, dances, commissions, offices, surveys, collectors, custodians—all in the name of art; and they will help to pack off European masterpieces, or pseudo masterpieces, from where they obviously belong, and share in the burying of them—spiritually if not physically—in some American collection where they just as obviously do not belong. All of these activities have a social significance and therefore can be evaluated.

But when the trappings are put aside and the sheer question of enabling the creative spirit to live comes bluntly up for consideration, are the members of this powerful public seriously concerned? Have they ever become evangelical in their efforts to set the industrial laborer more or less free to live a normal life? Are they zealously at work on any plans whereby the history of mankind would cease to be, as Emerson said it was, "the history of arrested growth"? Have they enough concern for the development of an American art to give the least encouragement to boys and girls who possess a fine artistic impulse but suffer from crushing social feeling? Many instances which one might draw upon would serve to answer these questions; but there is one which is so important in American life and so characteristic of the best American endeavor that it must be used.

In the hills of New Hampshire there

exists a retreat for creative workers which was established more than fifteen years ago in memory of America's most beloved composer—after he had given his best to unsympathetic "employers" of the kind I am discussing, and had come to a tragic death. His widow knew the value of a right environment for the creative worker and she wanted serious young artists and potential artists to taste the fullness of a place where work might go on without interruption and with stimulus and unpretentious encouragement on every hand. So the MacDowell Colony has grown in vigor and in the esteem of everyone who really knows what it is all about. There are no trappings; it is a place for hard work. Visitors who come highly expectant to see young ladies in brilliant plumage draped over the hillsides composing sonnets or wielding a brush and palette while admiring male patrons of art look on, are invariably disappointed. Instead, there are a score of comfortable studios scattered throughout a five-hundred-acre tract of farm land and woodland where men and women of serious artistic intention go quietly in the morning, before most of their friends in the city are out of their beds, and give themselves to a day of uninterrupted work. The landscape has none of the high tension of an "art center." The farmers are busy looking after the hay and the corn and the vegetables. Occasionally a woman of late middle years drives through the woodland roads in a dogcart, her face buried in the shadow of a "mushroom" hat as she labors with some problem of keeping the Colonists comfortable. A mile away rises the faint sound of a piano in the depths of the spruce trees as some composer works for hours with undivided mind. Not even the lunch hour calls one away from work; for lunch is left very quietly at the door of the studio. One need return to the company of one's fellows only at dinner time in the early evening unless one's "run" of work is exhausted before.

Here is the heaven of which every serious worker in the arts has often dreamed. Here are men and women working without regard for union rules, working because they must, working because they believe they have a vital experience to express and are here free to express it. No enterprise in America is doing more for the young poet, the young composer, the young playwright, or the young painter—and often for the old ones, too—than this Colony. No enterprise is doing so much to disabuse the public mind of the assumption that American art and Greenwich Village are inseparable! No enterprise expresses more perfectly the high unselfishness that should actuate much of American life.

Yet how deeply are the well-groomed, instinct-satisfying class of Americans interested in such a high enterprise? They roll regally through by the thousands every summer and hope they may have the good fortune to see "a live one." If at some odd hour they are luckily admitted to a studio, they smile in passive wonderment; or, if women, they find all things uniformly "quaint" or "wonderful" or "picturesque." It all means just as much as any other kind of exhibit. And as for investing some of their unused money here, so that the woman in charge might be freed from some of her endless perplexities—they "cannot see it"; there are few places for the exhibition of the names of donors. When they invest money they want to know what they are going to get out of it. They would put nickels in the slot and draw out full-fledged artists, with no blanks—because they are so much more familiar with slot machines than the ways of art.

So the enterprise continues to receive its chief contributions from occasional idealists who, because of their idealism, can see from the creator's point of view: from music teachers and their pupils in Indiana or California or South Carolina or Nebraska or Oklahoma, who give their dollars with joy; from former

Colonists who go from the earth and appreciatively leave to the Colony everything they possessed; from the farmers and carpenters on the Colony grounds who have caught the spirit of devotion and work with a fidelity and foresight which amounts to thousands of dollars and very much more. And each year the woman who has consecrated her life to this means of rendering America a fitter place to live in must go out and earn and beg enough to make up the fifteen thousand dollars or so of annual deficit.

Now the creative spirit and the American public are represented in this instance with more than passing faithfulness. Here stands revealed the clear division between the most hopeless part of the American public and the most hopeful. Here stands revealed the falsity of the supposition that the great well-groomed class are the financial supporters of anything really creative. Such work is supported by a few millionaires who have found a creative life in the making of millions or have carried on some other creative activity while engaged in business, and by people of small means but great devotion. Here stands revealed also the kind of intelligent enlightening of the public which must precede any high development of the creative spirit in this country.

And yet throughout the organized life of the nation, chief consideration continues to be centered upon the overfed, unproductive, and but passively appreciative group. The members of this group, it must be remembered, are living always from the point of view of consuming, of satisfying themselves; therefore they are always asking for something and are very much heard. They are listened to when legislation is proposed. They are generously considered in every detail of higher education—so much so, in fact, that many colleges could almost close the offices which they devote to discipline were it not for the irresponsible offspring of this class. They are always remembered when anything is to be done in the name of art; they are certain to be included in all important lists, and they well know the reason why.

Worse still, this part of the American public—somehow displayed as though it were the best that might be expected of a democracy—is encouraged on every hand to perpetuate itself. The important institutions of national life—an overorganized, briskly respectable church, an impersonal higher education, a deadening though quickly profitable industrial scheme, a science which has lent itself easily to a flat life of the senses, and an art that has been more or less detached—all these contribute to a smooth, regular, colorless, unimaginative sort of person who never wants to be disturbed by coming to grips with anything real.

If, then, we are to have a public that will look beneficently upon the creative spirit, whether this spirit appear modestly or in genius, we must shift the center of educative efforts. Not that I would have any group neglected; it is not utterly impossible to make a little headway even with those of the uninspired class about which I have spoken. But their pampered conception of their own importance and their inoculation with a smattering of conventional lore make them the most difficult class of all to bring to the point of view of those who would create. On the other hand, the believing idealists who yet remain in institutions of learning, and skilled workers in the crafts, and journalists, and those poetic business men who through the adventure of constructive enterprise have found a kinship with all workers, and the men who toil in the fields and reflect upon the dramatic expression of life everywhere about them, and housewives who have little social prestige yet who suffer sublimely and have, therefore, a life open to the influence of art—all these, to say nothing of the intelligent, alert children of every rank, might be brought together into a great and sufficient public.

If we are not shamming but are really

interested in the hazardous problems of the kind of democracy we have developed, we must find ways of bringing together the elements of this better public. They must be encouraged in what is at once as sound a philosophy of life for themselves as one can propose, and the only guarantee of a right attitude on their part toward the creative spirit in others. It is only by thus developing the various slight degrees of the creative in the amateur that the more professional creators may have a hearing. The amateur spirit always lends an attentive ear, even when it cannot fully comprehend. Especially must the sensitive, the high-minded among the lower economic classes be dealt with tactfully. Despite all that is said about the low intelligence of these classes, they have usually a right prejudice in matters which affect them closely. The tragedy of their lives, so far as their attitude toward any higher expression of the creative spirit is concerned, is that they have been so frequently exploited by the charlatan in social science, so often humilitated by ambitious women of excessive *embonpoint* who have conceived the generous idea of carrying art "right down to the people," that they are suspicious of all paternalistic schemes from afar. What they need is not service—not something designedly humanitarian—but the spiritual comradeship which always springs up when men struggle together in a growing, creative enterprise. They are quick to feel genuineness and if they are genuinely treated, not as patients but as fellow-beings, they will respond by contributing substantially toward a public in which creators in general may feel at home.

It is necessary, for at least two good reasons, to break the vicious circle by encouraging a changed attitude on the part of creators themselves and those whose function it is to interpret what the creators do. The first of these two reasons is very important: the creators and their interpreters constitute such a small group when compared with the public, and they are so much more conscious of their function, that they can much more readily take the initiative. But the second reason is more important still: the attitude of many of those engaged in creative work, and of many more of those who profess to illuminate what the creator has done, is an artificial one—consequently a wrong one—and should be changed.

It does not follow that the creators should spend their best time in trying to get on good terms with the public. In truth, it is doubtful whether the creator should ever spend any very considerable part of his time in interpreting himself. But where creators are numerously associated together, as in the larger cities, they are in constant danger of forgetting that the public exists. What they reveal to the public is usually not any of the genuineness which they possess at heart, but certain social qualities which they have been led to understand are expected in them. Artists, who are much thought of as the typical creators, complain that the public is unappreciative, yet they continue unwittingly to slap the public in the face. All of the friendly feeling which creative work engenders they concentrate on their friends; and their friends extend very little out into the public. They let the public—the potentially beneficent public—understand that they are creating something which cannot be comprehended save by a few of the initiated ones. And sometimes it cannot! Scientists, who have an abundance of comradeship for other creative workers, sometimes chuckle over the manner in which they have mystified some naïve workman or some woman perplexed over the "problem of existence," and suppose that they are maintaining the dignity of their position. In fact they have carried their attitude of indifferent disdain so far that many of their own number are now pleading that they consider their ways, lest a hostile public seriously retard scientific progress. These classes of creators too little bear in mind that,

whether they like it or not, they must live at the hands of the public and that if this public should enforce its indifference sufficiently, the creators would find living difficult enough.

Likewise, the interpreters of the creators must experience a perpetual new birth. I believe the critic ought to have the freest hand in doing what he likes; and it is not the sole function of criticism to inform the uninformed. But if anybody wishes to find one more good reason why the creative spirit has not leavened more of the whole lump in America, let him leaf through a month's output of criticism—criticism of "life" as well as of music and painting and letters—and ask himself how well most of it is designed to enlist the sympathetic attention of those who are unenlightened and alienated. It is interesting enough to have a kind of creative merry-go-round in which creators write with the critics in mind, and the critics write with the creators and one another in mind; but such writing increases the size of the circle with painful slowness.

I am not of that group who decry everything critical in America. Nevertheless, if we are interested in the creative spirit, here is the weak spot in our criticism: not enough effort is made to accept the creator's work just as he has left it, and the public just as it finds itself, and then to bring them to a right understanding of each other so that the creator shall become more a part of the public and the public more a part of the creator. So far as any practicable help for the public is concerned, too many critics write in the manner of the "authority" on social usage who went to a small town to address the women on the etiquette of the dinner table and began her address by saying that, of course, no one would think of attempting to serve a meal with less than six servants.

If we take for granted a minimum that is entirely beyond the reach of the people, we cannot expect a very profound response. On the other hand, it can never be remembered too faithfully that if one takes up the task of interpretation with a heart which would be understood, creative-minded people rise up appreciatively in all sorts of unexpected places, ready to contribute to that reciprocal relation which at once makes the public and the creators. Somehow, somewhere, these unobserved people have been endowed with a sensitiveness which is a safe guide in distinguishing between the genuine interpreter and the mere æsthetic irritant.

But why all the bother? Always as one approaches the very end of any discussion which pleads a cause, there are those blessed with a comforting inertia who come forward with one of two questions, such as, in this instance, "Yes, we need much of the creative spirit, but isn't about everything being done that is required?" Or, on the other hand, "It is all bad enough, but is there really anything that can be done about it?"

As for the first of these questions, the influence on the creative spirit exerted by the important institutions in America—the church, higher education, industry, science, and art—ought to afford a reasonably complete answer. But if there remains the least doubt in the mind of anyone, it can be dissipated by a few months of work in behalf of those who would engage as beginners in any kind of creative enterprise. It is always steadying to turn from mere mental impressions to the concrete facts of current life. Of course we are not wholly unmindful of the creative spirit; we "appreciate" it if it manifests itself in genius that is dazzling enough. If a young Polish girl acts as governess in a large family for a half-dozen years and slowly earns enough money to live quietly in a Paris attic for a time and study physics and chemistry; and if, after years of sacrifice, she and her husband discover radium and give it to the world—we speak with full throats about the miracles of the creative mind. When she is old we may even present her with a handsome supply of the precious

element she discovered—provided somebody takes the initiative and works hard enough in raising the necessary funds. But what of the potential young creator who has arrived at that precarious stage where he may topple so easily either into the increasing brightness of his new world or into the gray darkness of spiritual defeat? How much thought is given to him while he is in the attic stage; or worse still, while he is about to be smothered in a heavy atmosphere of social dawdling? Does anybody think enough about him to help him topple in the right direction?

Or, to turn to a still more interesting part of the field: who gives any consecutive, long-sighted attention to the task of extending the creative spirit of youth farther on into adult life, so that the history of mankind shall not so early in any generation become "the history of arrested growth"? Why is there such an unspeakable chasm between Josephine, our neighbor of eight, and Hogan, our ice man of forty, and yet no chasm at all—in fact, a close kinship—between her and the bookbinder of sixty who is also an amateur naturalist? Until such matters as these have everywhere been considered with seriousness and with that persistent continuity which is so difficult in a country committed to the short view, we cannot look upon our numerous educative enterprises with great respect.

As for the other question—whether or not anything can really be done about it—it can only be said that this is the one matter about which one can always work with positive assurance. The creative spirit is creative. To be sure, whenever anyone sets out to do anything in behalf of this spirit he is almost certain to be impressed with the seeming waste of much of his effort. If he is strong of heart, perhaps he consoles himself with the observation that nature's methods are always wasteful—though someone, Gabriel Tarde, I believe—has reminded us that they are not wasteful at all but only generously sure and in clear accord with the mathematical law of chance. But if he is still stronger of heart and can wait, he will see that effort is not wasteful even in this sense; for it has a strange way of bearing fruit in every unexpected place. It was not intended, even, that the music which a composer played in the fastness of his cabin in the forest should so impress the telegraph messenger from the neighboring village that the attitude of the entire village should be changed, not only toward the composer but toward all music; yet it came to pass. Few would expect that a patent-medicine peddler with a half-dozen magazines tucked under the seat of his little covered wagon would send an unlettered country youth away to live forever in his own poetic dreams; yet that also came to pass. No one could have explained very far in advance just how the discovery of radium by Pierre and Marie Curie in Paris was going to contribute to an improved hotel architecture in Minnesota; yet it did so contribute. The radiations of a fertile mind are varied and capricious and subtle, and forever reach across into seemingly unrelated fields and dark corners.

No one shall change all in the twinkling of an eye. Only those disillusioned persons who speak about America as "the land of the shimmer of high aspiration and extraordinary nonsense" pretend even to believe that anybody thinks he might. But much may be done to develop some of the sociological conditions in which creative-mindedness may thrive. And while the making of the right sociological conditions will not guarantee a definite flowering out of the particular kind of creative expression in which we are most interested, we can at least work with a grim assurance that if the conditions are not made right there will be no flowering out at all. The Samoan Islands, we will remember, did not produce Mozart.

THE LION'S MOUTH

AT ANDREA'S

BY E. M. KELLEY

THE place has charm—if you are in the mood.
These table flowers are the kind that grow
In meadow grass, as honest as the food.
And as unusual. You'll find it so.

I like to sit and watch the little show
Of human nature sitting down to dine.
This is New York, not the New York we know,
Less lavish, perhaps, but every whit as fine.

I wish that authorship were in my line.
That woman in the corner—see her face.
Her husband is an eminent divine,
And that young devil with her is an ace.
The little lady with the yoke of lace
Once wrote a famous novel and a play—
Begin to see now why I like the place?
It's gay, friend Peter, don't you see it's gay?

I'll tell you something funny . . . in a way.
There is a table in the room beyond
That for a while was taken every day
By a sweet child of, say, nineteen—a blonde.

I am a sentimentalist, *au fond*,
And not incapable of feeling shame.
Between us was established—well, a bond
Of sympathy. I never knew her name.

She was the girl I'd looked for just the same—
My private taste in women, so to speak.
Put back your flask, I'm goutier than game—
I start for Baden Baden in a week.

Wise, heavy-lidded eyes, mouth rather meek,
But a determined, perky little chin;
Though she was fair, she had the widow's peak;
She was as neat as the proverbial pin. . . .

Well, death they say, should be the wage of sin.
I'm doing very well, I beg to state.
She used to know the moment I came in,
And grieve a bit whenever I was late. . . .

She married—a bright boy of twenty-eight
With means enough to live on, I suppose,
And healthy—what a quaint old girl is fate!
I used to wonder how she'd suit the clothes

I should have chosen for her—palest rose
With nutria or ermine. She was cold
Only as youth is, ere it wakes and knows.
I'm only forty—forty isn't old.

But she was rare, I tell you, pure as gold—
The only woman—and I had no right.
Well, Peter, now my little tale is told,
Shall we move on?—The Music Box to-night?

SOPHISTICATE'S PROGRESS

BY TED OLSON

THE spiritual history of Godfrey Heatherby begins one Christmas Day early in the present century. Godfrey was six, and as full of delighted wriggles as any other small boy who gazes for the first time upon Santa Claus in his own august person and receives from the saint's own red-mittened hands the trophies that have been the hub of his every dream for months past.

Unfortunately, the venerable guest bent injudiciously close to the glittering Yule tree. He jerked back with benevolent whiskers aflame, and in the resultant chaos was revealed to Godfrey's round stare as no other than Godfrey's plump and bustling father, camouflaged with cotton beard and scarlet vestments.

In the first shock of that discovery Godfrey wept bitterly. But not for long. Grief and ire soon gave way to a certain pleasant relief. The boy shrewdly realized that now he no longer need struggle, for at least two months of the year, to placate an uncomfortably omniscient and censorious saint, under penalty of awaking on Christmas morn to an empty stocking and a cheerless holiday. Whatever threats his parents might make he was confident they would never subject him to any such deprivation. He had shaken off an irksome restraint.

Coupled with this sense of emancipation was one of triumphant sophistication. He had exposed a deception, punctured a tradition. He was wiser and not appreciably sadder. He had learned that things were not always what they seemed. This first realization of the world's mendacity sends some timid souls scurrying back to their burrows. In Godfrey it engendered a crusading fury. He longed to track down and annihilate other traditions. He had tasted blood. He had found his *métier*. He was an iconoclast—and he remained one to the end.

At eleven Godfrey unmantled another myth. He learned that babies are *not* brought by storks. It was an epic and an epochal discovery, one that left its impress on much of Godfrey's life and work. It became, in fact, the thesis of his first novel, a work which perhaps did not attract the attention it merited because it appeared almost simultaneously with a dozen others founded on that identical discovery. But that is ahead of our story.

At fourteen Godfrey weighed and discarded the theory of hell-fire and eternal damnation, thereby eliminating another censorship, striking off another shackle that had hobbled the unlimited freedom of his conduct. True, he did not avail himself at once of the opportunity for uncurbed orgies, but he was awed and delighted at his own audacity. Moreover, he learned that his comrades shared this awe when he communicated to them his defiance of accepted belief. They prophesied for him prompt annihilation, and although he went his way apparently immune from supernal wrath, they continued to regard him as one living only on sufferance—a modern Damocles with a sword of retribution eternally suspended over his head. Godfrey found the notoriety pleasant. He made no attempt to spread the gospel of his skepticism, to win disciples. That would have been to divide his peculiar distinction and thereby to sacrifice its glamour. He had none of the fanatic fire that would proselyte the world. Later he founded the school of Crypticism in poetry—and promptly disavowed it as soon as one or two others began to practice its teachings.

In the next three years Godfrey became successively a freethinker, an agnostic, and an atheist. He discovered Ingersoll and Haeckel and quoted them at every opportunity. He liked to thrill and alarm his friends, particularly if they were feminine, by his orotund manner of reciting: "Humanity is but a transitory phase of the evolution of an eternal substance, a particular phenomenal form of matter and energy, the true proportion of which we soon perceive when we set it on the background of infinite space and eternal time."

Godfrey's repudiation of human authority was no less complete than his scorn of the divine. Convention, ethics, morality—he was vitriolic in denouncing them. The institution of the family, in particular, was anathema to him. He grew eloquent on the absurdity—more, the iniquity—of attempting to confine in a rigid mold anything so volatile and capricious as the emotions. "Shall

I submit my love-life—the one department of experience in which one captures an approximate immortality—to the dictation of the moron multitude?" Godfrey demanded in the columns of "The Free Lover," one of several short-lived publications which he sponsored. It irked him somewhat to discover that this sentiment was shared and vociferously echoed by some thousands of others just then breaking into print.

No less severe was his indictment of the institution of the state. The post-war chaos brought him into abrupt contact with the theory of patriotism, and patriotism retired worsted. Rather, so far as Godfrey was concerned, it ceased to exist except as a butt for ridicule. Godfrey discovered that every government was corrupt and mendacious and tyrannous; for purposes of argument, however, he restricted himself to pointing out the iniquities of his own—or rather that under which he chanced to be domiciled. Naturally he refused to acknowledge that it had any jurisdiction over an emancipated soul.

It would be erroneous to conclude that in repudiating nationalism Godfrey espoused international socialism. The Marxian theory was repugnant to him as a philosophy of mass dictatorship. His whole fastidious soul revolted at the idea of submerging his ego in that of the mob. He was a dissenter and he did not care to have the flavor taken out of his rebellion by sharing it with others. His one or two encounters with the proletariat repelled him. He found it made up of greasy and vociferous persons who seemed blind to his aloof superiority and appeared to expect him to drop in with the rank and file—or else stay out. They did not bother particularly which he chose. Godfrey soon retired into the shell of his haughty isolation.

Thus it was as an individualist complete and uncompromising that Godfrey attained full growth. He had shaken off, one by one, the inhibitions that society and tradition had built round him. He had junked the interlocking tyranny of taboos and censorships to which less stalwart spirits submitted. His intrepid hands had torn the veil from shrine after shrine of authority—and he had found each an empty sham. Now he stood forth to the world the man emancipated. Nay—he *was* the world.

"The universe," he phrased his credo, "is important only in so far as it impinges upon my consciousness. In fact, I have no assurance that it exists except as I create it by conceiving its existence. I am supreme, unique, alone. I submit to no laws because there can be no laws except those I care to make. I acknowledge no ethics, for how can I recognize any obligation to do otherwise than as I choose to do. I AM—that is all I know or need to know."

Here, by all the laws of logic and propriety, this chronicle should stop. But here, unfortunately, Godfrey found himself unable to stop. He had attained the ultimate of self-realization, but somehow he found himself strangely at loss, strangely unable to enjoy the serene supremacy which should have brought him perfect happiness. He was restless, irritable, distraught. Life seemed lacking in some essential—in unity, in coherence, in purpose.

Godfrey angrily rejected that word: purpose was the one thing with which he had nothing to do—it savored of ethics, morality, even teleology. Surely his own existence was unity and end enough. But he could not so easily dismiss his malady. He had everything; he *was* everything—but he was not content. Why? For the first time he turned on himself that searching analysis to which he had subjected the ideas and ideals of other men. And this, in substance, was what he discovered.

He had worked himself out of a job. He was by instinct, training, and long practice an image-breaker—and there were no other images to break. He was happy only when he was obliterating a time-honored belief with the biting acid of logic—and he had annihilated and dis-

carded all beliefs. He had basked in the envious awe of less daring souls—and he could no longer earn their homage. He had rejoiced in standing apart from and above the mob—and now that he acknowledged no entity but himself there was no one from whom to stand apart. He had thrilled at his audacity in breaking or defying the laws of man and God—and in the complete negation of all law there was no longer any fun in law-breaking.

Harassed, devastated as he was, Godfrey Heatherby showed in this dire crisis the mettle that was in him. A lesser ego might have found solace in noose, pistol, or poison. Thus in one sense, indeed, he might have fulfilled with his last gesture the destiny which had been his—for he thus would destroy the image of himself that had come to embody all tradition, ethics, religion, patriotism, and faith. But not for Godfrey so crude a self-annihilation. In his downfall he was still the artist. Laboriously he set to work to demolish this last and greatest of all idols—the one he himself had constructed.

To-day Godfrey Heatherby is a successful and prosperous manufacturer of feather dusters. He has a plump and cheerful moron for a wife and three seraphic offspring. He is a devotee of the motion-pictures enacted by William S. Hart and Larry Semon, of the poems of Edgar Guest and Walt Mason, and of the novels of Sabatini and Edgar Rice Burroughs. He is a member of the Rotary Club and of several fraternal orders. He votes a straight ticket. If you asked his philosophy he would meditate, stutter, and perhaps quote the latest editorial of Dr. Frank Crane.

He is a mild-mannered, inoffensive, and cheerful man but now and then he explodes into sudden wrath when there creeps into the pages of his daily paper some hint of the anarchistic and subversive theories rampant among that class known as the "younger intelligentsia."

"Young donkeys," Mr. Heatherby fumes. "Lot of hare-brained idiots, I call 'em. Trying to uproot the very bulwarks of our society—marriage and property and decent living. They ought to be spanked—the whole pack of them!"

PLATITUDES FOR MY CHILDREN

BY LEE WILSON DODD

Be brave, be truthful, and be kind . . .

You will have brought to you the lore
Of fifty centuries or more;
A thousand authors you'll inspect
From Hammurabi to Ben Hecht;
The wisdom of a score of nations
Will be your day and nightly rations;
For you (alas, my dears!) are fated
To be (woe's me!) well educated.
And when you've come to forty years
You'll know no more than I, my dears,
Why man, being born, must sweat and weep
And carry on—and go to sleep.
But so much I dare hope, that you
Will learn to say as now I do:
Cleverness is a trick and lust
A weary swirl from dust to dust;
And a good heart is far less blind
Than a sophisticated mind;
So cast out fear and lies and hate—
For courage drops not out of date,
Nor truthfulness, nor love, you'll find.

THESE INTELLIGENCE TESTS

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

LAST October I had to take a literacy test. I had recently moved to New York State, and it appeared that I could not vote in the election unless I either produced a school or college diploma or certificate, or passed a literacy test; and though I searched the house from top to

bottom, not a single certificate could I find. I found documents which to my simple mind seemed to bear on the case, such as college class reports with my name in them, and letters which mentioned my being in the publishing business (a fact which ought to establish at least a fair presumption in my favor); yet when I took them to the local schoolhouse and showed them to the State of New York as embodied in the person of its authorized agent, the school-mistress, I was told they wouldn't do. The law said certificates, and these were not certificates. So I laughed a little nervously and sat down in the schoolroom to take the test, in a tiny chair before a tiny desk designed for a child of eight, and a little deficient in knee-room for a child of thirty-four.

It was a formidable paper which the school-mistress set before me. First I had to write my name and address, which I did with great care. Then came a series of detailed directions to the effect that I was to read the paragraph of text which followed and write out the answers to some questions bearing on it. The paragraph began somewhat as follows:

> *Theodore Roosevelt was a great American. His letters to his children have been collected in a book since his death. He was interested in animals and birds. He read many books and magazines. . . .*

It ran on in this sprightly and coherent style for some distance. Then came the questions:

1. *Who was a great American?*
2. *What has been done to his letters to his children since his death?*
3. *What was he interested in?*
4. *What did he read?*

And so forth.

I started to answer the first question when suddenly (as sometimes happens) a thought struck me.

One of the candidates for Governor of New York State in the coming election was named Theodore Roosevelt—and here were humble citizens like myself, of doubtful literacy, being subtly subjected to propaganda on his behalf. Was I to submit to any such nefarious scheme? I was not. I resolved to write:

1. Alfred E. Smith; and still is.

They would throw me out of the schoolhouse for an illiterate fellow, but I would appeal the case. If necessary I would carry it to the Supreme Court, where able counsel would argue brilliantly that *Alfred E. Smith; and still is* was a demonstrably literate reply. There would be a triumphant vindication, and—

But suddenly I cooled. By that time Election Day would be past, and I should have lost my vote. No, there was a better way. So very firmly I seized my pencil and wrote *Theodore Roosevelt.* I received a certificate of literacy, and a few weeks later I went to the polls—and you all know the result.

I had almost forgotten the incident when the other day I picked up a set of the intelligence tests prepared by the learned ones of Columbia University for the selection of young Columbians. As I looked at them I marveled again—as I had marveled that day in the schoolroom—at the abject docility of mind which so many examiners seem to expect of their victims. To them there is only one right answer to any question—the one they had in mind when they framed it—and all others are wrong. If they want you to write *Theodore Roosevelt,* write it you must or flunk.

With most of the Columbia tests I had no quarrel. There were printed alphabets in which you were told to cross out the letter just after A and draw a line under the second letter after K; there were nice little problems in arithmetic, and pictures of rabbits with one ear missing in which you had to point out what was the matter with the rabbit. But soon appeared a lot of questions of a different sort. Each of these questions had several answers appended to it. The mis-

erable examinee was instructed to mark a cross before the "best answer" to each question. No chance for argument; he would be given credit if he picked the right answer and lose credit if he picked the wrong one. For example:

When you are out of funds, should you—
get to work and earn
borrow from your friends
write home to your people
steal

Now what on earth is the "best answer" to that question? I am willing to concede that the worst is *steal*. But as between the other three, it seems to me a toss-up, with the wise selection depending on the circumstances. Presumably *get to work and earn* is the answer favored on Morningside Heights; but to the average sub-freshman I should certainly recommend writing home to his people, and to myself I should recommend borrowing, and then evening things up by striking the editor for more cash for my next contribution. Yet apparently there is no chance for the examinee to rise in his wrath and say, "That depends." He must pick the "right answer."

Here is another:

If you are lost in the forest in the daytime, what is the thing to do?
go straight ahead to a big tree
hurry to the nearest house you know of
sit down and cry
use the sun or compass for a guide

Now here is a very pretty problem, on which whole chapters could be written (and have been). The orthodox Boy Scout would say, *Use the sun or a compass for a guide;* but the only time I ever got lost in a forest the sun was well hidden by clouds and I had no compass—which shows that the kind of answer which will get you into Columbia won't always get you out of the woods. The fellow who would get lost in plain sunshine with a compass in his pocket would be such a nut that he ought to be admitted to a good safe campus and kept there.

There is something to be said for the answer *Hurry to the nearest house you know of.* I happen to live in a thoroughly wooded suburb, a section so wooded that the real-estate agents sometimes pleasantly refer to it as a forest; and often visitors have told me that they got thoroughly mixed up driving around in the network of roads and succeeded in finding where I lived only by inquiring for me at the nearest house. Ought I to say to them, "Tut, tut, you should have used the sun or a compass for a guide"?

There are occasions when I should recommend going straight ahead to a big tree, climbing it, and getting a good long look at the surrounding country, being very careful—and here is a real test of intelligence—not to climb out on the end of a dead branch. But after all the most delightfully satisfactory answer is *sit down and cry.* There are few enough opportunities for a good long cry in this busy modern life of ours; so if you are all alone and there is nobody to tell you to move on, why not settle right down on a stump and enjoy yourself? Besides, after you have cried for a little while you may have a good idea about what to do next (such as not climbing out on the dead branch), or the sun may come out, or somebody may hear you and come along with a compass, or even point out the moss growing on the north side of a Doctor of Philosophy, thus enabling you to make your triumphal exit according to the best Boy Scout traditions.

In these tests there are also a number of sentences which the victim is to mark T if they could possibly be true and F if they could not; and several of these sentences seem to me equally debatable. For instance, take this one: *Coming down the hill on his bicycle the chain broke, but he rode back again to get it fixed.* I can see the examiners shaking their heads and saying, "Impossible." But who said it was a bicycle chain which broke? In

my version of the incident our friend was carrying something heavy by means of a chain (very likely a dangling participle such as the examiner perpetrated in the sentence above) when the chain broke. No damage was done to his bicycle or any part thereof. Will Nicholas Murray Butler raise his right hand and swear to me that our friend could not ride back again (to the English department, let us say) to get the damage repaired?

Here is another: *Fearing that he might waken her patient by his impudent talk, the nurse gave the detested dummy what he wished.* "Impossible!" goes up the cry at Morningside Heights. But what if we were to tell them the whole sordid story? As I recall it, there were four men in the convalescent ward of a hospital, playing bridge. As the game progressed, one of them (who was not taking part in it at the moment) wandered off to the private corridor and, hateful creature that he was, demanded a kiss of a pretty nurse. Whereupon, fearing that he might awaken her patient by his impudent talk, the nurse gave the detested dummy what he wished. I am not quite sure what happened next, though it is my impression that the patient—a former Yale football star—had one eye open all the time and, despite his enfeebled condition, got up and spoiled the dummy for any more bridge that night, subsequently marrying the nurse, much to the regret of several eligible internes. Is it impossible? It is not. Yet if you, ardent bridge-player that you are, were taking the examination and marked that sentence as possible, the scoring clerks would set you down as unintelligent.

I have nothing against intelligence tests or literacy tests or any other sort of tests as such. Personally I find them as diverting and twice as ingenious as crossword puzzles. When I see a question like *a man whose salary is $16 a week spends $10 a week: in how many weeks can he save $300?* I like to see how soon I can get the answer, which is, of course, 50 weeks or more, depending on (a) his private income, and (b) the size of the doctor's bills resulting from his attempt to live on an insufficient diet. But I do wish examiners would try not to be so arbitrary. Young John Keats was a pretty intelligent boy and as Keats, '14, might have been spoken of as one of the more successful members of the Alumni Club of London; but what chance would he have had of picking the "best answer" if he had been up against something like this (which isn't from a Columbia test but might be)?

Mark a cross before the best answer to this question: What can ail thee, knight at arms, alone and palely loitering?

I have mislaid my compass

I have indigestion and my companions have deserted me

I voted for the Republican candidate for Governor of New York

I met a lady in the meads.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

A LITTLE OUT OF COMMON

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A REQUEST has come in the mail, and from a lady. "It is only this, that you take the prologue of Maeterlinck's *The Great Secret* as well as his description of the pyramid of Cheops as a text for a little discourse designed to take down the inordinate conceit of Americans in our present civilization."

It goes on: "I am an American spending the winter in an English colony and I find the English are almost as bad as we are. However, I am only interested in enlightening the Americans, as I am naturally more fond of them, so that we at least may not make ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of the Oriental nations, with whom we are coming in contact more and more, and who are steeped in the ancient traditions. So many Americans actually believe we are not only the greatest but the most enlightened in all the arts and sciences of any nation that *ever* lived!!! When the truth seems to be that compared with ancient Egypt and India in almost everything, we are merely 'babes in the wood'!"

"In almost everything." That leaves room for exceptions and the exceptions seem rather important. So far as we know we have beaten the ancient Egyptians and Hindus in applied mechanics. No Ford car has as yet been brought out of an Egyptian tomb. Possibly our roads are better than theirs: they are pretty good nowadays. Our plumbing is quite good and, what is perhaps more important, the great mass of people in our time—and for example in this country—are in a more forward state of intelligence and knowledge than the great mass of the people of any country have ever before been in the history of the world, so far as we know it. What knowledge we get seems nowadays to have a better chance for distribution and assimilation by great numbers of people than it has ever had before.

So it seems to us; but perhaps we vaunt ourselves unduly, for we do seem to know extremely little as yet about the ancient world. We do not even any longer begin to know how far back what we call civilization goes. Less than a century ago pious people put the creation of the world about four thousand years behind us. Probably not even Mr. Bryan has confidence any longer in that estimate. Everything that turns up, that is dug up, that is learned by deciphering inscriptions, that is suggested in any way (plausible or fantastic) puts civilization farther and farther back, and some things credit very ancient prehistoric civilizations with extraordinary knowledge and accomplishments.

This book of Maeterlinck's that our kind correspondent speaks of has to do mainly with old-time knowledge of the invisible world. In that, Maeterlinck suspects, the old-timers beat us quite out of sight. In the beginning of the Bible —in the very first part of Genesis—there are intimations which seem to support that theory. It is a theory which helps to explain the theological conception about the Fall of Man. Maybe Man

did get a fall; there is a good deal to make one think so; but that need not conflict with the doctrine of evolution because the evolutionary periods are so very protracted that if the human race came a tumble a mere twenty or thirty thousand years ago and got a setback, that would have been a mere ripple in evolution. What Maeterlinck is concerned about, as he says in his Prologue, is "to discover the source, to ascend the course and unravel the underground network of that great mysterious river which since the beginning of history has been flowing beneath all the religions, all the faiths, and all the philosophies: in a word, beneath all the visible and everyday manifestations of human thought." He thinks it hardly to be contested that this source is to be found in ancient India. Thence he says, "in all probability the sacred teaching spread into Egypt, found its way to ancient Persia and Chaldea, permeated the Hebrew race, and crept into Greece and the north of Europe, finally reaching China and even America, where the Aztec civilization was merely a more or less distorted reproduction of the Egyptian civilization."

So "The Great Secret" which Maeterlinck inquires into is a concern of religion and of the knowledge that built cities and raised monuments, the remains of which we find in tropical jungles and dig up from the sands of deserts—a process that is going on more and more all the time as money and men can be spared to do it, and the results of which are nowadays examined and interpreted in a fashion that is highly edifying.

But some old monuments of the first quality have stood up in plain sight since anything like modern times began. The most notable of them is that pyramid of Cheops which our correspondent speaks of. Maeterlinck has his say about it. He calls it "a sort of stupendous hieroglyph, which, by its dimensions, its proportions, its internal arrangements, and its astronomical orientation, propounds a whole series of riddles of which only the most obvious have hitherto been deciphered. . . . An occult tradition," he says, "had always affirmed that this pyramid contained essential secrets, but only quite recently has any one begun to discover them." It has been discovered that the line running north and south through the apex of the pyramid is the ideal meridian crossing the greatest amount of land and the smallest amount of sea; that the height of the pyramid multiplied by one million is almost precisely the distance of the earth from the sun accepted by modern astronomers; that the polar radius of the earth divided by ten million is precisely the cubit that was the unit of measure of the pyramid builders; that their inch multiplied by one hundred million is the distance the earth travels in one day, and that the entrance passage of the pyramid pointed to the pole star at the time it was built. So much, relating to astronomy, has been gathered from the signs of past knowledge which that pyramid gives, and that much, at least, is a sort of information that can be verified with a tape measure by anybody who has the requisite knowledge and time to spare.

Maeterlinck thinks it very remarkable that none of the hieroglyphs that have been deciphered make any reference to all this extraordinary knowledge which is built into that pyramid. He infers that the old-time priests, who knew these things, did not advertise but kept them quiet. That is where our times are different. Everything gets into the papers except what the War Department knows about new war gases, and intimations leak out even about them. But the old-time priests seem to have felt that a little knowledge was a dangerous thing, and probably as to the knowledge they had they were right. They seem to have known very curious things: how to direct lightning; how to send instantaneous messages from temple to temple, no matter how far—and even in the time of Moses (which was

only the day before yesterday) they could compete with Aaron at least as effectively as Houdini can compete with Mrs. Crandon.

As to the age of that pyramid there is a considerable conflict of opinion. It is called the Pyramid of Cheops and it is also called the great Pyramid of Ghizeh—the name of the place where it stands. Possibly Cheops was somebody whom archæologists think they know about and can place in time, but the Theosophists do much better than that: they put that pyramid back thirty thousand years and say it belongs to the really great period of Egypt's greatness, before the last big Atlantean island was swallowed up overnight with a loss of sixty-four million lives—which beats even the record of the motor cars today. That engulfing of the last of Atlantis produced high water in Egypt—so they say—and they think this ancient pyramid was under water for a few thousand years and came up again when the land rose and the sea of Sahara was tipped out and left as the present desert.

One likes that story better than those the archæologists tell. It has larger features and it accounts for the silence of the Egyptian hieroglyphics which puzzles Maeterlinck. Why play favorites so much about what is so? The story of Atlantis, which used to be a fable forty years ago, is getting more respectable every day. It accounts for so much. A prevalent notion is that the really ancient knowledge of Egypt grew up in Atlantis and spilled over into Egypt at one end and into Central America and this continent generally at the other. Mexico, we are told, is a very ancient land, habitable since long, long ago, and this information seems really to be valid and supported by geology. We must get used to the idea of enormous geographical changes which upset the ancient peoples very seriously. The tradition of the flood possibly derives from the immersion of that last big island which was left of the continent of Atlantis and the contemporaneous antics of what is now the Mediterranean Sea, and so on.

A. P. Sinnett, the Theosophist, though relying on theosophical processes for information about the prehistoric world, drops into what he calls "commonplace testimony of the ordinary kind" about the discoveries of Doctor Le Plongeon, a French archæologist in Mexico. Le Plongeon lived and worked in Mexico many years, Mr. Sinnett says, and was the first to decipher the Mexican hieroglyphics. He succeeded in translating what archæologists know as the Troano manuscript, a very ancient Mexican writing which he found to contain a straightforward narrative of the submergence of Atlantis, which catastrophe, the manuscript says, took place "8060 years before the writing of this book." That is definite if true, and possibly some learned person with his feet on the ground knows about this Troano manuscript. Colonel Cabanas in Spain, who searches into these matters, says (as quoted from a psychic journal of Costa Rica, *Claros de Luna*, which in turn is quoted by *Light*, of London) that the British Museum contains some writings found in Mexico which treat of the sinking of Atlantis. This Señor Cabanas, who is working on the Atlantis problem, is described as a Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers who has psychic faculties himself and works with a clairvoyant medium. A Spanish journal, *Diario del Comercio*, has a report of a conversation he had with King Alfonso in which he describes his method—which is to get an inviting archæological object out of one of the Spanish Museums and invite the medium, Aguilar, to tell about it. Aguilar tells very remarkable tales which, it seems, have interested Flammarion. The idea of a clairvoyant medium getting a story out of an object is not novel but is an exercise of which spiritist records give many curious examples; but to go back to the Stone Age and antediluvian times seems a considerable stretch of this interesting faculty.

How the Theosophists get the information about very ancient proceedings in which they put so much confidence can doubtless be ascertained by reading their textbooks, of which there is no lack; but they hold, so it seems, that the great pyramid is contemporaneous with the last days of Atlantis and has in it the evidences of knowledge and of powers which presently disappeared from earth. One of the stories about the pyramid is of the ascending passage so contrived as to be a record of prophecy of things due to happen in this world down to our time and somewhat beyond it. The group of earnest people who interest themselves in the theory that the English and others are descendants of the Lost Tribes lean hard on the great pyramid as a part of the basis of their belief, and have great confidence in the interpretation of the prophecies said to have been built into the ascending passage. They are all figured out up to date. They tell us that they indicated with great accuracy the dates of the beginning and end of the great World War, and warn us that we have troubles still to come and tell us precisely when to expect them, but assure us that with good luck our civilization will survive.

The usefulness of the occultists, if there is any, seems to be to remind us that this world is not so commonplace as most of us matter-of-fact people suppose. Human life is a very extraordinary thing. Human knowledge is still in the infant class. Human conduct is not yet wisely enough directed to give much assurance of permanence. Human powers are in a process of development of which the end is nowhere near in sight.

Has enough been said to fill, in any degree, the order of our correspondent in the English colony? Can the suggestions above cited of the great antiquity of civilization, the intimations of knowledge possessed and lost, the suggestion of new knowledge now in the making and scornfully rejected by the cocksure—can such things serve to make the vainglory of Americans who see in current knowledge and current exploits the culmination of the efforts of the human mind? Probably not, but let them do what they can. Anybody who thinks this is a know-it-all age will think so until he learns better, but the great scientists already do know better. So do the great doctors and even the great statesmen. They all know that what we know is not all, nor yet enough. The doctors do wonderful things, but the wise ones know that there are secrets of cure, secrets of disease, secrets of energy which are still beyond them. As for the electricians, they are in the position that they do not know where they "get off." They are dealing with a force the nature of which they do not understand. They increase in understanding of what it will do, how it can be harnessed, how it can be used, but not much in knowing what it is. When they get beyond a certain point of practical application, their theories and those of some of the occultists show signs of merging. The statesmen and the politicians are at a loss how to manage the world so as to save it from self-destruction. They do their best, but the best of them wonder if their knowledge is equal to their job. Theologians dispute; organized religion suffers criticism; ministers turn from the spiritual to the material application of religion, and the reason of it all is that they do not know enough about the origin and purpose of human life.

This is a great age. It is uncommonly learned. It builds, contrives, acquires, and speculates with extraordinary activity, but it is far from being the only great age this venerable world has seen, and it is still a good way from the assurance—so desirable—that it knows enough to discover for itself the pathway to salvation.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

TO introduce the Reverend ***Fred Eastman*** to the HARPER audience would be superfluous: he tells his own story, eloquently and from the heart, in "Shall I Remain in the Church?" Here is a human document indeed, and one of wide application.

"As for anonymity," Mr. Eastman writes in a letter to the Editor, "my judgment is against it. I have been so utterly frank that those who know me cannot possibly think that anyone else wrote this article, and as for the others it doesn't matter. . . . Do you remember the R. L. S. fable, 'The Touchstone,' in which he tells the story of the man who finally found it? When he turned the light of the stone upon himself, he saw himself as he was and knelt down and prayed. I feel very much that way as a result of reading over this article. Unless you think it will be of some use to others, do not publish it."

❦ ❦ ❦

"The Mirror of Death" is the first of a new series of detective stories by ***G. K. Chesterton,*** in which Father Brown returns to our pages. That a priest should also be a detective is as paradoxical as anything in Mr. Chesterton's enlivening essays; but then is not a detective story in itself a sort of narrative paradox, involving as it does an unlooked-for conclusion from a set of given facts?

❦ ❦ ❦

It is no disrespect to the memory of Frank I. Cobb to say that the editorial page of the New York *World* was never more brilliant than it is to-day. Since Mr. Cobb's death the page has been in charge of ***Walter Lippmann,*** who first established his reputation as a penetrating student of public affairs by writing *A Preface to Politics* at the age of twenty-three, and who was one of the original editors of *The New Republic.* In his article he draws attention to the curious fact that in our national politics, birds of a feather insist on flocking apart—and puts his finger on the very significant reason.

❦ ❦ ❦

One of the sports of the month in Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland, we predict, will be pouncing upon ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould's*** article to find out what she has to say about the Northwestern cities, individually and collectively. Some months ago we published her observations upon San Francisco and Salt Lake City; she will have something to say in the near future about Reno and its divorce colony. Mrs. Gerould (an accomplished novelist, by the way, and one of the ablest American short-story writers) is a New Englander by birth and the wife of a Princeton professor; but she enjoys the West like a Westerner.

❦ ❦ ❦

Speaking of Princeton, ***Henry van Dyke*** has been called the dean of Princeton authors. We are glad to include in this issue a new group of his "Half-Told Tales."

❦ ❦ ❦

It is a report from the battlefront in a great and critical war which ***William Atherton Du Puy*** brings us—and not a reassuring report, either. Almost everyone of us has had some first-hand experience with the insect scourges of this generation—the gypsy, the brown-tail, the tent-caterpillar, the boll weevil, or what not; but it is staggering to realize how desperate the situation really is. Mr. Du Puy, an experienced Washington journalist, is in close touch with the experts of the Bureau of Entomology.

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The next story comes from the practiced typewriter of ***Charles Caldwell Dobie,*** of San Francisco. "The Hands of the Enemy" was awarded a second prize of $750 in the third competition of our Short Story Contest. We have just seen an article in *The Author and*

Journalist on "Selling" (fiction, that is) in which Mr. Warren H. Miller writes that, so far as he can judge, "HARPER'S has a horror of anything resembling action; the hero sits in an armchair throughout the story and goes through absorbing psychological convulsions." We challenge Mr. Miller to point out in any number of HARPER'S during the past year any story which approaches his description, even after making generous allowance for his humorous exaggeration; in fact, two of the last three prize stories involved manslaughter, against which almost anything can be said except that it is devoid of action; but let us be still more specific and call Mr. Miller's attention to the conspicuous absence of armchairs in "The Hands of the Enemy."

❦ ❦ ❦

Ernest Boyd, one of the ablest critics in New York, or in the country for that matter, is an Irishman and an ardent opponent of censorship and other restrictions on personal liberty (witness his recent debate with Mr. John S. Sumner): which might be said to explain the gusto with which he belays the foremost English Puritan poet. Many a reader will take exception to his arguments; but if his devastating wit leads us to throw aside our preconceived opinions of Milton and to view "Paradise Lost" without academic bias, he will have done us a good turn.

❦ ❦ ❦

How different is the Washington of ***Jesse Grant's*** boyhood recollections from that of Calvin Coolidge's administration! How much chance would a President have nowadays of having to deal with a maniac in the streets as did General Grant? This is Mr. Grant's third chapter; the fourth will deal with the celebrated trip around the world, on which he accompanied his distinguished father.

❦ ❦ ❦

The fifth installment of "The George and Crown," the new novel by ***Sheila-Kaye Smith,*** author of *Joanna Godden* and *The End of the House of Alard,* is followed by the third and last of ***Rollo Walter Brown's*** papers on the creative spirit. Mr. Brown was formerly professor of English at Carleton College; he is now living in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Those who find his doctrine invigorating will find it set forth more fully, and applied not only to the church and the arts but to industry, education, science, and conduct in his forthcoming volume, *The Creative Spirit: An Inquiry into American Life,* which we commend to the HARPER public.

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The name of ***Dorothea Lawrance Mann*** and the initials D. L. M. are familiar to readers of the Boston *Transcript* as those of an exceptionally able member of the paper's book-reviewing staff. The other poets of the month are ***George Sterling,*** a veteran California contributor, with several books of verse to his credit; ***Hesper Le Gallienne,*** daughter of Richard Le Gallienne and half-sister of the popular heroine of "The Swan"; ***Henriette De Saussure Blanding,*** another resident of California, who brought out a book of verse before she went to Vassar College, but has not published anything during the past few years; and ***Carl Sandburg,*** outstanding representative of the modern tendency in American poetry.

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In "The Lion's Mouth" appear ***Ethel M. Kelley,*** the novelist, whose *Heart's Blood* and *Wings* have been enthusiastically praised by discriminating critics; ***Ted Olson,*** of Laramie, Wyoming, who is a new contributor to the Magazine; ***Lee Wilson Dodd,*** of New Haven, novelist (*The Book of Susan,* etc.) and playwright (*The Changelings,* etc.); and ***Frederick L. Allen*** of the HARPER editorial staff, who frequently contributes to this department.

❦ ❦ ❦

The painting reproduced on this month's cover is the work of ***Louis Betts,*** of New York, one of the ablest of American artists. Born in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1873, he studied under his father, E. D. Betts, and under William Chase. Among the high awards which he has won have been the Proctor Prize of The National Academy of Design (1918) and the Altman Prize (1923). He is a member, not only of the National Academy of Design, but of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and the National Association of Portrait Painters.

It is still too early to announce the results of the final competition of the Short Story Contest; but our readers may be interested to know that a deluge of manuscripts received during the last two or three days of 1924 brought the total number submitted in all four competitions of the Contest (in other words, during the entire year) to 10,370. And this figure, be it understood, is exclusive of stories by English authors (ineligible for the Contest) and of articles, essays, and poems submitted in the normal course of things. In all, something like twenty thousand manuscripts were received at the HARPER office during 1924—the largest number in the history of the Magazine.

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For the past nine years Mr. Edward J. O'Brien has been engaged in a unique critical enterprise. He has set himself the task of reading virtually all the short stories in the American magazines and of grading them on the basis of distinction. Annually he has published an article in the *Boston Transcript* on the best short stories of the year, and during part of the time he has edited an annual volume of selected stories. His system of grading has consisted in marking with a triple asterisk what he considers to be the best stories of the year; with a double asterisk the somewhat less distinctive stories which, nevertheless, he considers significant both in substance and in form; and with a single asterisk those which are significant either in substance or form but not in both.

Few critics agree with all of Mr. O'Brien's verdicts, and many vehemently disagree with him; but the fact remains that he has been the only man who, year after year, has waded through the enormous flood of American short fiction, and that he has been a zealous champion of high literary quality. As such he has been helpful to editors and writers alike. Few literary critics comment on magazine stories; both writers and editors find it all too easy to apply the commercial test—of which they are constantly reminded by the bulk of magazine sales or by the size of the author's check—but all too hard to apply the test of quality, of which there is little to remind them except their own conscience and taste, and a few letters, perhaps, of encouragement or reproof. The editors of a magazine like HARPER'S, even when they believe Mr. O'Brien's judgment to be at fault, are glad that he is in the field to bestow praise on honest portrayal of life and honest workmanship.

HARPER'S and *The Century*, Mr. O'Brien reported in his last article, are the only two magazines which during the past nine years have not failed, in any year, to bring out at least ten "two-asterisk stories" and at least five "three-asterisk stories." In the period between October, 1923, and September, 1924, inclusive, he reports that HARPER'S published thirty-six distinctive stories, constituting ninety-two per cent of the Magazine's fiction for the year. Readers of the Magazine may be interested in his list of eighteen "three-asterisk stories" appearing during that period:

"Beata," by Gordon Arthur Smith; "Northern Lights," by Mary Heaton Vorse; "Shoes," by Frances Gilchrist Wood; "Common Sense," by Helen R. Hull; "The Journey," by Laura Spencer Portor; "The Cracked Teapot," by Charles Caldwell Dobie; "Bank Directors," by Laura Spencer Portor; "On the Malecon," by William McFee; "A Ticket to Brooklyn," by Elsa Barker; "Rolling River," by Walter Millis; "Silhouette," by Edgar Valentine Smith; "Little Mexican," by Aldous Huxley; "The Violet," by James Lane Allen; "A Singapore Day," by H. M. Tomlinson; "The Dormeuse," by Ernest Poole; "Horse and Horse," by Charles Caldwell Dobie; "Trumpery," by Susan Ertz; and the First Prize story in the first competition of the Short Story Contest—'The Girl in the Tree," by Alice Brown.